

## Setting captives free - Part 1

13<sup>th</sup> April 2013

### Prepared for my brother Randy Galat.

My dear brother, just over 2 years ago, I was at a church service one night when a strange pastor from a town about 650 miles from my hometown Port Elizabeth, on the south east coast of South Africa, came in and asked to see the pastor who would be preaching that night.

Apparently, he ended up at the “wrong” church and was supposed to be at an English speaking church with a drama team to perform a Gospel play. We were an Afrikaans speaking church. He then asked if one of the team members could perform a miming act and of course our precious man of GOD agreed.

Just before this chap could start his miming act which, by the way, was fantastic and had everyone in tears, this young pastor, an English speaking South African, said: “I believe I have a Word from The LORD, for someone in this church tonight. The LORD says here is a pastor Sarel and I have to tell him that HE is going to change his ministry very soon but he has to bring a Genesis 22 offering”. With this he actually pointed me out as if he knew who I was. Let me tell you brother Randy that my name was never even mentioned by any one that night.

About 2 months later I woke up one morning and heard The LORD say to me: “Today a new season is starting in your life”. And precious child of GOD, it did. At the time, we were ministering at a house church in a neighbouring town, about 20 miles from our home. 6 Months earlier, we started this church, at the request of the owner’s wife, who had a dream of my wife and I nursing a baby in their house. Remember the Genesis 22 offering?

All went very well for about 4 months, the church was growing fast and everything seemed fine. At that point I was still wondering about the prophecy and especially the part about the Genesis 22 offering.

Suddenly, I started wondering about my commitment to the new church, and I was very concerned about my motives, yet, come Sunday, I could hardly wait to get there and start ministering. WE especially enjoyed the time of worship, my wife playing the organ, another lady and me on guitar. The glory of GOD would fall and it was so wonderful to be preaching under GOD’s anointing. So I thought my concern about my motive, an attack from satan and I decided to ignore it.

But then, Randy, things started going wrong, terribly wrong. One evening one of our members and her daughter, on her way to church, was involved in a serious car accident. She apparently passed out behind the wheel and collided with a lamp post, totalling her car. Both of them got out of the car without any serious injuries. The next Sunday she testified that another lady ran to her aid and told her that she saw a huge angel, covering the car with his wings, praise HIS precious Name!!

That same evening, of this lady’s testimony, another accident. The home-owner took his young grand daughter home, just about 400 yards down the road and got knocked over by a drunken man who drove away from the scene of the accident. When we got to him, blood was pouring from his head, we started praying for him and then the ambulance arrived and took him to hospital. He was unconscious but when we saw him at the emergency room later, he was busy testifying to the nursing staff, was released the next day and suffered no permanent harm, praise GOD!!!

Lo and behold brother. The next day, one of his sons, on his way home from work, passed out behind the wheel, knocked a car on his right, which sped off the road, overturned into a deep ditch, landing on its roof and his car went right over the other one. He later told me that he went through the windscreen and when he

regained consciousness, was lying on the hood of the car. Seven people in total in both cars and not a single injury to anyone, amazing. Only our GOD can do that, Amen?

Many other negative things were happening and we stood against satan's attacks, but I kept wondering whether The LORD was not trying to show me to quit. I kept my thoughts to myself but when we got to church the next Sunday, I was asked to rather stop the services there before something really bad happened. All present agreed to that, and that was my Genesis 22 offering. The baby we were all nursing, was sacrificed.

Brother, the very next day the prophesied new season began. I did not know how, who, what, where or when. I was soon answered. At 12 noon I received a call from a friend, whose wife we had ministered to and set free from very evil bondage, she acquired while playing a demonic computer game. Her story I will relate when I start sending you some of our testimonies.

My friend told me that another pastor in a black settlement was having problems with a friend's son, Peter, who was being held at a traditionally black hospital. I asked them to give me 2 hours to confer with The LORD before they could come and take me to him. This is always very crucial when dealing with schizophrenics, although, at the time, I did not have a clue what lay ahead of us. During my time with The LORD, I was lying flat on my face and asked HIM to reveal to me the problems this young man was facing. I had a pen and paper and wrote down everything I heard in my Spirit. The LORD said the following, maybe not in the same order:

1. Peter has a spirit of schizophrenia, rejection and rebellion.
2. Is super intelligent.
3. Involved with the false African messiah.
4. Involved with the false christ, rasta faria aka Haillie Selassi.
5. Drug abuse.
6. Had smoked marijuana, mixed with crystal meth.

I was concerned, to say the least, because it had been some years, (the early and mid 1990's) since I had last being involved in the deliverance of a schizophrenic and I was not in the least bit anxious to get involved again. But, since The LORD had so graciously given me so much information, I knew I had to go and minister to this unfortunate young man.

I called the other pastor, who picked me up, and we went to the hospital, where I received an even greater shock. I must just try and explain to you what has being happening in the so-called "new or democratic South Africa". Our public hospitals are more or less pig sties. Dirty beyond description, and all crockery, cutlery, and bedding stolen. Furniture and beds bloodstained, nursing staff and doctors going on strike while patients are left to die. You might know that our president has 6 wives and 20 legitimate children, their culture being slightly different to us and I am not criticizing Mr. Jacob Zuma, this is an age old African tradition. This just to try and explain why I was so shocked.

This young man was the only white person that we could see and he was put in a TB ward where all the patients were terminally ill.

I will not try to describe the conditions there, but we took one look at the situation, and we smuggled him out of there and we thought that we had everything under control. Wrong. Suddenly we discovered that nobody wanted him, not his parents, or any institute. He told us that he had escaped from a mental facility, whom I later learned, was about to certify him psychotic and committed to a permanent mental facility. His psychiatrist said to this young man's father that it was the first time in his career of over 40 years that he had written on someone's file: "dangerous". He was being chased by the police, shot at by a local Armed Response

Security Company, got away and spent about 6 weeks on the run, covering more than 6000 miles and hiding in the mountains for a long time, where he survived on berries.

I must now cut a very long story short. After 3 days we found a Christian Ministry, manned by 6 pastors, all of them qualified psychiatrists and we were told that the one guy was "the best" in South Africa. "The best", a former police officer in the "satanic crime unit" was fully trained in all aspects of deliverance and had set hundreds free and I was thrilled to meet him, hoping to learn a lot from him and also have him pray for me, seeing that we are always ministering and might have picked up a demon or 2 on the way.

The road trip up north was a nightmare, this young man being so paranoid, scared of poisons in food, microwaves in the air, chemtrails, drones and "them". I would not allow him to sit in the front with me, and had him sit with Salome, my wife, in the back seat. Was it not dangerous, might you ask and rightly so.

Randy, yes it was dangerous, but then you must know my wife. I prayed for a wife in 2000 and asked The LORD to give me one, like in Proverbs 31, plus some added attributes. Not scared of satan and his demons, powerful in prayer, been through the mill and had own dessert experience, be musical and blessed with a singing voice. My brother, I got all of that and then some. And to top it all, I got a mother in law, almost 84 years old, but a real prayer warrior. She would often come and visit us and stay for a few months and what a blessing.

Salome was in a head-on collision in February of 1999, 3 and a half months in coma and 5 and a half months in ICU, had died 3 times, in very bad shape. Then one day, her eldest son got hold of a Jimmy Swaggart CD, "The Healing JESUS", put a Walkman CD player on her ears and when brother Jimmy was singing the title song, "The Healing JESUS", she came out of the coma. During the time of her hospitalisation, her husband had started an affair with one of the nursing sisters.

Again, cutting this long story short, two years later I met and married her a year later. This lady is a purebred pitbull, scared of nobody and nothing. Many times, while asleep, I had been under tremendous demonic attack, especially by the demon spirit, "nightmare", who would sit on my chest and try and strangle me. She would jump up in bed and shout at the top of her voice: "Hey, you foul stinking demon, In JESUS Name, get off my husband's body immediately". After this, I would still be gagging and she would already be in the kitchen and bring me a cup of steaming hot coffee or tea. Yes brother, a pitbull, do not mess with her. My blood brother always says about her: "Is she easy, noooo she's not easy".

Now, this fellow would sit at the back with her, leaning against her and when the "spirit of fear" would attack him, she would just start singing for him and that spirit would leave immediately. On our way up north to the Deliverance Ministry, with "the best", many demons were cast out by her singing and a few "binding and loosing" instructions.

When we eventually reached our destination, we were very disappointed to learn that they could not house him but could only minister to him the next morning. We were hoping to get in a good night's sleep because it would have been the third night with very little sleep. On top of this, having to deal with the hallucinations, paranoia and especially "them", had really tired us out. Getting involved in this type of ministry requires one to be very patient, and above all, have love for the person being delivered.

In this case, we have become great friends, even to the extend that he calls us mother and father, or "Gunner" short for my old nickname, "Gunslinger"....a story for another day. At this moment he is busy doing deliverance on a schizophrenic in the seaside town of Gordons Bay about 30 miles from Cape Town. I have handed him this task, a very difficult one, because of my absolute trust in him being able to handle it.

When we got to the Deliverance Facility the next morning, we were received by two psychiatrists, a man and a lady, both early forties, their walls richly decorated with certificates. The man, "the best", moved his office

chair from behind the desk to sit directly opposite us and the lady moved to our left and I immediately knew that they were positioned to read body language. No Gift of the Holy Spirit operating, just body language reading, so I assumed a body posture that confused them completely.

The man started interviewing Peter and you would not believe how he changed in an instant, to become the sweetest guy, calm, uncomplicated and understanding. They exchanged niceties for a few minutes, the two psychiatrists now eyeing me suspiciously and then: "Peter, we find absolutely nothing wrong with you, we believe that an incorrect diagnoses was made in Port Elizabeth and

we are going to call your parents now and give you a clean bill of health". Hearing this, Peter turned to me and said: "See, you just don't understand me, these people know much more than you and know what they're talking about". I just said: "Praise The LORD, now we can all go home and hand you over to your wife". I then turned to the man and asked whether I could bring my wife the next morning and get them to just pray for the two of us, and they agreed.

The next morning, around eight thirty, we walked into their offices, the lady immediately said to me that The LORD had told them that they were not to pray for us. I was very surprised at this, never before did I hear The LORD give an instruction like this. Then they completely ignored us and continued speaking to Peter, the man saying to him: "When you were 5 years old, your father rejected you when you needed his attention. When you relive this situation again, go and sit on JESUS' lap, HE will comfort you". After this we left the city to travel back south.

The first 5 minutes or so, he seemed fine and then he said: You see, I told you there was nothing wrong with me, all I have to do is sit on the lap of JESUS when I feel a little depressed". I just said: "Fine Peter, do that".

Twenty minutes later, we stopped at a fast food shop and suddenly he was the paranoid old Peter again, asking the waiters about the type of salt they were using etc. About 10 minutes later he was moaning and groaning again, saying that he was poisoned by "them" and he felt sick, and I told him: "Peter go and sit on JESUS' lap. We do not understand and are taking you home, you heard those people said there is nothing wrong with you, so stop wasting our time. You just want a crutch to lean on, they called your mom and gave you a clean bill of health. You are free and healed".

I will not bore you with the rest of our journey, other than it was probably worse than the trip up north, Peter being very ill with his tummy, even throwing up at times. At that point I started taking a hardline, but with empathy and love, but would not bend to any of his manipulation.

At this point I am going to email this to you and then I am giving you Peter's deliverance and The LORD waking me up in the middle of the night to teach me the difference between a psychopath and a schizophrenic, how to identify and set them free. Sorry I had to take such a wide detour, but it is necessary for you to understand the frustrations etc. Keep well, enjoy the coming weekend and we are praying for you and your family as well as your beloved USA. SHALOM!!!