

In Bed

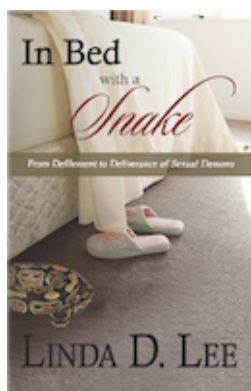
with a

Snake

From Defilement to Deliverance of Sexual Demons



LINDA D. LEE



Linda led a Christian life, but behind her Church persona was a woman who struggled with masturbation, pornography, fornication, and lust. For years, Linda was able to suppress and ignore her defilement and the spiritual demons she allowed in her life. Her intimate relationship and marriage with a down-low man brought her to a place where she was forced to face her seeds of sexual immorality and accept God's deliverance.

"In Bed with a Snake" is the personal story of a believer's journey to the deliverance from sexual demons. In this unfiltered and tell-all account of sexual immorality, Linda opens the door to her bedroom and intimate relationships to share her testimony.

The author's candid revelation lifts the veil on an ugly demon that preys upon the church. "In Bed with a Snake" depicts how sexual demons can sneak into your

Christian life and find comfort in your bed. As Linda shares her story, she delivers a message of God's deliverance and how you can find healing in the midst of spiritual warfare.

In Bed With A Snake: From Defilement to Deliverance of Sexual Demons

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from Defilement to Deliverance
of Sexual Demons

Disclaimer:
Real names have been changed
to protect the identities
of those involved.

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My Predestined Testimony

Linda D. Lee

Foreword by Bishop Jeffery D. Thomas, Sr.

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Part One

Defilement to Deliverance



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My Soul Cried

Initially, I didn't call myself a whore...I'm sorry, I mean harlot. However, others could have, because over the years I slept with men I wasn't married to. That fact alone didn't keep me from attending church or working in ministries. I just added more ministries to my repertoire and hid behind my church persona.

It's funny how we perceive ourselves one way while others perceive us another way. If people really knew what was going on behind closed doors, they would be shocked. And I'm not just referring to *my* closed door. I'm also referring to the church, as you will see.

My former pastor, Roy Elton Brackins, Pastor/Founder of Grace Tabernacle Missionary Baptist Church, Forest Hill, Texas, said something so profound on October, 29, 2006. In his sermon, which he fed us every Wednesday and Sunday, he stated, "now it's time for some of us to learn how to cook for ourselves." At that time I didn't realize how much his comment affected me. But it was another sign received during

those months that confirmed my assignment from the Lord. The Holy Spirit showed me...that *it was time* to share my testimony in order to help someone else heal and be delivered from their sexual demons, generational curses or strongholds tied to sexual sin.

I remember, on multiple occasions, Pastor Brackins delivering messages from Acts Chapter 1 and Acts 2:1-6. Verses 4-6 say, “*And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance. And there were dwelling in Jerusalem Jews, devout men, from every nation under heaven. And when this sound occurred, the multitude came together, and were confused, because **everyone heard them speak in his own language.***”

In a moment, I’m going to take his advice and share my predestined testimony. But most importantly, I have to speak, or deliver, the spiritual food in my own way in order to reach other people that may interpret the message their own way.

People receive messages in many different ways. So, some of this food may be broken down so much that a baby can understand it. If your spiritual understanding is on a higher level, then you will understand what I’m stating without my extra emphasis. Please bear with me if my elaboration gets too elementary for you. But, it would be ignorant and immature of me to try and impress you with large biblical or vocabulary words when I normally speak with simplicity.

Before you begin reading, let me warn you first- hand. If you are so sanctified, holy and spiritual that you are out of touch with what’s really going on in some churches today, this book *may not* be for you. Some statements may be too

graphic for your reading. However, in order for the Lord to effectively use me as a vessel to help someone through their deliverance, I need to call the sin by its name. Unfortunately, some of these names aren't mentioned in most churches. So, let me apologize in advance if the names of these demons or spirits offend you.

This book isn't meant to openly offend or condemn anyone. It is only one small tool that will open the door for seasoned saints, not babes in Christ, to have honest confession of their sins. It's time out for playing church! In the end, God will get all the glory from your deliverance.

Some people will read the title and assume *Snake* refers to men. Come on ladies, if you've ever been hurt by a man you automatically thought the same thing. Part of that thought is true and part of that thought isn't. I have to come to the defense of men, however, because women can also be *Snakes* and we can also share some of the same sexual demons as men. As women, we have the cleverness to be as mischievous as men. Let me repeat that: **As women, we have the cleverness to be as mischievous as men.**

Random House Webster's Dictionary also defines "snake" as a treacherous person...and treacherous means, "likely to betray trust, deceptive, untrustworthy or dangerous." I didn't read in either definition a reference to gender, did you? Of course you didn't.

I know snakes and serpents are represented as demonic beings in the Bible. But as you will discover, my *Snake* was everything I allowed to enter my spirit that wasn't of God. My *Snake* started with viewing pornography and progressed

over the years to areas of fornication, premarital sex, lust, and masturbation with and without sex toys.

My freaky nature was hidden behind my church persona. My unclean spirit may not have been a “Legion” as in Mark 5: 8-9 (KJV), but there was more than one demon or spirit causing havoc in my life.

Over the years, these spirits entertained moods of anger, closet freakiness, depression, low self-esteem and debilitating self worth. I allowed negative forces to take over my thoughts and shackle my mind. To sum it up, I was weak. I took all those spirits and thoughts to bed with me, literally every night.

I want you to think about something. Take 10 minutes and read Mark 5. Put yourself in the place of the man from the tombs who was possessed with the “Legion” of spirits. Now, take out a piece of paper and write down your unclean spirits or demons. Before you start, let me give you some definitions: 1. Demon: an evil spirit; a wicked or cruel person. Random House Webster’s Dictionary. *Richards Bible Dictionary* states a demon is an evil spiritual being, hostile to God and to humanity. 2. Spirit: a supernatural being. Webster. 2a. The part of the person’s being thought of as the center of life, the will, thinking, feeling; that part of the man that survives death. New King James Concordance. Now, write down what has a stronghold on YOU?

What issue(s) did you THINK you had dealt with but, in reality, the issue(s) is still dealing with you? It is something you can’t seem to shake off? If your issue isn’t of the sexual nature, is it a paternal curse? Ok, your time is up. Now review what YOU wrote on your paper. Look at it real close because

that's your "Legion". And, in case you couldn't think of anything, I don't know anyone that doesn't have one issue they're still trying to completely get over.

My legion was fornication, masturbation, pornography, childhood fondling, rape, sex-toys, erotic behavior and moods of freakiness.

As a young child, my curiosity about intimacy led to some compromising situations that I kept suppressed in my mind for years. I felt I was learning something that would make me "special" or "mature" when it came to relationships with men. But as the ole folks would say, I became an educated fool!

I was too young to understand the severity that this exposure would have in my life later on. Also, I was too young to understand that once those demon seeds had been planted in my spirit, they would later progress into other areas of my life. Meaning, one thing lead to another from a young age and continued into my adulthood. All because I was curious, needed more paternal attention and guidance, didn't understand intimacy and craved commitment. That was a bad combination of issues!

I had allowed my demon filled flesh to be infatuated

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When the unclean spirit goes out of a man, he goes through dry places, seeking rest, and finds none. Then he says, I will return to my house from which I came. And when he comes, he finds it empty, swept, and put in order. Then he goes and takes with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first.

Matthew 12:43-45 (NKJV)

with satisfying fleshly men instead of developing an intimate relationship with my Heavenly Father. From this point on, when I state, “I had an intimate relationship with the wrong man,” understand that I am referring to the fleshly man vs. our Heavenly Father, which equals being in love with the wrong man. This concept can also be applied if you’re a man and have an intimate relationship with a woman not sanctioned by God.

People with similar issues are too often scared to seek the church body’s help because church folks have forgotten that we *all* have sinned. We tend to be judgmental of other people’s sin, but not our own. There’s no big sin or little sin. No sin is greater than the other. **Sin is sin!**

A lot of times we keep things in the closet and choose not to share them. We don’t want anyone to know what had to be expunged from our slate. We don’t want people to lose respect for us. I was one of those people. I was ashamed and embarrassed by some of my past. For many years, I allowed other people’s opinions of my relationships to paralyze my future...until now.

The Lord placed it in my spirit to write this book from a realistic approach. It was time to reach seasoned saints that resembled me after being in church for many years, saved,

.....

So set yourselves apart to be holy, for I, the Lord, am your God.

Leviticus 20:7 (NLT)

served in ministry, not converted and a Christian “freak” after the benediction. Or, as 1 Corinthians 6 lists: *fornicator*, idolater, adulterer, homosexual, sodomite, thief, covetous, drunkard, reviler and extortioner. I was included in this list.

If you didn’t know how wide spread sexual immorality is in our churches today, you do now. There are many newspaper articles that back up how wide spread sexual immorality is today. It is running rampant in all areas of our churches, behind closed doors, of course. Some churches are past the point of being called a “hot mess.” They are starting to resemble a new generation Sodom and Gomorrah. **Enough is enough!**

The Holy Spirit didn’t lead me to write this book because he wanted me to bash men or pastors or to embarrass my family or expose anyone. He wanted me to write this book as verifiable proof of his continued deliverance from *our* sins. If he delivered me, just imagine what he can do for you or someone you may know.

Later, I will elaborate on how the Lord used my procrastination against me in 2006. He’d already sent me signs that I needed to be delivered from these demons, especially fornication. But I moved tooooooooooo slowwwwww. We all know what happens to you when you move too slow at heeding a message from God...he whips you real good.

.....

For he chose us in him before the creation of the world to be holy and blameless in his sight.

Ephesians 1:4 (NIV)

Do you remember the worse whipping you received from your mother or father? Well, if it was anything like the whipping I received from my mother...it left a lasting impression across my rear end. Just imagine receiving a whipping three or ten times worse than that one. This is what the Lord had in store for me when I moved too slow into my deliverance.

He perfectly positioned my fornicating partner, *Secret Fire*, to slowly unlock some of my suppressed issues linked through sexual seeds, passed on by a generational curse. I am sure you know what happens when Pandora's Box is opened.

The Lord used that opportunity to shake up my relationship with my son, family and Secret Fire, in order to unleash revelations the Holy Spirit had for me. You will soon understand how the Lord used that same stronghold tied to those demons that kept me hostage, to eventually set me free.

This plan first included removing some people from my life and surrendering to his will, and then everything else fell into place. If you had or are having any type of battle with a sexual demon, this book is for you. Even if you aren't wrestling with any of the issues I will discuss, he can still deliver you from whatever situation is currently plaguing you.

If I can assist *one* person through their healing deliverance process, then I have completed the assignment my Heavenly Father has given me.

.....

For God did not call us to be impure, but to live a holy life.

1 Thessalonians 4:7 (NIV)

Follow me while I deliver the chapters of my predestined testimony as subjects the Lord placed in my spirit. Let me elaborate more extensively on how I let a small windstorm escalate into a hurricane over a matter of time. How many of you can say you survived a hurricane with only a few cuts and bruises? Well, I can!

Do you remember in John 4 when Jesus told the Samaritan woman at Jacob's well all about herself, her five husbands and informed her that the one she had now wasn't her own? If you continue reading in (v.28 NKJV), "*The woman then left her water pot, went her way into the city, and said to the men, (v.29) come, see a man who told me all things that I ever did. Could this be the Christ?*" Well, I know it was Christ. And, He is still alive and well today. Consider me a New Breed Samaritan woman with a purpose to glorify the name of Jesus through my testimony.

Hold on...it's going to be a bumpy ride!

.....

The Lord hears the prayer of the righteous.

Proverbs 15:29 (NIV)

2

You Can Run But You Can't Hide

When the Lord placed this title in my spirit, I had mixed emotions. A part of me was excited that He wanted to use me to help someone through my testimony. Another part of me wanted to run and hide like Jonah. I wanted to share the news about writing this book with my younger sister, JoAnn. The part of me that wanted to take off running like Jonah wanted my sister to say... girl you're crazy...the Lord isn't going to use you to help someone else...you're not a writer.

But what she said brought tears to my eyes. Continuous words of encouragement flowed from her mouth like water. My teary-eyes were a reflection of the growth our relationship had taken over the years. We always had a good relationship growing up, but I always felt inferior to my sisters. I never felt I had anything valuable to offer them because our interests were so different, until now. JoAnn told me she was happy

for me. “You do what the Lord is leading you to do.” Her words encouraged me to birth bits and pieces of this journey that night. I told her I didn’t know where to start. She told me not to worry about the beginning or ending of the book, just to start writing. And I did what she said. I saw the Lord start constructing my spiritual womb to give birth to his Godly purpose.

Once I surrendered to his will, He began working in the secret cavities of my body. So, let me be a witness to you. If the Lord is leading you to do something, just do it. If you don’t, he will keep that issue in front of you until you follow the vision, mission, assignment, instruction, direction or purpose he has for your life. It is a sign of obedience. Or, He may keep the issue in front of you because you *haven’t* passed the test to move on. He already knew I was good at starting some assignments and not finishing them.

One afternoon, He sent me manna from heaven that fell on my job ... I usually didn’t get too many unannounced visitors to my office. But that day was different. Out of nowhere, Mr. Ford stopped by my office because he had a gift for me. Even though I was happy to see him, I was surprised that he brought me a gift and a beautiful card.

.....

*Now the word of the Lord came to Jonah the son of Amittai, saying,
“Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry out against it; for their
wickedness has come up before Me.” But Jonah arose to flee to Tarshish
from the presence of the Lord.*

Jonah 1:1-3 (NKJV)

We had a cordial relationship, but there was something different about this visit. It seemed to be more serious than any other visit in the past. There was calmness in the air. For some reason I felt totally relaxed and at ease. It almost appeared dreamlike, as if we were in the middle of nowhere and there was a light hazed silhouette around the upper part of his body. I felt like time had stopped. Usually, when time appears to have stopped, we need to stop and listen for Gods voice in the atmosphere, which I did.

Our voices seemed to echo off my office walls. I could feel something indescribable in the air. Let me paint a picture so you will understand...

From the first day I met Mr. Ford he seemed special to me. He was quiet, anointed, soft spoken and always humble. Every time I was around him I treated him like E.F. Hutton. I leaned on his every word. Well, on this day I believe the spirit of the Lord made it crystal clear in written revelation. He used Mr. Ford as a messenger to deliver his word to me in the form of a card.

I'm a person that loves surprises, so the anticipation was building inside me to uncover the mystery behind the spontaneous visit and gift. I believe he knew the card would impact me emotionally. So he asked me to read it after he left my office, and I did. There was a blessing in my obedience

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A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity.

Proverbs 17:17 (KJV)

to Mr. Ford. He didn't know the card would confirm God's purpose for my life.

You never know when the Lord is going to use someone or something to deliver a message from Him. Let me share how God manifested his revelation. Keep in mind, Mr. Ford and I saw each other every once in a while because we worked in separate buildings.

I hadn't shared with him much about my life other than that I wrote poetry from time to time. Let me paint a visual picture of the card.

Front of card:

*What lies behind us
and what lies before us
are tiny matters
compared to what lies within us.*

— Ralph Waldo Emerson

.....

I wait for you, O Lord; you will answer, O Lord my God.

Psalm 38:15 (NIV)

Right inside cover of the card:

*I believe you have
Everything you need inside
To make it through.*

Now, here is the eloquently handwritten message Mr. Ford blessed me with on the left side of the card:

*Linda,
May God's favor be with you
and your family through your own
journey in this valley we call "life".
Do your part and allow God to
do the rest. I'll continue to
be one of your biggest fans.
God Bless and take care.
Mr. Ford 10-9-06*

I shared this personal message with you because I had been in prayer prior to Mr. Ford's visit for the Lord to reveal my purpose with clarity. You never know who, what or when the Lord will use to assist you in your spiritual growth. So be careful when entertaining strangers.

They could be an angel or messenger sent by God! I thank my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ for using Mr. Ford, my guardian angel, as a vessel to manifest his word on that day. I truly believe that was one of a few life-altering moments for me.

My soul was happy and I was finally feeling some real joy. My mind was on over load from trying to receive all the messages the Holy Spirit was sending my way ... I had to scream the name of Jesus when he sent me further confirmation of my purpose with two messages that following week. Both messages focused on listening to the Holy Spirit's direction for your purpose or assignment.

My Purpose:

Use my testimony

*to assist others through their season of healing
using my gift of compassion and encouragement.*

My assignment:

Use my written testimony

*globally to reach souls that desire
deliverance from sexual demons.*

.....

If a person can be excited and scared at the same time, I was. I had more questions than answers. I asked Lady Brackins a question at Women's Ministry that week. I wanted to know

how much of your testimony do you reveal if the Holy Spirit is leading you to put it in writing? In her calm eloquent voice she explained to me, “You will know how much ... the Lord will lead you.” When I returned home that night the spirit of the Lord reminded me of two scriptures:

*Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good;
Blessed is the man who trusts in Him!
Oh, fear the Lord, you His saints!
There is no want to those who fear Him.
The young lions lack and suffer hunger;
But those who seek the Lord
Shall not lack any good thing.*

Psalm 34:8-10 (NKJV)

.....

For we walk by faith, not by sight.

2 Corinthians 5:7 (NKJV)

People that really know me will tell you how emotional, sensitive and sentimental I can be at times. It doesn't take much for tears to fall from my eyes. So, you will understand when I say I started crying after reading Mr. Ford's card. I could finally stop running from my past to help someone in the future. They were tears of joy because I knew God sent Mr. Ford to hand deliver those words. Herein is what the Lord birthed in me.

3

From Devastation...

As a youth, it wasn't easy being the middle child. I always felt I didn't receive the attention I thought I deserved. I felt something was missing, but I couldn't put my finger on it. I believe my late grandmother could read the lost look on my face. But no one ever talked to me about what I was feeling. Society calls this "Middle Child Syndrome." Even though my parents loved us, I felt they were too career oriented to give equal effective parental nurturing to all four children. Like most children, we all wanted equal quality time.

The military had my father's undivided attention and the ladder of success had my mom's attention. Don't misunderstand what I am saying. My parents always provided the things we needed, but I needed more personal attention. I craved attention! My heart felt something was always missing.

I wanted a modern day *Little House on the Prairie* home. I wanted my mother to come home from work, kiss all the kids and inquire into our school day. I anticipated my father's arrival from the flight line while the food was being placed

on the table. In my dream, he would enter the kitchen and embrace my mother from behind with a peck on her cheek. With compassion in his heart, he would inquire whether she needed any help. For whatever reason, she'd always say no, and then turn to us for help. My father would return to the front door and remove his steel-toe boots. Of course, the couch always seemed to call his name shortly after his arrival. In between the time, he sat down on the couch till the setting of the dinner table and, of course ... he fell asleep.

It wouldn't take much for mom to wake him up. All she had to do was run her fingers through his hair. He knew instantly that it was dinner time. I know all of this sounds real good, but as I stated, it was a dream. Most of the time, our dinner time consisted of saying hello and good bye as we *passed* by the dinner table.

As far as my siblings, I felt lost in the shuffle while playing mediator between them. Many days and nights I felt mentally separated from my siblings; I was unheard and emotionally detached from everyone else. My mind drifted into early depression before I knew what the word meant. I battled with thoughts of my father favoring my older sister, Darlene. However, I couldn't figure out if this was because she was a Tom-Boy or because she resembled him more. Just when I thought things couldn't be worse, I began to feel in constant competition with my younger sister JoAnn. She

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A wise child brings joy to a father; a foolish child brings grief to a mother.

Proverbs 10:1 (NIV)

was the prettiest, smartest and most gifted of all the children. There weren't enough pedestals in the world for my mother to place her on.

Unfortunately, my brother, James, and I were the black sheep in the family. James got our parents' attention by trying to grow up too fast in the streets of Lake Como, Texas. I, on the other hand, received my black sheep title by becoming a bully so the boys from The Projects would stop picking on me.

My parents never knew I was scared to attend Elementary and Middle school some days. I believe they thought nothing was wrong because I was a popular child on the Air Force Base. But, I was being harassed because I was overweight at school and I took it out on kids from the base when I got home. I was under constant humiliation in school. If I wasn't being called "fat", "big butt" or "hippo", the kids would just laugh at me. No one had a clue that becoming a bully allowed me to release the anger that festered within. I also saw the power behind being a bully and used it to my advantage.

However, those teary nights didn't begin to scratch the surface of my real pain. I just wanted to FEEL loved. I heard some lovely words from my family, but I never felt completely connected to the love. You would think those feelings would fade as a got a little older. But they didn't.

.....

A wise child accepts a parent's discipline; a young mocker refuses to listen.

Proverbs 13:1 (NIV)

I still felt somewhat disconnected in middle school. Until one day my bus driver saw the hurt in my eyes and tried to comfort me with words. Little did I know, his concern wasn't as genuine as he pretended. What I had mistaken for genuine concern was his clever scheme to gain my confidence. He slowly elevated his compliments from, "You look nice today" to "You just let me know where you want to get dropped off today".

Of course I thought I was pretty special after receiving all that attention. I never put two and two together until it was too late. I remember one day he stopped at my bus stop and I got up from my seat. He looked in the driver's mirror as I approached the front door. Just as I reached his seat, he held out his hand as if he wanted me to slap his hand. Almost like giving him an ole-school "five," which I did. However, he didn't let my hand go quickly. I jerked away and ran off the bus. A couple of days later he did the same thing. But, this time he let my hand go and he put his around my waist as he chatted with me.

Not long after that incident, he asked if I wanted to make some money. After running off the bus I went home and thought about his statement. I was no different from most kids; I had already spent his money in my head. The only problem was I didn't know what I had to do to get the money. I remember finally asking him how much money he was talking

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Fools mock at sin, but among the upright there is favor.

Proverbs 14:9 (NKJV)

about and what I had to do. I'm sure by now you have put two and two together ... he wanted to touch my chest for *one dollar*. Of course, being a child, I didn't think anything was wrong with it. So, I agreed to let him do it after the last child exited the bus. I remember that he drove slow as I kneeled beside his seat. As I reach into my suppressed memory bank, I specifically remember that he slid his right hand down the front of my shirt as he drove with his left hand. To my surprise, it was over as quick as it began. I really thought I was rich with that dollar.

Little did I know, that dollar was the beginning of my horror story. The bus driver enjoyed fondling me so much that he made the same offer again. And of course, being a naïve child, I accepted his offer. Unfortunately, in the middle of fondling me the second time, his offer changed. He offered me more money to touch my private area. I remember yelling "No!," quickly moving away from him and insisting he let me off the bus. He tried to get me to change my mind. I just kept saying, "Let me off the bus, let me off the bus!" He finally stopped, opened the door, and I ran past him. There was a brush of trees and bushes lining the road. I was too scared to go straight home, so I hid there for a few minutes.

.....

I will refresh the weary and satisfy the faint.

Jeremiah 31:25 (NIV)

By no means did I want my family to know what had happened, especially my father! See, my father is a quiet man and keeps to himself. But, he will hurt you for messing with his family. I can only imagine what he would have done if he knew a grown man had touched his daughter...I'm glad he didn't find out about that situation and me sneaking on other buses to go to school. However, the situation worked itself out when that driver was replaced. Like clockwork, a big sigh of relief came from me each day the school bus arrived. My heart stopped racing when I noticed HE wasn't in the driver seat.

Over time, my brother James and I wandered about, as if in a far country like the prodigal son in Luke 15: 11-32. Our far country was a little different than that of the prodigal son. We wandered into dark areas of life, not necessarily experienced by military brats. James was anxious to grow-up fast by experiencing life and I wanted to experience life fast in order to grow up. The ole folks would say I was "fass".

There was something about military life that felt restraining to me. I felt I was missing out on the outside world. It appeared the more we went to church on the south-side, the less I knew about real life. I wouldn't say we were sheltered. But, I believed there was a lot more to experience on the roads that led out the front gate and off the base.

.....

*You children must always obey your parents,
for this is what pleases the Lord.*

Colossians 3:20 (NLT)

Undoubtedly, I had reached my curious stage. I was curious about some things children my age shouldn't be concerned with. At the top of my curious list was: relationships, intimacy and in plain English...sex. So, I did what other curious young ladies my age did, I turned to young men for attention.

My parents' constantly saying, "keep your dress down and your legs closed", wasn't enough information for me anymore. Especially since the birds and the bees talk never came.

I knew in order to please young men I had to be more knowledgeable about life experiences. I didn't want to be like the other young ladies and be a *people pleaser*; I wanted to become an educated *man pleaser*. Here is an example...you know the cliché: "What it took to get him, it will take to keep him?" Well, that was constantly on my mind. My mind was wrapped up in the pleasure of pleasing men. Let's just say, I wanted to get them and keep them without a problem.

I will never forget the first time I was introduced to pornography. It was one summer afternoon and my parents were at work. The bathroom window was cracked. The birds were chirping in the tree outside the window. I had to use the restroom and there were only a few pieces of toilet paper left on the roll. So, I searched the shelves in the bathroom for another roll. I knew we stored extra rolls and other items on the shelf. Much to my surprise, the rolls weren't the only thing hidden way back on the shelf.

Being in middle school, my first thought was, "what are these?" They were adult magazines. My second thought was, "hmmm ... let me check this out." I flipped through those

pages and saw the advertisement for adult toys and clothes. I was instantly hooked on the whips, chains, edible lotions and fancy clothes!

The magazines captured my curiosity while answering some of the birds and the bees' questions at the same time. I felt like I had found a gold mine. And yes, I had had Health Education in school, but it didn't compare to the magazines I had just found. Those magazines came with enough pictures, articles and advertisement to secretly answer questions I couldn't ask my parents.

I have to admit, I enjoyed sneaking into the bathroom, locking the door and picking up where I left off last. I was very careful to hide the magazines in the exact spot, so I wouldn't get caught. Someone must have discovered my private viewing party, because one day the magazines disappeared from the shelf. Without a whisper or sound...they were gone.

Little did I know, as an intriguing youth, that viewing those magazines would introduce sexual demons (pornography, sex, intimacy, masturbation and sex toys) into my spirit, and I didn't know what most of those words meant. But, believe you me, I found out in high school what those words meant.

I will never forget dating my boyfriend Kel. One particular night, after his graduation, we wanted something else to do. We were trying to decide how to celebrate his special day. All his friends were making normal graduation plans. You

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I sought the Lord, and he answered me; He delivered me from all my fears.

Psalm 34:4 (NIV)

can read in between the lines and tell that Kel and I weren't normal. We jumped in the car and rode around Fort Worth trying to find something fun to do. It didn't take long before all of our fun ideas had run out ... then we saw some flickering lights in the distance.

We were approaching a XXX novelty store. There was something about those flickering lights that caught our attention. It didn't take much convincing from Kel for me to want to see what was inside. At the same time, we decided, "lets' do it".

We tried not to be conspicuous by quickly parking and entering the establishment. We maturely walked in and presented the clerk with our identification. Kel didn't seem nervous; however, I felt the need to escape to the restroom. I was really hoping he would change his mind about being there when I came out. Unfortunately, the gaze in his eyes made my wish impossible.

I could instantly tell he had visited that store before because he knew where everything was located. For some strange reason I was still jumpy and uneasy. I knew at any moment someone I knew would come through the door. He tried to ease my mind by saying, "Everybody's here for the same reason and it's going to be alright."

As my anxiety subsided, my senses heightened at all the toys in front of me. I now possessed the same gaze that he had in his eyes. At that moment, I wanted to see everything in the store and learn how to use the toys. Kel had something else in mind. He wanted to go upstairs to the theatre and play. Of course I thought he was just joking.

I quickly found out he wasn't. He was dead serious. Our synchronized steps toward the theater proved it. My surprise awaited me at the top of the stairs, behind two double doors.

It was a smoky, pitch black theatre that had a few sparse movie goers in attendance. As Kel and I located a seat, I could see couples performing sexual acts as if they were at home. I was shocked, embarrassed and vowed to make that my last visit to the theater...only, after Kel and I participated in some playing ourselves.

If you are keeping a time line you can see how fast my sexual seed grew. I went from adult magazines to adult stores, adult theater, XXX movies and sex toys linked to masturbation. The visit to the theatre backfired and didn't scare me away from learning more. It propelled me *into* learning different sex acts. After that, I started checking out books from the library on certain adult subjects and men's fantasies. Remember, I was trying to become an educated man pleaser.

What I learned excited me in many ways. And my well endowed bust-line excited young men in other ways. There were days when I felt a sense of relief because I learned something new that day. However, there was still a void within me that I couldn't explain.

Unfortunately, I didn't know my desire to be loved by a man would later develop into such a stronghold on my life. I learned this lesson the hard way when I met and dated another

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The Lord upholds all those who fall and lifts up all who are bowed down.

Psalms 145:14 (NIV)

young man during my high school years—Tee. Nothing made me happier at that time than pleasing Tee. He was the only one that understood how on fire my body felt.

I remember bagging groceries at the base commissary one Saturday afternoon. A hot feeling came over me while I was working. I immediately started looking for Tee to provide some relief to my heated situation. He lived off base and no one had seen him get dropped off for work. I knew Tee was wrapped tightly around my finger and it wouldn't take much to push him over my way ... so I kept searching the commissary for him. And, out of nowhere, he appeared.

We took turns playing mental foreplay that day. I passed him in the commissary and brushed his leg on purpose. Later, he passed by me and accidentally touched me. I would then sneak up to him and whisper tender thoughts in his ear. His body movement was a perfect indication that I was messing with his mind. The same feeling that came over my body would illuminate over his face.

Shortly after, we would rendezvous out back and engage in a kissing and fondling session. Neither of us cared if we were caught or got our clothes dirty. We only cared about sharing an affectionate kiss or a simple embrace. We loved going to work because we knew our worlds would meet there.

.....

For I, the Lord your God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generations of those who hate Me, but showing mercy to thousands, to those who love Me and keep my commandments.

Exodus 20:5b-6 (NKJV)

Our work atmosphere became our playground for quality time, since we attended different high schools.

You would have to know Tee to truly understand that statement. Tee was 5'6, 110 lbs, coco skin complexion, quiet and soft spoken. My body spoke the words he wanted to say. My heart not only fluttered at each touch, it stopped. Time seemed to stand still when he stepped into the commissary... and it would only start again when he left my side.

There was always tension in Tee's home. I believe I understood him better than his family. My parents didn't know it, but I thought I was in love with him. It could be because he showed me the attention I desired or filled the void my heart craved.

On more than one occasion, my eyes were focused on the wrong thing. This usually landed me in some compromising situations. One of which I never shared with Tee or my parents during our dating season. I can't recall the exact date of the incident, but I can recall the other information around that date.

After dating for some time, Tee began using drugs heavily, which put a strain on our relationship. Once I saw he wasn't going to change I decided to break up with him and go my separate way. I made sure other things occupied my time on the weekends to get Tee off my mind. One day our co-worker invited some of the baggers to his house party. Since I was still friends with Tee's sister, Mary, I asked if either of them were going to attend. I knew Mary would attend because she had a real reputation around town for being a party animal. My main reason for wanting to go was to see Tee and talk to him. I just wanted to touch him again.

A couple of days passed and Friday finally arrived. I knew Mary would be at work because Friday and Saturday were big money tip days at the commissary. Mary arrived and confirmed that she and Tee were going to the party. She offered me a ride; I accepted it thinking Tee would be riding with us. Later, she informed me that he would be arriving separately with his friend Darryl.

Mary and I coordinated our Saturday arrangements and her mother dropped us off at the party.

When we arrived, the party was jumping strong. The music was blasting and almost everybody was dancing. Mary and I split-up so she could work the room and I went looking for Tee. I found him, but he was preoccupied with his drugs, so I joined the party scene.

The party was still going strong into the wee hours of Sunday morning. I knew my curfew was fast approaching. So, I started looking for Mary to see when our ride was picking us up. She was nowhere to be found and the party was shutting down. Where do you think she was? You guessed it. Mary was gone, she had left the party with a man! The other guests were starting to leave too. I was standing around looking stupid and wondering how I was going to make curfew.

I had already missed curfew a few times being out with my softball team. I knew if I missed curfew this time my mother might unplug that extension cord and whip me good.

.....

Hatred stirs up strife, but love covers all sins.

Proverbs 10:12 (NKJV)

That's when reality hit me; I was stranded and too scared to call her.

I went outside to see if Mary had returned from her extracurricular activity. Outside, I ran into two of my classmates, Jimmy and Charles. Since Mary hadn't returned, they offered to take me home. However, they needed to make one stop first. I agreed because they assured my arrival home on time.

Jimmy drove and Charles was in the passenger seat. I rested my blurry eyes in the back seat and tried to figure out where we were going. The surroundings were not familiar to me. It appeared we were going in the opposite direction from my house. I asked them again, where are we going? They reminded me that they had to make a stop first, and then they would take me home.

After driving a while, Jimmy stopped at this house. He said he had to run in for a minute.

My mind was still trying to process who, what and where are we. So, Charles and I waited in the car. I looked at my watch; my curfew had passed. I started to panic and told Charles to go get Jimmy. He went in the house and he never came back.

Finally, I got out of the car and rang the door bell. Jimmy answered the door and explained that they had a problem. He

.....

*I will forgive their wickedness and will remember their sins no more,"
says the Lord.*

Hebrews 8:12 (NIV)

invited me in while trying to explain what was going on. I only heard half of his explanation because my mind was on getting home. I noticed Charles wasn't in the room, but it still didn't dawn on me what was going on.

I remember hearing the door lock and Charles finally emerged from another room. Jimmy decided to tell me the truth, "There is no real problem, but you have to have sex with us before we will take you home." Initially, I thought he was playing and I started laughing. But the look on their faces told a different story.

I told them I wasn't having sex with either of them and reached for the kitchen phone located on the wall. Jimmy jerked it out of my hand and unplugged it. I started for the front door and he blocked it. Charles was pacing behind me as if he was nervous. I told them to let me leave or let me call my parents for a ride. Jimmy said, "You don't even know where you are." And he was right. At that time, I didn't have a clue where I was.

I informed both of them what they were doing was wrong and "no" meant "no." I wasn't going to have intercourse with them or let them run a train on me. I started looking for another exit door. The only other door I saw led to a bedroom. Charles was blocking the opening to the hallway. I was cornered in

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Let the wicked forsake his way and the evil man his thoughts. Let him turn to the Lord, and he will have mercy on him, and to our God, for he will freely pardon.

Isaiah 55:7 (NIV)

the kitchen/ living room area. I started to double talk them as I slowly walked toward Charles and the hallway.

I approached Charles and tried to push my way past him. That didn't work. Charles was a strong football player. Jimmy figured out what I was doing, so he tackled me from behind as I wrestled with Charles. That tackle landed all of us in the bedroom. I yelled for help as they wrestled me onto the bed.

I kept yelling and kicking for them to stop as tears rolled down my face. Charles held my hands over my head and Jimmy proceeded to take my pants off. As Jimmy entered me first, Charles watched with anticipation. I don't remember at what point I gave up fighting and just laid there limp.

Not in a million years would I have thought two of my classmates would rape me. I fell into that same mental trap as other rape victims, I blamed myself for years. I couldn't bring myself to tell my parents. So, I just took my punishment when I finally returned home.

It didn't take much to suppress what happened while continuing my school functions. However, I had to develop a clever way of avoiding Jimmy and Charles for the rest of the year. Some classmates wondered why I started being rude to them. If they only knew...the secret was on the tip of my tongue many times.

Again you see, a different type of sexual seed was planted in my spirit. Later, you will meet Secret Fire who unlocked these suppressed memories and some other unresolved hurt.

Years later, when I heard Kirk Franklin confess on national TV that he was addicted to porn for many years, I felt his pain. I saw similarities in his confession and what I

experienced as a youth. I didn't believe I was an addict nor did I consider calling myself an addict. Mainly because I felt there was something ugly tied to that word. It sounded dirty and filthy. And, once again, I didn't see myself in either of those words. I remember one night my spiritual sister, Sis. Mary Rhodes, was ministering to me after reading an excerpt from this book. She asked me an important question, "If you didn't consider yourself an addict, what do you think an addict is?" She proceeded to state, "An addict does some of the same things you were doing by sneaking around to get your high or fix at the adult store." Then, a light went off in my head. I was drawn to some of those demons linked to porn for a different reason. I believe some men are drawn to the visual aspect of porn.

They're captivated by a simple visual desire of seeing their fantasy played out on film. Some women are drawn to it to learn how to pleasure their mate, how to fulfill a fantasy while retaining his attention. I'm sorry to say, during this learning period I wasn't thinking about the scriptures. That's why it was so easy for me to do the complete opposite of what the word said.

Shamefully, I had defiled my body and the name of God with my actions. My curiosity of those demons was the beginning of my storm. However, one relationship in particular set more wheels in motion.

I tried really hard not to add this to the book. I knew it related, but I still didn't want to face the truth of the matter, I really wanted to forget what happened. I guess

you're wondering, "What is she talking about?" Let me elaborate.

I got a call in July 2009 from one of my spiritual sister. She explained how rough her day had been, until she accepted an invitation to a birthday celebration. Not long after she arrived at the event, the guest of honor shared her disappointed from being in a relationship with a brother on the *DL.

Everyone noticed a countenance of hurt lingering on her face. Sister gleaned with great anticipation because she heard many similarities to my testimony. At that moment my name dropped in her spirit. She knew I could minister to the honoree.

It was time to let my taboo secret out of the bag and minister to somebody.

Only a hand full of people knew of my marriage to a DL brother over 20 years ago. And Sister was one of them.

.....

Bear with each other and forgive whatever grievances you may have against one another. Forgive as the Lord forgave you.

Colossians 3:13 (NIV)

***Down-Low (DL) brother:** *Undercover male in a relationship with people of both genders. Sometimes he's married and confused about his sexual preference. Usually he claims to be heterosexual, but straddles the fence as a closet bi-sexual or has bi-curious tendencies. In the end, he is fully transformed into a homosexual. However, in some cases, he is homosexual from the start and still in the closet. Due to society's lifestyle opinions, he is scared to come out of the closet until the pressure becomes unbearable. (Self-defined)*

Somehow she felt sharing my DL experience would begin a healing process for the honoree if she received what I had to say.

When I spoke with the honoree I instantly discerned that she wasn't completely ready to receive what I had to say. She lingered in her healing process between guilt and forgiveness. Her feelings of guilt were tied to other physical abuses from her childhood. Coincidentally, she was more inclined to forgive her recent partner of his deceit. So, I shared my DL experience.

I met Mitch while attending trade school. He was different compared to most of the other men I met at school. He was a few years older than me. He was slender, soft spoken with a quiet spirit. I could tell he was a hard working country boy. After a few conversations with him I could also tell he was a high achiever. We grew closer as each day turned into weeks and weeks into months.

Then came a day when he had to tell me that he would be graduating soon. I, of course, had many semesters remaining in my trade. The reality of his comment hurt and I immediately felt abandoned. I started wondering if I would ever see him again.

It wasn't hard for him to read my facial expression either. In a calm voice he said, "I will send for you, we will still be together." So, I took him at his word. And he didn't lie.

We kept dating after he graduated and became great friends. One day there was a knock at my dorm room door. The voice said, "Linda you have a phone call." It was a call I will never forget. It was Mitch calling to check on me and see how my grades were coming along. Then he invited me

to come visit and meet his family. Over the next few weeks, we made all the arrangements and I eventually arrived in his home town. Now let me fast forward.

Our relationship was wonderful; we dated another year or so, fell in love and later married after I graduated. We moved to his hometown and lived temporarily in his grandmother's old house. Little did I know, my own 'Little House on the Prairie' moment was getting ready to turn into a horror story.

After the birth of my son, Mitch informed me that he had previously experienced a *bi-curious* moment with two so-called friends that lived in town. I didn't believe him at first, but came to my senses quickly. He convinced me that it was a one-time thing and would never happen again. He also reiterated that he wasn't gay. Being a young wife and mother, what did I know? Military life never exposed me to any situation like that. So, the way I was raised, you took a person at their word. And that's what I did.

After I finished crying and trying to make sense of everything, I tried hard to forget his confession to me.

Unfortunately, he had another secret that he didn't disclose until after we divorced.

Sometime later, we moved from his hometown to Fort Worth, Texas and temporarily lived with my parents. It didn't take long for us to find our own place and start a new life. He found a great job working at night and I worked during the day. His co-workers always invited him out for a beer after work. He always declined. One night, however, he reconsidered their invitation. When he called during his break he sought my

approval. I didn't have a problem with it because he deserved a night out with the fellas. He did exactly what he said he would do; he went and had a few beers and came home. He made this request a few more times, but the last time... he didn't come home.

I paged him a few times but received no response. Finally, I heard his keys in the door. I waited with anticipation to hear his explanation for not coming home. Soooooon as he walked in the door I could tell he had been with another woman. He looked guilty as charged. The more I questioned him, the more he acted as if he *didn't* owe me an explanation. At that point I knew I would have to snoop to get my answers. Warning: Don't snoop, unless you are ready for the truth!

I waited till he went to sleep and went through his wallet. I know, I know, that is a big "no no".

Anyway, I found what I was looking for. Folded in his wallet was a small piece of paper with a woman's name and number on it. And yes, I called her.

Back in the 80's I don't know a woman that wouldn't have done the same thing. Well anyway, I got her on the phone. Of course she said she didn't know Mitch and hung up in my face.

But a few minutes later, the phone rang. A male voice said, "You called my sister asking about Mitch?" I said, "Yes I did." He said, "Mitch isn't dating my sister...HE'S DATING ME!!!!!" The phone and room became silent. My mouth dropped and my heart sunk. I was in shock and felt comatose.

Not long after that disclosure, I came home to discover Mitch had left Martell and I for his lover. Martell had just

begun walking. Now, I was faced with sharing my son with his bisexual father and his lover while trying to regain respect for myself as a woman. Could you have handled this situation as a young parent? What would've gone through your mind outside of physically hurting the person? Well, I can say my mind was *gone*. I didn't know what to think at that point. Everything I thought I knew was questionable and everything I believed to be true was unfolding as a lie.

The thought of getting an HIV/AIDS test hadn't entered my mind. My focus was on taking care of my son and gaining some dignity back in myself.

While dealing with his demons, I didn't know mine laid dormant ready to explode. Nor did I know I would later be dealing with my own tri-fold generational curse and stronghold linked to my father and son.

Prior to my next serious relationship, my self-esteem was non-existent. I struggled with existence and questioned my *worth as a woman*. I replayed our marriage in my head many days and nights, in an attempt to understand what I did wrong.

I cooked, cleaned, worked and satisfied all of his intimate needs. I was loving, compassionate, supportive and submissive. Yes, I nagged some and complained a little, but that couldn't be it.

What happened? I blamed myself. When no answer seemed to make sense, I decided to *prove* I was still desirable

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Trouble chases sinners, while blessings chase righteous.

Proverbs 13:21 (NLT)

to men. I journeyed into one relationship after another, trying to prove to myself that I could trust again.

It was scary to know that I really couldn't trust people. My mind started playing tricks on me while my heart was shattered into unrecognizable pieces.

Much later, there came a point when Mitch moved into his own place. During Martell's visits, I took the opportunity to flirt with him. I still wasn't convinced that he didn't desire me anymore, so I offered my body to him. He accepted my advances. Again, on the next visit, I offered my body to him. He accepted. It was during the following visit when he informed me that he was no longer bisexual, but fully homosexual. I left his apartment so shattered I didn't know what to do.

The thought of getting an HIV/AIDS test crossed my mind, but embarrassment prevented me from going.

To this day, I believe if the Lord didn't have his hand on me, I would've lost my mind. I was truly in the mental fight of my life. But thank God, He reached down and grabbed me before I went over the edge. First, He reminded me that my son needed me. Then, He reminded me that I didn't do anything wrong as a wife. I understood at that point that homosexuality was a *choice* Mitch made!

Here's another fast forward that shows God's awesome power. Mitch ran through men like water. However, during

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A gentle answer turns away wrath, but harsh words stir up anger.

Proverbs 15:1 (NIV)

his so-called relationships, physical abuse seemed to occur. And who do you think they called for help? You guessed it, me. They would call me at 2 or 3 a.m. to defuse their argument or fight. I became their personal counselor and confidante.

Even though I felt awkward, being the ex-wife, I listened and explained that I didn't condone their relationship. Within seconds, I proceeded to minister and counsel them about getting back in church, etc. At that moment God used me as a vessel to speak to them.

Even though I had my own issues while straddling the fence, the Lord brought back to my remembrance enough word to speak on His behalf. But in my quiet time I started praying for their deliverance from homosexuality.

I tried constantly to abandon Mitch's world and focus on my own relationship. But my trust in men was gone. Either I helped sabotage the relationships or the men lacked the integrity to continue dating. That was my sign to pack quickly like the children of Israel and head toward the promise land. Once I crossed my Red Sea I would say, "Whewww! Thank God I'm not in that situation anymore."

My problem was that I didn't learn the lesson and instead, repeated a vicious cycle while dating. It wasn't enough to move into a relationship with a momma's boy; I had to graduate over the years into a relationship with a physical abuser, closet alcoholic and Pastor living a triple life (not double).

.....

You shall not lie with a male as with a woman. It is an abomination.

Leviticus 18:22 (NKJV)

Even though I almost gave up dating after that relationship, I regained my senses enough to get my first HIV/AIDS test. It was negative, thank God. He spared me from all disease and STD's. That day I promised myself I would get tested every six months or so to keep my conscience clear.

I was constantly in and out of toxic relationships that were killing me slowly. The poison wasn't a chemical substance bought on the street. It was a fluid produced in the male reproductive organs, called semen.

Millions of spermatozoa (sperm) in the semen became a hallucinogenic narcotic to my soul. I didn't realize how powerful this drug was, until I uncovered that the common denominator in each relationship was fornication, premarital sex and soul ties. And semen was discovered at each crime scene.

Just like He delivered me from this cycle, He can deliver you. The question is: How bad do you want to be delivered? You have to be past the point of just talking about it and be proactive in doing something about it.

For many years I struggled to understand who I was and why I was the way I was. Why did I feel so needy? Why did I desire attention from men? What was it about *hearing* a man say "I love you" that seduced my mind? It wasn't until later in life that the light bulb finally went off, the Holy Spirit

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Let there be no sexual immorality, impurity, Or greed among you.

Ephesians 5:3 (NLT)

revealed that these actions were all linked to a generational curse and family secret.

In 2007, I decided that I needed to do a self evaluation to discover these answers. What I “uncovered” didn’t surprise me; it only confirmed what I already felt. I wasn’t the only family member living in secret sin! Each paternal connection exemplified traits and chromosomes of this same behavior at some point. Now, all the pieces to my life were starting to make more sense for my deliverance.

A key step in pursuing deliverance is bringing your problem to the Lord. Your healing won’t be complete until you verbally bring it before the Lord. You can say all day that you have been healed from any incident or situation. In my opinion, if you can’t verbally speak about the experience, you haven’t been healed. That is like saying, “I forgive you but I won’t forget.” Then you haven’t truly forgiven.”

Please let your past scars heal so you can receive your blessing that’s waiting on the other side. Sometimes your blessing is linked to your healing and forgiveness. Your blessing is waiting on you to do the same thing...heal and forgive.

It was plain and clear that the Lord had placed me in an observation mode as part of my journey. He wanted me to observe all the relationships around me to locate the answers

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We can make our plans, but the Lord determines our steps.

Proverbs 16:9 (NLT)

to my questions. Then, he provided divine intervention and quietly dissolved some of those relationships.

When I say the Holy Spirit came in my house like a tornado, please believe it. Every important relationship was shaken up. The communication with my son was disturbed, my relationship with my family was like walking on pins and needles, and my relationship with Secret Fire had rumbled to a boiling point. I thought my life was spinning out of control.

The Lord allowed me to experience those storms so that I can share them with you. I know you're wondering what all of this has to do with *In Bed with a Snake*. Well, remember when I told you to keep the definition of 'defiled' in your mind? Recall the definition while visualizing me taking those storms to bed with me every night.

Please allow the Holy Spirit to show you like He showed me that before you can truly be loved by anyone...you must first love Him, then yourself.

Remember these key points:

- **Delight yourself in him**

Psalm 37:4

Delight yourself also in the Lord, and He shall give you the desires of your heart.

- **Understand the definition of love**

1 John 4:8

God is love

Real love does not hurt.

- **Understand the misuse of clichés**

Proverbs 31: 10-31

I want a virtuous woman

Read Chapter: 9,

Virtuous - defined

Genesis 1-27

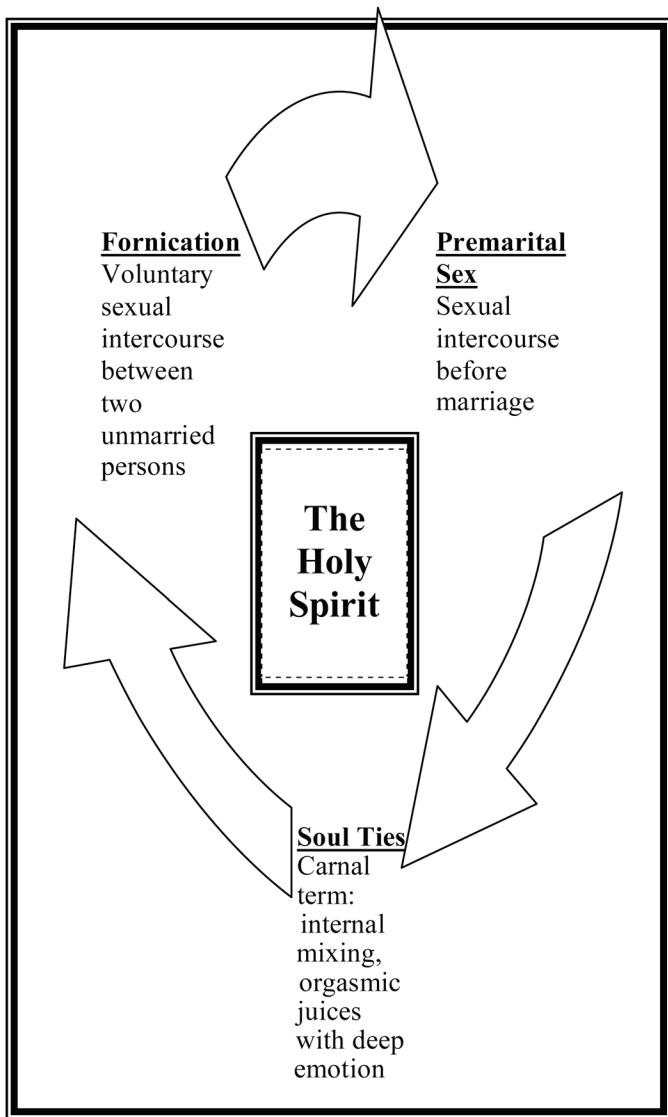
I desire a Godly man

Read Chapter: 10, Traits of a Godly man before he sinned

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*If you search for good, you will find favor; but if you search for evil,
it will find you.*

Proverbs 11:27 (NLT)

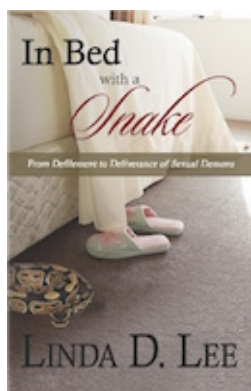


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You can't heal until you forgive your past.



Linda led a Christian life, but behind her Church persona was a woman who struggled with masturbation, pornography, fornication, and lust. For years, Linda was able to suppress and ignore her defilement and the spiritual demons she allowed in her life. Her intimate relationship and marriage with a down-low man brought her to a place where she was forced to face her seeds of sexual immorality and accept God's deliverance.

"In Bed with a Snake" is the personal story of a believer's journey to the deliverance from sexual demons. In this unfiltered and tell-all account of sexual immorality, Linda opens the door to her bedroom and intimate relationships to share her testimony.

The author's candid revelation lifts the veil on an ugly demon that preys upon the church. "In Bed with a Snake" depicts how sexual demons can sneak into your

Christian life and find comfort in your bed. As Linda shares her story, she delivers a message of God's deliverance and how you can find healing in the midst of spiritual warfare.

In Bed With A Snake: From Defilement to Deliverance of Sexual Demons

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