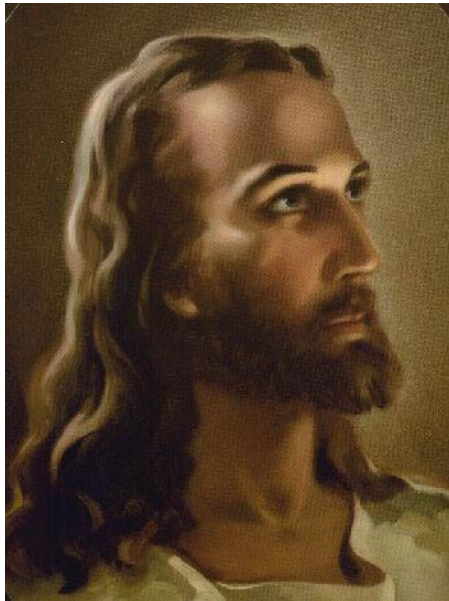


# Description of Jesus Christ - I

10/3/12



## Jesus Christ and Satan

You came in my dining room late that Tuesday morning, standing over six feet tall and dressed simply in Joseph's striped, multicolored tunic (Gn 37:3). You came as the God-man who had walked on earth and it was the only time You appeared wearing Joseph's tunic. You came seconds after Satan relentlessly attempted to throttle me with his claw-like hands as he yelled, "Renegade! Renegade!" in his raucous voice livid with fury and hate, while two demons grabbed me from either side and attempted to drag me down with them into the desolate abyss that leads to Hell – the place to which I had condemned myself for years on end. You came even though I had not specifically asked either You or anyone else to come when Satan commenced his revenge, after he became aware that I had received our Heavenly Father's Seal (Rv 3:10-12; 7:1-3; 9:1-6) according to His promise, subsequent to having completed the Octave of Purification and Consecration to God the Father (St Andrews Productions, 2009).

My return to God our Father must have been kept hidden from Satan, because he seemed unaware of any notable spiritual change until that morning, the day after having completed the consecration to the Father, I told a humanistic former professor of mine that I intended attending

a Catholic university. Satan's attack commenced within minutes after the conversation ended. As Satan attempted to throttle me, You suddenly stood there in front of me; upright, silent but unflinching. You did not intervene although You were available to help – You neither said nor did anything. You did not stop Satan even though he was literally inches away from You, because You wanted to ascertain whether I would renege on the consecration when threatened.

Screaming Your name internally as soon as You appeared because I could not speak, I latched onto the hem of Your tunic with both hands and refused to let go of You, while Satan and his demons continued trying to both get me to retract my word and drag me down into Hell. My body felt as though it was being ripped apart in a physical tug-of-war, but I continued grabbing Your tunic with all my strength, although I feared that it would soon be torn. After several minutes of relentless struggle while You silently watched us fight, Satan and his demons gave up and left. However, You stayed. You remained close by for the rest of the day, seated to my left on the couch as I recovered, tenderly holding my left hand in Your right hand and healing me with Your quiet presence. You did this even though I repeatedly pulled my hand away from Yours; an action to which You responded by gently picking up my left hand again in Yours and steadfastly refusing to let it go. At the end of the day, You simply disappeared.

The above is a brief, experiential description – *peira* - of Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God the Father. It is also an example of His love and instant availability to help us in our hour of need, before we ask for His help.

### *Reference*

St Andrews Productions. (2009). *Seeing with the eyes of the soul: Revelations from God the Father to all mankind*.