

The Webmaster

www.intercession.god

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Introduction

Jeff Delome has been searching for meaning in his life for quite some time. He works Monday through Friday feeling as though he accomplishes nothing of value. This computer programmer wants more from his life than hours of limitless code and program requests.

His search has led him to a charismatic church in his neighborhood. He thinks attending last night's service was his idea, but it was not. The Spirit of God led him there and it will result in his salvation.

With a feeling of weightlessness Jeff drives home. He has no clue that his actions have triggered a call from God for him to surf the supernatural highway of faith. This programmer will begin to surf the intercession superhighway which affects the lives of the lost and saved alike.

“Jeff, welcome to the World Wide Web of God! Please log on to the address of www.intercession.god. Your purpose for living awaits you.”

1

Jeff rose from his bed listening to the alarm signal his 6:00 am wake up. He rubbed sleep from his eyes while smiling. This action is new for Jeff. Usually he awakes and rushes into the bathroom, showers and dresses for work begrudging every minute of the time it takes. Today is different. Jeff received Jesus as his Lord and Savior last night and is still experiencing the euphoria of joy and peace that comes from receiving salvation.

“Wow,” Jeff said to himself, “I slept like a baby last night.”

After kicking the covers away Jeff brings his legs around and sits on the edge of his bed. It felt so good to sleep. Recently, Jeff has been up late worrying about his work. Everyone depends on him to keep the computers running and the reports flowing. If needs arise apart from the software’s ability to produce it is his job to write programs that will fill the need.

“Good morning, Lord. It’s a wonderful day. I never knew that being saved would be like this.”

Rising to his feet, Jeff walked into the bathroom where he began brushing his teeth and shaving. The cool water felt particularly soothing as he rinsed the shaving cream away. After toweling his face he reached into the shower and adjusted the water to a comfortable temperature.

Nothing weighed on Jeff’s mind. Normally work concerns were rifling through his thoughts.

What needed to be addressed were of no concern. He was caught in the freedom that a newborn believer feels when he is first saved. It was easy to smile as he looked at himself in the mirror and dressed for work. Today his life would take on an entirely new purpose. Now he would have real meaning in his work as well as in his private life. Jeff had just prophesied concerning his life and had no idea how correct he would prove himself to be.

Two pieces of buttered toast and he was gone. A twenty-minute car ride later he pressed the button on his remote locking his car doors. Then he enters his office building.

“Hey Jeff, I think you should know that computer requests are already piled a mile high on your

desk,” a co-worker said as he passed by.

“No problem, Sarah. I will get right on them.”

Sarah looked puzzled. Why would Jeff be this eager so early in the morning? Usually on Monday mornings Jeff was a bear growling at everyone and every request until he had had several cups of coffee. He seemed different today and she felt drawn to him.

“Jeff, what’s up with you?” Sarah asked.

“What are you talking about?”

“I mean, you have not bitten anyone’s head off yet. What gives with the positive attitude?”

“Oh, that,” Jeff laughed, “if you really want to know, I received Jesus as my Savior last night. I never knew being saved could remove burdens from my shoulders.”

Sarah did not know how to respond to Jeff. The last thing she wanted was to draw him into a religious conversation. So she avoided the statement and changed the subject.

“You had better begin with Mr. Allen’s request first. He has been complaining that he hasn’t been able to use his e-mail address in three days. I wouldn’t want to be you if it’s still down when he arrives this morning.”

“No problem, Sarah. Mr. Allen is the reason his e-mail isn’t working. He keeps forgetting that he has to log onto the Internet server to retrieve his e-mails. He thinks that the e-mail program runs from his own computer when, in fact, it does not.”

“Is that what you’re going to tell him?”

“Yes, it is. Why do you ask?”

“Do you not think that he will become angry and yell at you?”

“Sarah, I can’t change the way the e-mail system works. It comes through the Internet server. If he wants it to work he will have to use it according to the directions.”

“You really have changed. This type of problem would have caused you to fret your head off just last week.”

Jeff smiled and said, “That was the old me. The Bible tells me I am a new man.”

“Well, I hope Mr. Allen doesn’t fire this new man.”

“If he does he will have to get someone else in here to tell him that he must log onto the Internet server to receive his e-mails.”

The two laughed as Jeff settled into his office and read the daily computer requests for

help.

“Looks like today will be an Internet journey. Everyone needs information. I wish people were not so terrified of surfing the Net for themselves. Each person tells me that they are unable to locate the sites they need. It’s too hard. It won’t get better until they venture into it for themselves.”

“I hear you,” Sarah said. “Not everyone has your ability to locate websites. I’ve seen you find sites for which others had searched all day. Remember that just a week ago you even explained to the computer repairman from Jennings Computers how to install a new modem and mother board.”

Jeff had been reared amid computers and they were second nature to him. He was the only programmer in the building with a four-year degree in computer code structure and symbolic logic as well as a minor in computer math. From assembly through programming there was nothing Jeff did not understand. He read the latest programming magazines and took night courses at the community college in order to stay current with the growth of technology. Jeff felt that instead of wondering what his computer was capable of doing it would be to his advantage to be the one instructing the computer.

Jeff signed on his computer and discovered he had e-mail.

“Probably another request from one of the other offices,” he thought.

It was not uncommon for requests to come from other offices around the state. Jeff had built a reputation as a webmaster and a problem solver. If your problem deals with a computer Jeff is the one to ask about it. The e-mail address he received did not look familiar. At first Jeff thought it best not to open the e-mail thinking it might be a prank address releasing a virus. The more he thought about it the more he felt he should delete the address altogether. With the press of a button the e-mail was gone. Before Jeff was able to answer the day’s first response for help via e-mail the address appeared again notifying him that he had another message.

“What is going on here?” he asked himself.

Sarah walked past his door and noticed his facial expression. “Why the long face, Jeff?”

“I have erased an e-mail from a strange address, but it has reappeared.”

“Are you sure it’s not someone you know?”

“Yeah, real sure. This address is pretty weird. I don’t think I could forget this one, Sarah.”

“What’s the address, Jeff?”

“Are you ready for this? It’s www.intercession.god.”

“You’re right. If someone gave me that address I don’t think I would forget it either. You’d better delete it again. Whoever sent it probably attached a virus to it.”

“That’s what I thought when I deleted it earlier.”

Jeff, as before, deleted the message without opening it. He could not risk it although his curiosity was peeked and he was curious to know what information the message contained.

At 8:00 that morning the building came alive with each employee logging onto the computer system. Before 8:15 the same e-mail had been found on a dozen more screens. Each department head was contacted and instructed to tell their people that no one was to open the strange e-mail. Jeff happened to glance at his screen. The e-mail had reappeared on his terminal as well.

“Sarah!” Mr. Allen shouted from his office.

“Yes, Mr. Allen.”

“This e-mail business is ridiculous. Can’t Jeff put an end to this?”

“I’ll ask him about it, sir.”

Sarah went into Jeff’s office, saying, “please, get Mr. Allen off my back, Jeff.”

“He wants this e-mail eliminated from the system doesn’t he?”

“Yes, he does. Can’t you make it go away?”

“All I can do is open it in hopes of locating the sender. Once I discover who that is perhaps I can contact our server and ask them to block the source.”

“Can’t you do that without opening it, Jeff?”

“Yes,” Jeff said, reluctantly, “I just want to know who sent it and why.”

Sarah scratched her head and suggested calling the server to block the source of the e-mail so that is what he did.

“Sarah, is Jeff working on this e-mail thing?” asked Mr. Allen.

“Yes sir, he is. He is on the telephone with the server now trying to locate the source of the transmission and have it blocked.”

Before Jeff was able to have the e-mail traced by the server it vanished from each computer along with the address.

“That is too weird. How could it delete itself once our computer server received the

information? It is as though it erased itself from each individual terminal without a trace. Well at least it's out of my hair. Let someone else figure out what in the world it was. We have work to do. I bet I have several hours back log of requests due to that silly message," Jeff said to himself.

Jeff traversed the workday with no more e-mail pop-ups from the odd address. Maybe it did contain a virus and was programmed to delete itself if it were not opened by a certain time. Jeff's mind thought like a computer and wanted to locate the source of the e-mail. It was almost more than he could bear to not be able to understand it. After filling every request for help Jeff logged off his computer and went home.

"Perhaps the e-mail will return tomorrow," he said to himself. "I must know what caused it."

2

Tired and fatigued from the two extra hours it took to fill the computer requests Jeff entered his home and slumped into his Lazy Boy Recliner. As he quieted his mind he heard the e-mail alarm sounding from his computer room.

“I do not want to even look at another computer,” he said.

Being unable to tolerate the alarm’s constant sounding Jeff, reluctantly and under protest, rose from his chair to shut off the annoyance. He sat down and tapped his keyboard to eliminate the screen saver. He then double clicked the e-mail icon and waited for it to reveal the sender of the e-mail. There it was, www.intercession.god. The e-mail transferred itself to his personal computer at the same time it had disappeared from the office computers.

He toyed with the idea of opening the e-mail. Being at home he did not run the risk of releasing a virus into the business computer system.

“Even if it does contain a virus I’ve wanted a new computer anyway,” he told himself.

Jeff clicked the icon marked ‘read new mail.’ “Here we go,” he said.

Jeff took a deep breath as he read that one message had been received. This message, whatever its contents, was now on his terminal. He wiggled his fingers and took another deep breath.

“Let’s see what we have here.”

The address appeared in the e-mail display. All the message read was that an attachment needed to be opened. To anyone who knows anything about e-mail viruses this was a no-no. You never open an attachment from someone you do not know especially if you have no idea what the attachment might be. Jeff felt as though he were playing chess with someone. It was his move. Does he open the attachment or not? Jeff rose from the chair and walked into the bathroom. He had to think this through a little more thoroughly.

“I have to know what is there. I must know what this attachment contains.”

Transgressing every computer guru rule in the book Jeff clicked on the attachment. The word, ‘loading,’ appeared on the screen along with a graph revealing the loading progress.

“Attachment loaded, click start.” the screen read.

Without hesitation Jeff clicked the start key. To his horror it was a movie that someone had taken of a teenage girl crashing her car into a tree. The footage was incredible and had been taken from the backseat as the accident occurred. How was that possible? The girl was not wearing a seat belt resulting in her head striking the windshield. The scene was tragic and bloody leaving the viewer with an upset stomach. The film stopped rolling and focused on the girl’s injuries. She died after having been horribly maimed.

“What in the world is this?” Jeff asked in horror. “Surely this is not real. This has to be some kind of trick. Who would be able to film such a violent act and then have the heartlessness to air it on the Internet?”

The picture faded from the computer screen revealing another message. “To view cause of accident, click next arrow.”

Jeff was compelled to click the arrow. He had to know who could have had the condition of heart to film such a tragedy. The words ‘loading’ appeared again with a graph. It took several minutes to load the attachment. This, whatever it was, contained ten times more bites of information than the film of the crash.

“Click start to see attachment.”

Jeff clicked the icon and saw the crash scene seemingly before the accident. There was movement on the scene, but the forms were blurry. Slowly the forms focused and detail was revealed.

“What are those?” Jeff asked aloud. He had spotted two demons walking toward the crash site.

Another message appeared on the scene, ‘click here for audio.’

Jeff clicked the icon with the ear on it. The two demons were having a conversation.

“A girl will be driving along this stretch of highway tonight. Once she reaches the corner I want you and your homies to push the car off the road. Her speed will make it impossible for her to correct the automobile’s direction forcing her to strike this large tree.”

Jeff had no clue what was in store for him. He had watched a death take place. Now he

seemed to be watching the cause of the accident. Jeff knew from limited spiritual knowledge that he was listening to two demons converse with each other regarding the cause of the accident. The film changed to what would happen within the car.

From the view inside the car Jeff watched the girl who was later killed open the door and enter. A number of demons were in the back seat discussing their parts in making this accident happen.

“You need to tell the girl that there is another party on Look Out Hill,” one demon told another.

“I will. Keep your pants on. I know what I am supposed to do.”

Jeff watched as the demon crawled onto her shoulder and began to whisper into her ear.

“You know,” the demon said, “there’s another great party on Look Out Hill. Everybody who is anybody will be there. You do not want to go home when another party awaits, do you?”

The girl listened to the demon thinking her own thoughts were supplying this information. Forgetting to buckle up the girl inserted her key into the ignition and started the engine.

“That’s it,” the demon said, “if you hurry you can get there before 1:00 AM.”

The girl took her cue from the demon and spun the rear tires of her car heading for Look Out Hill. Another problem compounded the matter. The girl had been drinking and was intoxicated. The speedometer climbed above 60 MPH. Yet the demons convinced her that she was travelling very slowly. As she responded to them her speed rose to 80 MPH. This was the desired speed that would cause her to lose control while turning the corner and strike the tree.

The corner became visible and Jeff could see the demons along the road preparing to push the car out of control. As the video had shown the girl lost control and struck the tree.

“Dear God! What is happening here?”

Jeff was beside himself with fear. Then he heard the Lord speak to him.

“Jeff, you have accessed my website.”

“Who are you? Have you lost your mind showing films of such horror and tragedy?”

“This accident has not yet happened, Jeff. I want you to stop it.”

Jeff was silent. He knew of no way to respond to such a request.

“Jeff, do you know with whom you are speaking? Do you know who I am?”

“No,” Jeff answered.

Jeff looked at the web address again. It read www.intercession.god.

“You said that I had accessed your website. Who are you?”

“I am the Lord, Jesus Christ. This is my intercession website.”

Jeff lost his breath. How could God be speaking with him? How is it that God has a website set aside for prayer? That simply did not compute in Jeff’s thinking.

“Slow down, Jeff. Think! Ask the Lord a question. Make Him prove He is who He says He is.”

Jeff could hardly believe what he was doing. It was impossible for God to have a website. That would be absurd to an analytical thinker.

“Jeff, this website is not stored in any database. It is a spiritual website that can be accessed only by my children. This is how I have chosen to communicate with you. Your talent is computers, so I am going to use it as a means of intercessory prayer.”

By now Jeff had calmed down due to the presence of God but he was still amazed at what was happening.

“How can one intercede with computer skills, Lord?”

“Your friends call you a webmaster. I want you to use your skill in surfing the Internet to free others in prayer. Prayer can be administered by taking advantage of your skills.”

“How do I do what you are asking of me, Lord?”

“Our first step is to have you receive the Baptism of the Holy Spirit.”

Jeff had heard the pastor who led him to Jesus discuss this baptism with others around him last night.

“Lord, my pastor knows about this baptism. I can receive it from him, right?”

“Go to him and ask him to lead you through the prayer. Once you do the Holy Spirit will fill you and release His gift of other tongues.”

“What do you mean by ‘other tongues’?”

“Talk to your pastor and he will explain everything. Once you begin to pray in the Spirit you will become aware of how the Kingdom of God will use your skills.”

The screen saver activated and the connection to the spiritual website was severed. Jeff hurriedly located the home telephone number of his pastor. It was a good thing that his number was in the directory. Jeff dialed the number and was placed in immediate contact with the pastor.

3

“Sir, this is Jeff Delome. The reason for my call is to ask you about the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. I would like to receive it,” Jeff said.

“Great Jeff, I would love to explain how it happens.”

God was making it simple. The pastor’s enthusiasm encouraged Jeff confirming his decision to place the call.

“First, of course, you must be born again, “ the pastor said. “That is a settled issue for you since yesterday evening. Do you have a Bible with you, Jeff?”

Jeff asked the pastor to hold while he found his Bible. “Okay sir, I have my Bible.”

“Good Jeff, it is important to point out that everything I share with you can be found within the pages of the Bible. If someone attempts to teach you something they cannot find within its pages do not listen to what they have to say.”

Jeff could not bring himself to explain to the pastor why he was seeking this baptism. He was not sure the pastor would understand.

The pastor opened his Bible and asked Jeff to do the same. “Open it to the table of contents, please. I know that you have recently been saved and this will aid us in finding the Scriptures we will need to use more rapidly.”

“I’ve found it, sir,” Jeff said.

“Turn to 1 Corinthians, Chapter 12. In verses 1-10 you will find what we call the Gifts of the Spirit. Let’s read verse 10.”

Jeff read along with the pastor and discovered that divers or different types of tongues was one of the manifestations of the Holy Spirit’s indwelling. The pastor went on to explain that these tongues were used to build one’s faith as found in Jude verse 20.

“Turn to 1 Corinthians 14, Jeff. I need to explain the toughest thing to understand

concerning tongues as we call them. Here, in verse 2, we find that speaking in tongues is a mystery to our natural minds. That means that when we are speaking them we do not understand mentally what we are saying.”

“It seems so weird to speak something you can’t understand,” Jeff responded.

“I agree. It seems odd, but listen to why. This same verse explains that we are not speaking to natural men, but to God. God’s Spirit speaks God’s language. That makes sense, doesn’t it?”

“Yes sir, it does. You’re telling me that I need the Holy Spirit speaking through me to speak God’s language.”

“Exactly right, Jeff, but that is not all. The reason that it is important to speak God’s language is because we do not know what causes the problems that we see around us. We can ask God to help someone or heal someone, but wouldn’t it be better to know exactly what is causing the problem and pray against that?”

Jeff agreed that it made perfect sense.

“Jeff, turn to Romans Chapter 8 and look at verse 26. That will confirm what I have told you is correct. The Holy Spirit intercedes through us because He knows what is causing our problems. It causes prayer to be more effective.”

“Wow! God is pretty smart to have planned prayer this way.”

“Now comes the hard part.”

“What’s that, sir?” Jeff said.

“Jeff, verses 14, 17, and 32 are of the utmost importance. Verse 14 reminds us that our mind is not praying, but our spirit is. So our mind will not understand what is being prayed. Verse 17 reassures us that what we are praying in this heavenly language is proper. The verse says that we are giving thanks well. We should not be afraid to pray in this language. Now, finally, in verse 32 we find that God will not force you or anyone else to pray in this language. He says that your spirit is subject to your will. You must choose to speak with other tongues.”

Jeff and his pastor talked for perhaps an hour on the subject of tongues before coming to the purpose of the call. Jeff learned that this language is also used to speak every language of the earth as needed by the Holy Spirit.

“Are you ready to receive tongues, Jeff?”

“Yes sir, I am.”

“Pray out loud after me, ‘Father God, according to your word you wish me to speak with tongues. I ask you to baptize me with the Holy Spirit with the confirmation of speaking in tongues.’”

Jeff repeated the prayer. Afterward there was silence on his end of the telephone.

“Jeff, did you receive?”

“Yes, I did.”

“Then let’s hear you speak in tongues. Remember they won’t jump from your mouth. Open your mouth and speak believing the language will be there.”

Jeff closed his eyes and began to speak with tongues. He yielded his vocal chords and was willing to speak what sounded like gibberish. He was not put to shame or embarrassed. The language God promised flowed from within him.

“Do not forget, Jeff. You can use this language anywhere and anytime you feel it is necessary.” With that statement the pastor ended their conversation.

Jeff went immediately to his computer. Sure enough he had mail. As he clicked on the icon Jeff entered God’s intercessory website.

“Welcome back, Jeff. I see you have received the baptism. Are you ready to accept your call and enter the website?”

“Wait a minute. Am I actually to enter the website?”

“Of course! This is where intercession needs to take place. What happens here will come to pass in the earth realm. If you program something to occur here it has to be born on the earth.”

“I do not know that much about the Word of God. How am I supposed to function on the website?”

“By using the language. It will cover all the gaps in your understanding until you can learn what my Word says about you and your world. As you pray in this language I will be able to supply you with all the website intelligence you need. By the way there was one thing that your pastor did not tell you about tongues.”

“What was that, Lord?”

“They will charge you like a battery. Prayer will increase your strength in my power.”

Jeff liked hearing that. It was time to pray.

“How do I enter the website?”

“Close your eyes and begin to pray in the Holy Spirit. He will bring you here.”

Jeff did as the Lord instructed. He closed his eyes, began to pray and in seconds Jeff sensed the transfer. He opened his eyes and found that he was clothed in a covering much like a soldier's body armor. Strapped to his left leg was a keyboard for entering commands.

"Lord, why do I need this keyboard?"

"If you sense the need to exit the website all you have to do is click the 'close' icon. It will safely remove you from the situation. It also enables you to travel around the intercessory website as you are led to do so by the Holy Spirit or as you feel it necessary."

Jeff looked around the website upon arriving. It was much the same as living in his world. There were cars, streets, neighborhoods and cities. The only difference was that the inhabitants were angels and demons. They walked the streets hoping to stir circumstances against someone on the earth or deliver them from their enemies.

"I need to explain the rules of the website, Jeff. Here things happen quickly and the only manifestations which can occur have to be spoken. If you want something to happen you must speak it."

"All I have to do is speak and what I speak will happen? I understand that."

"You must understand also, Jeff, that not only the positive things spoken come to pass, but the negative things as well. Words are the creative force on my website so choose your words carefully."

4

“Lord, how do I get from place to place on the website?”

“Walk through and use your keyboard when instructed. There will be links to other pages and web addresses as you travel along. If you need to move quickly use a faith engine. This will take you to places of immediate importance.”

“How do I determine what places are deemed as immediate or not?”

“Not knowing in which direction to go or to which page you should link would qualify as immediate importance.”

Jeff was thinking that a faith engine would be a good idea about now because he had no clue as to how to begin the journey through God’s website.

“You see, you are already thinking clearly. Now is an excellent time to requisition a faith engine,” the Lord said.

“So how do I requisition a faith engine, Lord?”

“You speak it into existence. When you speak it will manifest. It’s important that you understand that, Jeff. Your words can cripple you if you are not careful to control them.”

The Lord and Jeff spoke a few more minutes ending with warnings to remember that words have power to kill on this website.

“Website, I need a faith engine,” Jeff spoke out.

From behind where Jeff and the Lord had spoken an exhaust noise grew louder and it was coming closer. An engine, similar to a 327 with chrome exhaust pipes, rolled alongside Jeff. It was equipped with a single, well-padded seat and cup holder. There was no steering control. The faith engine operated by word power. Jeff needed to buckle his seatbelt and tell the engine where to take him. The Lord had already left the web page where Jeff was located. Now, Jeff was on his own.

“You can do this, Jeff,” he told himself.

What was happening resembled something from a Star Trek episode. Once he was firmly buckled into the seat Jeff told the faith engine to take him where he needed to go first. With a deafening roar the engine accelerated into the website. You would think that the speed in which the faith engine traveled would be tremendous, but it was not. It was just about the speed of a motor car travelling through a residential neighborhood.

Jeff was smart enough to begin praying in the Spirit from the moment the engine began to move. He was impressed to pay close attention to the surroundings through which they would be passing. The web page began where the car had impacted the tree killing the young girl then proceeded in reverse. He could see the demons who had participated in the girl’s death. They could see him moving above them.

“This could mean trouble,” Jeff thought to himself.

“Do not forget your words, Jeff,” the Lord said within him. “If you had spoken those words trouble would have taken hold of you.”

The demons knew that Jeff was there to stop their strategy and save the girl’s life. A ranking demon on the scene radioed their website to report that an intruder was hovering above the accident scene in a faith engine. As Jeff traveled along the webpage he came to several icons from which he needed to select a destination. With his words he double clicked on the back page icon. Jeff wanted to see more of what the demons had done to cause this car accident.

“Master,” a demon radioed to a superior, “he has gone farther back into the website. I am sure he has been sent here by the Lord to investigate our murder preparation.”

“Thank you,” said the demon on the other end of the receiver, “I will notify our brothers on the previous pages. We will make this intercessor wish he had never ventured into our business.”

The next page was filled with activity from the party the girl had attended before leaving for Look Out Hill. She was drinking and having a worldly time. Surely, this is the page where he would need to apprehend the girl and advise her of the future accident.

“Young lady,” Jeff spoke as he hovered overhead. “I need to warn you about something that is going to happen to you tonight.”

The girl did not hear a word he said, but the demons did. Two of them belted themselves into fear engines and rose to meet the faith engine. They had only one intention and that was to

blow faith from the sky. They were dead set on killing this girl and nothing would rob them of their fun.

Blam! Blam! Two red bolts of fear struck the faith engine knocking off the left-hand exhaust. The engine began smoking and losing power which caused it to descend rapidly.

Blam! Another shot struck the side of the faith engine knocking a gaping hole in one of the cylinders. The result was that the cylinder lubricant leaked onto the webpage. Seconds later the faith engine ceased internally sending it into the ground below.

“We’ve got him now, boys. Position your guns on him and let them rip him to pieces,” a demon cheered.

“Lord, what do I do? I need your help!” Jeff yelled.

Blam! Blam! The demons were moving in for the kill.

“Jeff, call for another faith engine,” he thought to himself. “No that’s not what I need to do. I need to speak words over the one I have. Had I done that while I was in the air I would never have crashed in the first place.” Jeff was learning.

Blam! Another fear blast shot past him blowing a gaping hole in the ground.

“Faith engine, I tell you to be repaired. Hole punctured in the cylinder wall, you close yourself. Lubricant, find your way back into this engine and sustain it. Exhaust, reattach yourself to the engine heads. I command it. You will operate and function perfectly as God created you to do.”

The faith engine rose from the ground in perfect condition as it was when he had first climbed aboard. When Jeff was not speaking English to the engine he spoke in tongues. He was looking for guidance as to what to do next. He was still in a tight spot with the demons maneuvering behind him for another shot.

“Faith engine, I want guns to mount themselves on each side of you. They are to be more accurate and more powerful than the ones these demons are shooting at me. When I give the signal I want you to launch explosives and destroy them.”

The guns appeared and looked identical to the twenty millimeter gattling gun mounted to the nose of an A-10 Wart Hog aircraft. The faith engine turned to meet the oncoming demons who were preparing to shoot more fear blasts.

“Steady, steady, faith engine. Fire!”

In a steady and rapid burst the guns emptied themselves into the fear engines sending

them smoking into the website beneath them. The demons defeat had not gone unnoticed by those watching from the ground below. They radioed a play by play description to other demons who were controlling the webpage.

With fear subdued at least for the moment Jeff needed to leave this page for another one because more fear engines were on the way. Using the keyboard strapped to his leg he pressed the arrow keys reaching the back page icon sending him even deeper into the girl's past. The current page faded from sight and the next began to form.

“Follow the pages back until no demons are seen,” the Holy Spirit told him. “That will be the page from which to deliver the girl from death.”

The demons had already scurried to the next page to set an ambush for Jeff. They had to keep him from reaching the page where their strategy had begun. He could ruin all their carefully laid plans if he were to find the girl's origin of demonic manipulation. They were not about to have that happen.

5

With the new page quickly forming around him Jeff could see a milky white substance ahead. His faith engine slowed as it neared this substance. It seemed to know that this was not a safe area to enter. Jeff, being young in the things of faith, wanted to rush forward immediately.

“Faith engine, what is wrong with you? I need you speed up not slow down.”

Jeff slowed his thoughts and continued to pray in the Spirit. “Lord, what is this milky smoke looking substance? For me to progress any farther I would have to enter it.”

“An ambush lies inside, Jeff,” the Lord responded.

“Do I stay here or is there another way through to the next page?”

“No Jeff, there is no other entrance to the next page. This screen has been placed to prevent you from reaching the page of origin.”

“What is the page of origin? What does that mean?”

“It is where you will perform your intercession that will deliver the girl. The devils have made their boldest move, attempting to stop you from reaching the page.”

“It bothers me that you used the word ‘boldest’, Lord.”

“This milky screen contains a deception that they feel will cripple you and keep you from going forward.”

“How could demons know what would be most effective against me?”

“They know you, Jeff.”

“They what, Lord?”

“They know your likes and dislikes. These demons are not as stupid as some think. They have poured over catalogs of information concerning attacks that have been effective against you in the past. The substance will contain a combination of all of their ideas. They cannot allow you to pass through. The page of origin lies behind it. All you have to do is click the back icon once

more and you're there."

Fear began to rise in Jeff's heart. The faith engine began to sink toward the website floor.

"Jeff," the Lord said, "you cannot allow fear to overtake you. If you do the power of your words will be turned against you by the demonic forces hunting you. Have you noticed that the faith engine is losing power?"

"Yes sir, I have. It's because of the fear I have allowed into my thought life isn't it?"

"Yes Jeff, you must flush the fear from your mind to empower the faith engine and your words to deliver you to the page of origin. We have to change the cause of death. Only then will she be safe from the demonic influences who are leading her to such a horrible end."

Jeff began praying in the Holy Spirit remembering that it would charge him with faith and make him strong.

"Good Jeff, good," the Lord said. "Build yourself in the most Holy Faith. It will deliver you from the temptations which you will face in the substance."

Jeff could literally feel his faith building within him. "I can feel it, Lord. My faith is expanding. Confidence is coming."

Jeff opened his eyes and saw that the Lord had gone. Now all that was left was to enter the substance and defeat the temptation. A clear and distinct voice spoke within him. The voice was the Lord's giving a final encouragement.

"Your prayer life will deliver you from being tempted to the point of defeat."

The faith engine rose from its diminished altitude brought on by the manifested fear. It hovered facing the substance awaiting Jeff's command to proceed.

"Faith engine, take me into the substance."

The speed forward was slow and controlled. Jeff had learned that the speed of his faith engine should not be altered and trusted it completely. Jeff had no way of knowing it, but he had grown considerably since the journey began. What lay inside the substance was not capable of taking him captive. The Lord brought him through the battles with fear on the last page purposely. His victory brought him confidence in his faith and in his new Lord. All was ready.

The substance enveloped the faith engine. At first it seemed that all that needed to happen was to simply go through it, but that changed. Faces appeared in the milky mist. They were people and, strangely, Jeff was not able to remove his attention from their faces. They were so beautiful to look upon. They were lovely ladies moving through the mist. Jeff could hear their

voices which sounded like angels.

Once these ladies were aware that they had Jeff's undivided attention the delightful sounds they made to attract him turned to high pitch screeches. Jeff reached for his ears to cover them trying to stop the painful sounds.

"What is happening to me?" Jeff screamed.

The devil had pulled his doubt sirens from hell's depths to gain entry into Jeff's mind. He was lured by their soft and beautiful sounds. Jeff relaxed his faith thinking that such beautiful sounds were safe to listen to. The sounds flowed into his mental pathways and were now planting their seeds of doubt.

"Lord, I cannot do this. It's too difficult for me. I have only been saved one day. Why would you bring me to this place so soon?" Jeff asked in a panic.

The more Jeff spoke the doubt the louder it proclaimed his deficiencies as a Christian. Jeff stopped praying in the Spirit and forgot that his words once spoken on this website would come to pass.

"We've got him," a demon said, "he fell for the pretty faces of the sirens. He forgot where he was. Human beings are so easy to defeat because they refuse to listen to God and follow his instructions."

The devil had used what Christians fear most. He reversed the positive emotions that Jeff felt when he was praying in the Spirit. The doubt then exploded into his thinking convincing him that he was incapable of believing God.

The Lord watched as Jeff struggled with his emotions. It was a tough obstacle for such a young newborn Christian to overcome, but he had it to do. God's call upon Jeff was to surf this supernatural web interceding for the lost and overtaken.

"You can do this, Jeff. Remember what we talked about. Your words are one part of the key. Praying in the Holy Spirit is the other portion of the key. Combine them and they will deliver you," the Lord said to Jeff.

The Lord had not brought the torment to Jeff. The devil had. God would use His Word to build an immunity to the doubt by eradicating its dominance in Jeff's mind. If Jeff chose to stand, unwilling to give in to the doubt, the Word of God would construct a stronghold that the devil would be unable to penetrate. Once that was done the devil would be finished and the doubt ineffective.

The faith engine had landed on the floor of the website. Jeff was bent over the seat with his head in his hands. Doubt was eating him alive.

“I do not know how to believe, Lord. How can I get out of here? I want to leave this place.”

The webpage began to alter itself to Jeff’s words. A revelation slammed into his understanding.

“If I leave this website, the girl dies.”

Grimacing, Jeff shouted with all the strength he could muster. “No, I do not wish to leave! I wish to be free from the doubt that is tormenting me.”

Jeff returned to praying in the Holy Spirit. The faith engine responded by restarting. It rose a few inches from the floor waiting for Jeff’s command. By surrendering to prayer Jeff was refueling his faith. He was recharging his spiritual batteries. Realizing by revelation that he needed to combat the words of doubt he spoke.

“Doubt, you’re finished. I will not listen to your lies anymore. Be gone in the name of Jesus.”

Instantly, the milky substance vaporized from the webpage. Wasting no time Jeff and the faith engine rose to the level of the back icon where he clicked it. They would now enter the origin page. As it materialized Jeff sat back and thought about what had happened years earlier. The girl had yielded to a demon of rebellion at the age of twelve. She told her parents that she was going to a movie with a friend. The girl had lied. She was really visiting a friend who had acquired a six-pack of beer for them to try.

The girl, with the help of devils, developed a taste for the brew which grew steadily mutating into a desire for hard liquor. Sure demons had motivated her to lie to her parents for the purpose of sneaking a sip of beer, but it did not stop there. Five years later the girl would find herself wrapped around a tree dead at the age of seventeen. All could have been avoided if the girl had said no to the lie. That was all that could save her now. Having learned the whole story Jeff quietly waited for the Holy Spirit to reveal the way to turn the rebellion.

Crash!!!

“What was that?” Jeff yelled.

Demons had crashed through the back of the webpage in hopes of capturing the girl.

“Jeff,” the Lord shouted, “take the girl into the Internet and hide her from the demons.

Use your skill in relation to surfing the web until the girl can be turned from her rebellion.”

Instinctively, Jeff pulled the girl into his faith engine which expanded to seat them both.

“Who are you and where are you taking me?” the girl asked.

“I have been sent by the Lord to reveal a deception which was meant to take your life.”

Jeff clicked the first website link he could find. It took them to a financial web address where people received free advice concerning their money.

“Within the pages of this website my words come to pass,” Jeff said. “I will use them to my advantage. Girl, I need you to trust me and allow my words to reform you.”

“What! What do you mean, ‘reform me’?” she said.

“I am going to alter your body and hide you until you discover where you surrendered your life to the devil’s deception.”

Being given permission Jeff spoke to the girl transforming her body into a set of financial figures which he hid within the data stream of the website. To avoid drawing attention to what he had done Jeff linked to several web addresses, leaving a wide data trail for the demons to track.

Jeff stopped web surfing to see if the devils were taking the bait. Sure enough they were hot on his trail. They had followed him never realizing that the girl had been left behind.

“Good, the girl is safe. I must return and replay the video for her. That will convince her that the demons wish to kill her. Where is a good place to trap devils?” Jeff asked himself.

“I’ve got it,” he said. “Lord, I’m going to trap them in a Christian website.”

Jeff pulled the keyboard from his leg and began searching for the best website address in which to trap the demons. Web address number three seemed to be the prime location. Copeland Ministries was having a live webcast of their Believers’ Convention. He would lure the demons into the webcast and trap them by the power of prayer. First he must locate the demons who were having difficulty keeping pace with him. That would be simple enough. He just slowed his rate of speed in which he had fled from them. It took a few minutes before the demons caught his data scent, but they were coming. Jeff linked to the webcast’s address and materialized on the Copeland Ministry webpage.

“He’s gone into a Christian website teaching the Word of God,” a demon said to the others.

“It doesn’t matter. We have to retrieve the girl. Those are our orders.”

The entire group of demons flooded the website and began their search for Jeff. It was no

coincidence that the Holy Spirit had led Jeff to this website. Brother Copeland was beginning prayer to open the meeting just as the demons entered.

“Father, in Jesus’ name, we take authority over every demonic influence here in the building and all those connected to our webcast.”

The demons were thrust to the floor as Brother Copeland voiced those words. Faith slammed the demons to the website floor bound. They were trapped and could no longer follow Jeff around the Internet.

“Yes!” Jeff shouted. “It worked! I can return to the website and free the girl.”

Jeff recalled his webmap which listed all the sites he had visited. Typing in the address and pressing the enter key he exited the website. The demons were wiggling attempting to free themselves from captivity. Back at the financial website the girl was restored to her present state.

“Can you explain what is happening? Who were those things chasing us?” the girl asked.

“They were demons assigned to you by the devil.”

“To me? That just doesn’t make sense.”

Using his keyboard Jeff took the girl back to God’s web address. He plugged into the video function of God’s memory and selected the video of the car accident.

“Watch this. It will explain and answer all the questions you have. Trust me.”

The girl watched the video. It began at the time she told the lie and ended with the impact of the car against the tree. She saw the demons enticing her to lie and drink beer which would lead her on the path to death. She sat down and began to cry.

“We can change what you have seen,” Jeff told her.

“How? I want to change. Tell me how.”

While surfing the web God had told Jeff what the girl must do to stop the tragedy.

“You have to tell your parents what you have done and repent before them and God. Once that is accomplished the demons and the death they have planned for you will no longer be a reality.”

“Lord, she is ready to repent and tell her parents what happened.”

“Very good, Jeff. Return her to the origin page and leave her there. She will know what to do then.”

Jeff did as the Lord had commanded. The faith engine lowered to the website floor and the girl stepped outside.

“Thank you,” she said.

“Thank our God who took the time to locate an intercessor to pray His deliverance into your life.” With those words Jeff found himself facing his computer. The e-mail alarm was sounding. You guessed it. God had left another e-mail and this is what it said.

“Thank you for obeying my voice. Continue to study what my Word says about you, Jeff. I will need your web skills in the future. We have many adventures to enjoy together. I love you, my webmaster.”

Jeff’s eyes filled with tears. He had been saved only one day and the Lord had opened an entire new world to him. Jeff would never have thought of taking the demons to a Christian website to trap them. How did he know that Kenneth Copeland was about to pray? It was all by the direction of the Holy Spirit. Even the young in understanding can affect the Kingdom of God.

Jeff decided to send God an e-mail. It read, “I love you, Lord. I look forward to obeying your voice at all times in the future. Signed, your loving webmaster”.