

Behold  the Lamb
Publications

Casting out Devils

by Leroy Surface

Casting out Devils

“And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues;” Mark 16:15-17

The first sign Jesus gave of a “believer” is *“In my name shall they cast out devils.”* This speaks, of course, of those who have believed and received the baptism in the Holy Ghost. In my early ministry, I was anointed to cast out many devils with the authority God had given me, but one Sunday night in 1968, when casting out a particular unclean spirit, it made a stunning confession to me and all who heard. It said, “I was defeated by the blood of Jesus,” and then repeated three times, “Defeated by the blood...defeated by the blood...defeated by the blood.”

From that day forward, casting out devils became an easy task, due to the knowledge I received from the unclean spirit itself. This book is a short record of a few unclean spirits which Christ anointed this



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ministry to cast out. With the Apostle Paul, I say, *“For though I would desire to glory, I shall not be a fool; for I will say the truth: but now I forbear, lest any man should think of me above that which he seeth me to be, or that he heareth of me.”* II

Corinthians 12:6 *“(For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty*



Keith Surface

through God to the pulling down of strong holds;) Casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ; And having in a readiness to revenge all disobedience, when your obedience is fulfilled.” II Corinthians 10:4-6

Casting out Devils!

*“Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe; **In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.** So then after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God.”*

Mark 16:15-19

Our text for this message is what is commonly known as “The Great Commission. In this “great commission,” it becomes obvious that when Jesus said, *“He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved...,”* the “baptism” He spoke of was not water, but the Holy Ghost baptism. The “signs” which Jesus said would follow the believer all require the working of the Holy Ghost in the believer to perform. He said, “...these signs shall follow them that believe; **In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues...they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.**” These are three miraculous signs Jesus said would “follow them that believe.” A true believer does not “follow signs,” but the “signs” follow the true believer. This message is an account of what I have experienced in sixty one years of ministry concerning “casting out devils.”

I was saved and baptized with the Holy Ghost March 9, 1958, and called to preach in a vision from God in 1962. When God sent me

into full time ministry in March, 1964, He told me some things that older minister friends did not understand or believe. He said to me, *“Do not preach a theory about healing the sick or casting out devils.”* At this point, God told me almost exactly the same thing He told His disciples when He first sent them out.

“And as ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils: freely ye have received, freely give.” Matthew 10:7-8

He said to me, *“Preach the gospel, heal the sick, and cast out devils: freely you have received, freely give.”*

I entered into full time ministry in March, 1964. I became the pastor of a very small congregation in Almeda Texas, where we were greatly blessed with many saved and many miracles and healings. I saw the first deaf man healed under my ministry that same year in a rescue mission on Franklin Ave. in Houston Texas where I preached two nights a week. My congregation of about a dozen people grew to about fifty within the year I was pastor. About nine and a half months into my pastoral ministry, in the last week of December 1964, the Lord spoke to me, whether in a dream or His “still small voice,” I do not recall, but He said to me, *“I have given you power and authority over unclean spirits to cast them out.”*

A few days later, I visited a New Year’s watchnight service in another small church with a pastor I knew only as “Sister Sorello.” It must have been near 10:00 P.M. when I arrived to a scene such as I had never seen before. Probably a half dozen men and women were gathered around a young Hispanic girl, trying to cast a devil out of her. They tried to hold her down on the floor, but this skinny fifteen year old girl, possessed of the devil, could throw grown men off of her with one arm. Remembering what God had spoken to me just days before, I did not want to “join the fight” to keep her on the floor, so I knelt about ten feet away and

prayed until I believed I knew what to do. I felt led of God to touch her mouth and command a spirit to release her. When I reached out to her, she began to scream, “Don’t touch me.” With half a dozen men and women wrestling with her and screaming at the devil to “Come out,” I was amazed that she did not want me to touch her. When I touched her mouth and commanded the demon spirit to come out, immediately the screaming stopped, but the wrestling continued. I knelt a second time and prayed until I felt led to touch another member of her body, which I did with the same results. She would scream “Don’t touch me” every time I reached out to her. Obviously, the devil knew I had received the authority to cast him out. In all, there were five members I felt led to touch with the same results until the fifth time. The five members were her eyes, her ears, her mouth, her legs, and I believe her stomach, but I do not remember the exact order. Every time I reached out to her, the unclean spirit in her began screaming “Don’t touch me,” but the fifth time when I commanded the unclean spirit to come out “in the name of Jesus,” she leaped to her feet, hands lifted up, crying rejoicing, and dancing in the Spirit. She was “free, and free indeed.”

After her great deliverance, her mother told me the source of her bondage. They lived in Houston, Texas in the Navigation Street area, a very rough area of Houston at that time. Many will scoff at this, but there was a “witchdoctor” who lived near this family. He actually took possession of this young girl. When the parents would call the police to get their daughter, he would tell them, “You can take her, but when she wakes up, she will not be able to see.” The next day, when the girl woke up blind, they have to take her back to the witchdoctor to restore her sight, but when he would be forced to surrender the girl again, he would tell them, “When she wakes up tomorrow, she will not be able to “hear,” or to “walk,” or to “speak.” This happened five times until the night

God revealed to me the five bondages, even though I had no idea of the source. This was my first experience in casting out devils.

When news of the great deliverance spread through the small full gospel churches in the Houston area, I received many invitations to preach deliverance and healing services, which I did. From these, however, I have no memory of any great deliverances.

CONNIE

In April of 1966, I rented the old Fontane Assembly of God Church building on Hirsch Road in North Houston. Starting with only four people, we soon had a congregation of about thirty five. Our church was growing, however, and we were seeing someone saved almost every Sunday morning. One Sunday a visiting young lady was in the altar with her head buried in her hands. Brother Richard Mooney was working with me in the church as worship leader at the time, and he came to me and said simply “Look at this.” Every time he stretched out his hand to touch the young lady, she would scream “Don’t touch me. I was obvious she could not see behind her, but when I reached out to touch her, the same thing happened. I knelt beside her and got her attention. I told her of her condition, and asked if she wanted to be free. At that moment, a voice began speaking through her, saying, “Don’t make me leave you Connie, I love you, and don’t want to leave you.” It was the demon spirit speaking through her, begging her not to make it leave her. I did not know her name, but the devil knew it, and he wanted to keep control. She consented to deliverance, and I will never forget what happened when the unclean spirit came out. Connie leaped to her feet, hands lifted up, crying, rejoicing, and dancing in the Spirit with great joy. Suddenly, her long black ponytail went flying through the air as her head jerked back and forth in her great joy of deliverance. I

was totally shocked, because I had never in my life seen a wig or hairpiece at that time.

MARGARET

In 1967, our church was outgrowing the Assembly of God building we were renting, so we purchased an old Presbyterian Church building just a half block off of Jensen Drive in North Houston. The next three years was the greatest period of growth we had seen. By 1970, our building was filled to capacity. The presence of God was powerful in our services, and the worship was wonderful. There was a black sister, whom I knew only as Sis Margaret. When the Spirit of God began to move in the services, Sister Margaret would begin to do a little shuffle dance between the pews in the place where she sat. One Wednesday night during a revival I was preaching in Atlanta Georgia, I had a strange dream. In the dream we were worshiping in our Sunday morning service, and Sister Margaret began her little “shuffle dance.” This time, however, she danced her way into the center aisle and then danced her way to the front between the pews and the altar. One of the faithful members of our church was a young Cajun paraplegic, named James Millia, whom his nephews would bring to church on a cot, and lay him against the wall between the pews and the altar. In my dream, when Sister Margaret reached the front of the building, her body was literally thrown about fifteen to twenty feet across the building and landed on top of James. I woke from sleep and thought, “What a strange dream.”

I returned to Houston, and the Sunday morning service was especially powerful. The congregation was worshiping, and Sister Margaret began her little “shuffle dance.” This time, however, she danced her way into the aisle, and just as she reached the front of the building, I remembered the dream. I dropped the microphone and ran to where James was lain on his

cot. I spread my legs and braced my hands against the wall behind James just as the body of Sister Margaret slammed into me. She crumpled to the floor, but James was most certainly spared from great harm. Sister Margaret could “speak in tongues,” and we had no reason to suspect she did not have the Holy Ghost. That morning I knelt on the floor beside her and told her the spirit which she thought was the Holy Ghost was in fact an unclean spirit, which myself and the brothers of the church could cast out. She told me she wanted to be free from what she called her “voice.” She said, “When I woke up Thursday morning, my voice told me to never come back to this church, and never go around Leroy Surface again. Her “voice” told her to stay away because I was “the antichrist. She said “I believe you are a man of God, and I want to be free.” When we began the rebuke the devil and command him to come out, her eyes would roll back into her head with only the whites showing, also a sign of demon possession. It was obvious we were making no headway toward her deliverance, so I told our worship leaders, Richard and Judy Mooney, to go to the organ and lead the congregation in the chorus, “O, the blood of Jesus.” About the third time, they were singing “I love the blood of Jesus, it washes whiter than snow,” when suddenly the unclean spirit began to scream “Stop it! Stop it! Don’t sin that song.” I knew we had the attention of the demon spirit, so I asked, “Don’t you love the blood of Jesus?” Again, the unclean spirit screamed “I hate the blood of Jesus!” I asked “Why do you hate the blood of Jesus,” but the spirit would not answer. Brother Royce Weeks, a pastor friend from North Little Rock, Arkansas, spoke to the unclean spirit, “I adjure you by Jesus Christ, why do you hate the blood of Jesus?” Margaret shook her head as the unclean spirit spoke slowly, “*I was defeated by the blood of Jesus,*” then repeated three times, “*...defeated by the blood...defeated by the blood...defeated by the blood.*” With that admission by the unclean spirit, we were able to cast him out, and

Margaret went free. Three months later, Sister Margaret died suddenly and unexpectedly. A soul had been rescued, and I expect to see Sister Margaret when I arrive in heaven to be with Jesus forever and forever.

TIM

I do not remember the exact year I was invited to preach a special one night service at the “Word Fellowship Church” in North Little Rock, Arkansas, where Brother Royce Weeks was the pastor. A young man named Tim was in the service. He had just returned from military service in Viet Nam, and was the youth minister at Word Fellowship, and a wonderful young man to know. I had preached, and prayed for the sick and for sinners, and felt my part of the service was finished. Tim stood and began speaking in tongues. I immediately discerned something was not right about the spirit he spoke with, but I threw my overcoat on and went out into the cold winter night, saying to myself, “That’s the pastor’s problem.” The Lord reproved me, saying, “The pastor does not know what is happening. This is your problem.” I returned to the service, and by now Tim was singing in tongues. There were about two hundred people in attendance that night, and they seemed enraptured by what they were seeing and hearing. I said, “Lord, if you’ve ever been with me, be with me now.” I walked up to Tim and placed my hand on his shoulder. He stopped singing, but continued speaking in tongues. I shook his shoulder and he began speaking tongues in a rebuking sound. The spiritual warfare was on, and I prayed again, “Lord, be with me now.” I took both my hand and shook him violently until he ceased speaking. I told him, “I know you believe you love the Lord with all your heart, but did you know the spirit you believe is the Holy Ghost is actually another spirit. He told me, “All I know, there is something wrong inside of me.” I asked if he wanted to be free, and he said “Yes.” With that I touched his

forehead and rebuked the “foul spirit that is pretending to be the Holy Ghost,” and commanded him to come out. Instantly, Tim fell backward, roaring like a lion. He fell on the hardwood floor with nothing but the back of his head and the heels of his feet touching the floor. The “roaring” filled the building, which was an old high school gymnasium, and the roaring continued for what must have been forty-five seconds to a minute. Tim’s face turned red, then purple, with the blood vessels standing out. When the roaring stopped, pure blood began pouring out of Tim’s mouth, and I remembered the scripture that says “*And the spirit cried, and rent him sore, and came out of him...*” Mark 9:26. Several ladies in the church found a bath towel, and as they mopped the blood from Tim’s body and from the floor, Tim lifted up his hands to worship the Lord for saving him and suddenly he burst forth speaking in tongues, not a “prayer language” as before, but a different tongue and a different Spirit, the Holy Ghost. Tim went on to be a great man of God in Little Rock, and I understand he became the pastor of a great church.

OPAL

In the month of June, 1969, there was a phenomena, which was seen by thousands of people from around the world. It was an apparition of the face of Jesus which appeared on a screen door in Port Neches, Texas. I had heard of this, but I did not go to see it. During this time, I was called to a mental ward to pray for a lady who was tormented by visions of snakes, spiders, and scorpions, which were continually before her eyes. I laid hands on her, and rebuked the snakes, spiders, and scorpions, without any results. I did not understand why she was not delivered, so I prayed the second time, again with no results. The lady said to me, “*I could not stand this if it wasn’t for the face of Jesus that appears to me.*” I questioned her about this, and she told me the face of Jesus would appear in the midst of the snakes, spiders and

scorpions. She said, “Jesus just looks at me and smiles, and I love it when he smiles at me.” I was amazed to hear this, so I asked the lady what Jesus looked like. She told me he looked just like the face she saw on the screen door. Immediately I understood the problem. She had driven several times to see the face she thought was Jesus, and now she was possessed by it. This is when the Lord taught me about the “strongholds” of Satan. A stronghold of Satan is something a person believes they have received from God, but actually is from the devil. They cannot be delivered as long as they hold to the stronghold. I told her, if you will receive what I tell you, you will be set free and never see the snakes, spiders, and scorpions again. I told her the face she saw was not Jesus. When I rebuked the snakes, spiders, and scorpions, they simply hid in the false face of Jesus, which was their stronghold, and no one could cast them out. I said, “I will pray again, and if you will reject the false face of Jesus, you will go free. After much urging, she agreed, and I prayed a very simple prayer, rebuking the “face of Jesus,” and instantly, the lady was made free, never to be tormented again.

MARY

Perhaps the most unusual case I ever dealt with was in the year 1986 with a lady from Michigan. Mary Duffiney was a paint contractor who had moved to Houston Texas to work. She had a contract on a large Western Auto store when I first met her. She was a good musician who played the bass guitar on the platform of a neighboring full gospel church. She visited our church because she heard that a young who had been delivered from drugs in our church, Mary had been addicted to cigarettes, alcohol, and drugs for twenty five years. Before I prayed for Mary, I told her to lift up her hands and say Jesus a few times, because the scriptures say, “*Whosoever shall call on the name of*

the Lord shall be saved" Romans 10:13. Mary opened her mouth, but could not speak. Her throat began to swell, and became very hard to the touch. She went into a trance like a statue for about ten minutes, and when she came to herself, she was too weak to stand on her feet. We were having prayer meetings at 6:00 A.M. each morning, and Mary began coming to those. She had had a dream in which she was delivered from drugs in our church, so she sought every opportunity to be there. Every time I would lay my hands on Mary to pray for her, she would go back into a trance state. One morning I said to the unclean spirit, "Only something as filthy as you would want to live in pigs," to which the demon spirit said, "I killed them too." Another morning I had my hand on Mary's head as I prayed with my eyes closed, when I felt a strong hand take me by the wrist to lift my hand from Mary. I opened my eyes to see, and it was Mary's hand I felt, but the demon spirit spoke out of her and said, "This day, I will kill her." My son Keith heard this voice, and we pleaded with her not to go to work that day, but to no avail. Keith and I stayed at the church that day and prayed for Mary's protection. When we saw Mary the next morning, she had a bandage wrapped around her head. We asked what happened, and she said "I don't know." She continued, "I was standing in the back of my van putting my tools up one minute, and the next minute I was waking up in the van on top of my tools." A bullet had creased her head, and left a hole in her van. We do not know where it came from, but I am certain if we had not interceded before God for Mary that day, the devil would have succeeded in killing her.

I had never encountered an evil spirit that I could not cast out until that particular time. I could control it, but I could not cast it out. One time the evil spirit took control of Mary's body and lunged for my throat. I stepped aside and said, "I rebuke you Satan in the name of Jesus," and Mary went into a trance like a statue, with

her body off balance and arms outstretched. Again, when she came to herself, she was too weak to stand. In the past when casting out devils, I would talk to the possessed person to see if they wanted deliverance. There were some I met who loved what they had, and no one could cast it out. If they wanted deliverance, I would have them to simply ask Jesus to forgive their sins and come into their heart. Next, I would have them tell the devil, “I don’t want you, I want Jesus in me.” All this I sought to do as calmly as possible, but with Mary, this instruction was impossible. She could not even say the name of Jesus. When asked if Jesus was the Son of God, she would say “I can’t see that.” When asked who the Son of God was, she would say “Christ.” The scripture says, *“Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved,”* but Mary could not call upon Jesus, yet the scripture says, *“...for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved”* Acts 4:12. Never in my life or ministry had I encountered such bondage; such evil in such a good person in every other way. Mary was moral, decent, honest and good. I would have trusted Mary with my life, or with all that I possess, yet within her dwelt an evil spirit which sought only to destroy her.

Mary’s mother became very sick to the extent Mary moved back to Michigan to help with her care. It may have been after the death of her mother that Mary was committed to the “New Life” drug rehabilitation program in California, which was under the management of Steven Arterburn. After spending over \$100,000.00 in insurance money, Mary was released. The program had been successful, and Mary was dry; she no longer took either alcohol or drugs. Through hypnosis, or what they call “hypnotherapy,” they had given her seven subliminal alarms to warn her when she was in danger of relapse. She was also warned to stay away from those who promised instant deliverance.

After an absence of almost five years, Mary returned into our lives in mid-1993. We were building our present church building, and Mary wanted to paint it free of charge. In the meantime, I had received the revelation of the gospel of Jesus Christ in the spring of 1991 that had made me free from sin, and “free indeed” John 8:36. Understanding that the devil had been totally destroyed for the believer Hebrews 2:14, I determined that I would never again physically wrestle with him again. The most wretched among the demon possessed would go free, and free indeed in the very moment they believed. My favorite scripture during that time was Romans 6:6; *“Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin.”* When Jesus said, “It is finished,” it was finished for everyone who would simply believe the truth. I determined that I would never lay hands on Mary again for her deliverance, but I would speak gospel truth to her continually as we worked to finish our tabernacle. Mary would argue, “It can’t be that way,” but we, myself and others, would continually speak the truth of the gospel to her. She said of the seven subliminal alarms given her at the drug rehab, all seven were blaring when we would preach the gospel. Everything in her said to flee for her life. One by one the “props” they had given her began to fall, and she was in danger of relapsing into her life of drugs and alcohol. Our first service in our new building was Thanksgiving night, the first service of our thanksgiving camp meeting. One of the night services, Sister Virginia Montgomery from Wichita Kansas preached a powerful message from the following text;

“For my people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water.” Jeremiah 2:13

After the service, Mary sat in her pew sobbing uncontrollably. She was saying, “It’s all broken cisterns. They can’t hold water.

Everything I've trusted in can't hold water." This was the first time Mary had been able to shed tears, but now, she felt helpless and hopeless. She lost all the props and alarms the New Life Drug Rehab had given her, and the intense desire for alcohol returned. It is impossible to imagine the turmoil I and my son Keith were going through at the same time. Had we done wrong? Was it our fault that her craving for alcohol had returned? At least the drug rehab had dried her out, but now under our gospel preaching she was relapsing. She later told of a day coming home from work that she decided to stop for a beer. She turned into a beer joint and was getting out of her truck when she noticed the name of the place on a big sign. It was "The Lite House." She said to herself, "If I'm going to drink, it won't be in a place called "The Light House," and she came on home without a drink.

It was the week before Christmas on a Monday morning that Mary called, wanting to come to talk with us at our home. She came over, and the first thing she said was "Something happened yesterday in church." Over the years of knowing Mary, I had become a little suspicious of things she would say, so I asked, "What happened Mary?" She said, "It felt physical, but I don't think it was." "What happened, Mary?" Well, you were preaching just like you always do..." "What happened Mary?" "I felt something jump inside of me, and suddenly I knew that I believe." "What do you believe Mary?" I was still suspicious because of so many "rabbit tracks" in the past. Mary said, as the tears start flowing, "I believe that Jesus is the Son of God." Now the tears begin flowing from myself and my wife, because Mary had never been able to say the name Jesus because of her demonic possession. She continued, *"I believe He was crucified on the cross for my sin, and raised again the third day, and I believe that my old man was crucified with Him, buried with Him and raised again with Him in newness of life, and I am saved. I am free!"*

and she was. The demon spirit that had possessed Mary was gone. When Christ comes in, every evil thing must flee. The light had turned on in Mary, a light that everyone could see. Mary lived only seven or eight years after her salvation, but during that time, she was a witness to everyone she came in contact with. On her death bed, she moved back to Michigan, and on the day she died, dozens of people came to see Mary for the last time, and she gave the gospel to everyone who came. At her funeral, her Baptist pastor said to me, “I only hope I can die like she died.” I told him, “If you will believe what she believed, you will die like she died.”

CHRISTY

A teenage girl began playing games with witchcraft. She had a friend in high school who was into witchcraft, and together they “put a curse” on her friend’s parents. One night while she was sleeping, this young lady heard a voice telling her to kill her mother. When she came to herself, she was standing over her mother with a barbeque fork about to plunge it into her mother’s heart. She screamed, dropped the fork, and ran back to her bedroom. Her parents awoke, hearing the screaming and running in the house. They went to their daughter’s room and found her crying uncontrollably in her bed. She told them about the voice she heard, and when they returned to their room, they found the barbeque fork laying on the floor. They called a lady minister friend who came and prayed with the girl for several hours. The parents took her to a holiness bible school where they actually prayed for several days, with no success. Finally, her grandfather brought her to my house, and asked if I would pray with her. I remembered the confession of the demon spirit that came out of Sister Margaret. It said, “I was defeated by the blood of Jesus.” I spoke to the young lady to calm her down. I told her the things I would speak would not be to her, but to the evil spirit that was in her. Next, I put my arms around the young lady and calmly began

to speak in her ear. I said to the demon spirit, “You have no choice, you must come out of her. You are already defeated by the blood of Jesus, and you must come out.” The young lady began swaying back and forth with such strength I could not stop her, so I swayed with her, keeping my mouth near her ear. With every sway, she was crying, “No...no...no.” I knew it was the evil spirit crying out, so I continued saying, “Yes! You have no choice! The blood of Jesus has defeated you! You must come out. After a few minutes of this, the young lady fell to the floor as a dead person. Her parents were terrified, but I reassured them that she was alright; when she woke up she would be free, and she was.

CONCLUSION

According to the words of Jesus in “The Great Commission,” everyone who has received the baptism with the Holy Ghost has at least two or three evidences. Jesus said, “...*these signs shall follow them that believe; **In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues,***” and He concluded with “*they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.*” Speaking in other “tongues,” or languages, is the first evidence that a believer has been baptized with the Holy Ghost. “...*they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance*” Acts 2:4. As strange as it may seem, Jesus put casting out devils on the same level as speaking with new tongues. To cast out devils is not one of the gifts of the Spirit. Everyone who has truly been filled with the Holy Ghost has the authority to cast out devils in the name of Jesus. The words “in the name of Jesus” are not magical words, however.

The Greek word that was translated “name” is “onoma,” and means “character and authority.” Romans 8:9 says, “*If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.*” This speaks of

the character of Jesus Christ, but even more, it speaks of the person of Jesus. The Apostle Paul explains it best;

*“I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but **Christ liveth in me**: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.”* Galatians 2:20

No one can have the “character” of Christ without Christ Himself living His life in them, hence, *“If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His”* Romans 8:9. The next two verses begin with “if;” *“If Christ be in you...,”* and *“If the Spirit of Him that raised Christ from the dead (the Holy Ghost) be in you...”* These two verses combined tell us what it is to be *“in the name of Jesus,”* that is *“in the character and authority of Jesus.”* If you have both the Spirit of Christ and the Spirit of the Father (the Holy Ghost) living their life in you, then you are “in the name of Jesus” where Jesus said, *“Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you”* John 16:23.

When casting out unclean spirits, you must know you have the authority over them if you are full of the Holy Ghost. Jesus likened casting out devils to moving mountains. You must speak to the mountain, and you must “speak” to the unclean spirit “in the name of Jesus.” Mountains in our lives are problems that are so much larger than us. They will never be moved by asking, they must be “commanded” in the name of Jesus. So it is with unclean spirits. Ask them to leave and they will laugh at you. Speak to them, command them “in the name of Jesus, and if you are *“in the name of Jesus,”* they must obey, because they have already been defeated when Jesus died on the cross, and shed His precious blood for us.

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