

My Experience in Dealing with Unclean Spirits

Comment added some months after this was first recorded: Some things written about in this specific situation have changed. My son no longer lives with us. The general atmosphere and spirit in my home has improved considerably. I no longer suffer some of the terrible feelings that sent me to the hospital. However, I am still taking some pain and anxiety medication. Now that Mike is gone, I hope to get off these completely. This experience was a terrible shock to me.

This was written back in February of 2013 – Tim Malone, [Latter-day Commentary](#)

If you have read Doug Mendenhall's book, *Conquering Spiritual Evil*, you'll remember he wrote that evil spirits need a portal or conduit to come into our homes. Sadly, in the homes of many LDS priesthood holders, that portal is the computer which is used to view pornography. It can also be a television, a radio or any device which can play certain kinds of music with certain lyrics. The portal is also opened when one engages in drug or alcohol abuse. That's why evil spirits love to hang out in bars or in kid's bedrooms when they smoke pot. It is amplified when more than one person engages in such activity at the same time and in the same place.

I live with a 30-year old suicidal drug addict. Our son has been a drug addict since age 15. He has been in and out of the home over the years. Right now he is in the home again because we felt sorry for him when he had no place else to live. He seems to only want to work to make enough money to get high. We are not sure if his emotional / mental problems are due to the drugs or if he has turned to drugs to escape his emotional / mental problems. He constantly holds the threat of suicide over our heads if we ever try to enforce rules or restrict any of his addictive behaviors. I suspect it all started with video games at an early age but that's a story that can be debated forever.

I have long felt that each time my son gets high or intoxicated in our home – and he usually does so in the early morning hours – he opens a portal for the evil spirits to enter. Shortly after our trip to Utah and right after I published [my essay on Mel's excommunication](#), I felt the presence of more evil spirits around me than usual at night. I always pray for protection – a shield of light - and ask for angels to watch over us while we sleep. This night, for some reason, I also asked the Lord to let me know when the evil spirits showed up so I could deal with them. I asked him to place these spirits, once they showed up, WITHIN the shield of light that protected me while I slept. BIG mistake.

I went to sleep confident, feeling that I the Lord would keep the spirits captive so I could deal with them by virtue of the priesthood. I thought, "I'm a priesthood holder. My faith is sufficient to convince them to leave our family alone. Surely the Lord will honor my request." I awoke at 2:00 in the morning with a terrible feeling of death and terror. Now I have experienced nightmares before and know that the feeling passes in just a few minutes after waking up and clearing my head. On this occasion, I could not focus, I could not think, I felt like I could not breathe, or rather that my autonomous bodily function of breathing had ceased to function. I know that's a clinical description but it's

an important distinction for me. I felt like I did not know how to breathe any more – or rather that a spirit within me did not know how.

I jumped up and paced around the room, struggling to breathe. I felt like I had not one, but two evil spirits within me. They were mad. They wanted out. I opened the bedroom door. I went into my upstairs office. No relief. I went downstairs and walked around the house. I could not get rid of the feeling that I did not know how to breathe. I had to force myself to breathe. It took all my willpower to do so. I walked outside thinking that would help. Everything was deathly still. I looked up at the stars seeking comfort from my old friends – I love to look at the stars and talk to God. Nothing. I felt no comfort. It was then that I noticed I no longer felt the connection I ALWAYS feel between me and the Lord, through the Holy Ghost or at least the Light of Christ.

As I have gone through life, I have ALWAYS been able to count on the Lord to be there for me. If I ever felt I didn't know what to do, I could stop and think, ponder and pray and ALWAYS I would have some idea come to me what I could do next, what I could do to solve a problem, what I SHOULD do that needed to be done or what I COULD do with my agency that would be a good use of my time. That connection was lost – gone. I had no contact with the Lord, with His spirit or with the Light of Christ. Something was terribly wrong. I had never felt this before – this loss. I did not know what to do. I prayed, I cried, I prayed some more.

Now technically, I can't tell if I had one unclean spirit and one evil spirit or two evil spirits within my aura, but I know they were there and they were not happy spirits. They were selfish, spoiled, male spirits who had committed suicide years earlier, or at least one of them had. I pled with the Lord to release me from the bond I had placed on these spirits. I asked him to forgive me for my foolishness. Three times I tried to lay down in an attempt to sleep. Three times I awoke to a vision of at least one of the spirits standing over my bed, not looking at me, but looking longingly towards my son's bedroom next door. He wanted to be there in Mike's body, enjoying the experience of getting high.

I knew these spirits. I knew their history. I knew they had been in a motorcycle gang, or at least one of them had. I knew one had brown hair, short cropped with scars about the head from many fights. They had been drug dealers and had died either doing drugs or in a drug-related ambush – a deal gone bad. One was in his mid to late thirties. The other was a little older, in his mid to late forties. They had hung together in this drug motorcycle gang for many years, at least one of them mortal. They were abusive of others, especially women, abusive and mistrusting of each other, and frankly, I am confident they were murderers. They were angry at me for holding them captive and were literally bouncing around within the white light I had placed around me, struggling to get out, cursing and swearing at me. It was the most painful thing I have ever experienced.

My plan to talk to them went out the window immediately. When I had read experiences of others who had dealt with evil or unclean spirits in this captive manner, it all seems so innocuous and lovely, like they were oh so happy to be there to talk to you, would love

to hear what you had to say, would be simply enamored by the love you showed them because you are filled with the love of Christ, and couldn't help but be convinced because of the power of the priesthood that they needed to listen to what you had to say, consider it carefully and then turn their lives over to Christ, leave your family alone, go to the light and be saved. Bullshit! That is not at all how it went down. These two wanted to kill me and they were going to if I didn't let them out RIGHT NOW! I did so. I confess I was scared out my mind. I cast them out immediately.

I had done something I wasn't prepared to do. I tried to talk to evil spirits who specialized in fear and paranoia. There was no actual conversation, no voices heard. When they were out I had a distinct impression they were going to get back at me for holding them captive against their will, even if just for a short moment. And they made good on their word. I woke my wife. She could see immediately that I was in trouble. In my anxiety, I wasn't making sense. I kept saying, "I've got to get out of here. I can't breathe. My head is on fire. Get me to the hospital." On the way out, my son came out of his bedroom, higher and more intoxicated than I have ever seen him before. He had a friend in his room, getting high with him. I recognized the spirits were back in Mike. He was belligerent and demanded to know what was going on. I had to push past him to get out the door.

In the ER they gave me a shot of morphine to ease the pain – no effect. Then another – still no effect. They finally gave me a very strong narcotic that allowed me to start to function normally. We had all kinds of tests done – blood and urine tests, EKG, chest X-Ray and CT Scan of my head. All showed normal. They could do nothing for me so after four hours (\$13,000 billed to insurance) they gave me some medication for the pain and the anxiety and sent me home with instructions to see my regular doctor and get an MRI. I did so. The MRI showed nothing unusual. They recommended psychiatric counseling. That's when I began to formulate my opinion that someone may have cursed me and sent these especially powerful evil spirits.

These devils would not let me sleep for days. They filled me with feelings of evil, panic, anxiety, death and utter desolation. I knew what it felt like to be a damned soul in hell. They were afraid of the light I tried to create. They wanted to have nothing to do with it. They hated it. They fought it and were going to do all within their power to destroy that light in my home. They kept me in hell for the rest of the week, caused another trip to the ER to deal with a non-stop migraine and anxiety and finally, towards the end of the week, decided that I was no real threat to them so they began to leave me alone. The spirit of peace began to return to my life.

It was after the second trip to the ER that I knew I had to do something to get them out of my home. I had a priesthood blessing but did not share any details about the evil spirits. That was comforting but did not solve the problem. I knew I had to somehow break their conduit. That night I took the opportunity to talk to my son and plead with him to recognize that perhaps there was some connection between his drinking and drug use and my feelings of anxiety and panic. Now, I've asked him and told him dozens of times before not to drink or do drugs in our home, but because of that suicide

threat thing, he always felt he could get away with it. And because of my love for my only son – my only child - every time I prayed about it, Heavenly Father said he would strengthen me so I could endure the presence of what Mike let in.

Endure is one thing – outside my shield of protection - but for me to foolishly ask to have them held in the light I prayed for every night was an entirely different story. I learned a very powerful lesson. The protection of the Lord is very real. Our shield of light is very real. It is extremely powerful but it is not a good idea to ask to have an evil spirit held captive in your shield so you can talk to him. I know this was painful to the Lord. He honored my agency and my request I think just so I could learn this lesson. I know the Lord loves me and was not angry with me for my mistake. I went to the temple the other night specifically to talk to the Lord about what happened. He said he would strengthen my shield even more and taught me how to do it. The feeling of safety I once had took a few weeks to rebuild but it is now back to full strength for which I am extremely grateful.

I'm sorry this is so long but I hadn't put together until now the two parts of my experience – my encounters with the evil spirits and what I did to remove the conduit from my home. That conduit is Mike. I have not removed him but have somehow convinced him to no longer get high or intoxicated in my home. Perhaps it has something to do with the fact that he just landed a new job and needs to be sharp so he can succeed. In any event, this is the first time he has stopped doing drugs and drinking for years. I think he is ten days sober now. There is still one more conduit that I just closed this morning. Mike has been using our Internet connection to download and distribute porn through file sharing. I asked him again to stop doing that. I know I had made that request many times before but this time I'm hoping it will stick. He said he deleted it and promised me again tonight - no more.

I mentioned at the beginning and will mention again one more area that to me can be an open portal to the adversary. Elder Bednar was very direct about this in a conference talk awhile back (2009 – Things as they really are) – certain kinds of online video games and online forums. I can't hardly remember a time when Mike wasn't involved in console games, online games and online forums that deal with gaming and alternative reality. Mike was only about five when his mother caved in and got him his first Nintendo Entertainment System. I felt something was wrong at the time: a) He did nothing to earn it and b) It seemed like an obsession. And that has proved to be the case all Mike's life. He would spend all his spare time and then some playing videos game, especially the online seek out destroy role playing games. They made him a different person – darker. To this day, he still interacts on the "Something Awful" forums all hours of the morning.

Summary: Unless you are much more experienced than I am in dealing with evil spirits, don't ask Heavenly Father to let one into your aura – your shield of protection. You never know what kind you may get. I know from experience that there are different kinds of evil spirits or devils. They have different specialties. Some are experts at inducing anger, some depression, some lust, some fear and others paranoia. The list could go on and on. I no longer have any desire to talk to an evil spirit to try to convince them to go

to the light. Oh, I can talk to them all the time if I want to, just never up close. I never, ever want one of them within my aura ever again. And to think that some men deliberately invite them in through the viewing or porn. If only they knew. If you have read *Visions of Glory*, you've read the great detail of Spencer's vision of the Elder's Quorum president who viewed porn.

To get rid of the portals, get rid of the things in your home that reduce light. Do all within your power to create light, beauty and truth. I know members of the church who kicked their children out because they struggled with drugs, same-sex attraction or immorality. I know every family is different, especially if there are younger children in the home. In our case, Heavenly Father has given us strength upon added strength over the years to deal with a drug addict who has mental health issues. That is what he has asked of me. I know because I've asked him many times to be relieved of this burden. He has always said, "it is for a season. You will be stronger for it." I could share with you other reasons why it is so painful to have Mike in our home but that would be too sacred – dealing with promises in my patriarchal blessing.

Thanks for allowing me to share. Hope this doesn't overwhelm you.

God bless,

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[Latter-day Commentary](#)