

Halloween and the Occult



Satan: The Ruler of Disneyland Castle

By **David J. Meyer**
(A True Story)

This is a testimonial from a Christian pastor who was raised by a family that practiced witchcraft.

Witchcraft is very real but greatly misunderstood. I know because witchcraft goes back on the paternal side of my family for over five generations to Chesterfield, Massachusetts in 1770.

My great grandmother became a well-known witch in Wisconsin in the early days of this century. Caroline was a blind witch and used her fingers to read palms and also became adept at putting "the hex" on people.

Many spooky things would happen in our family. Dishes would slide off from shelves, light bulbs would unscrew and fall to the floor, filmy apparitions would appear and vanish, and this sort of thing became a way of life.

In one instance, my father was riding with my grandfather in a horse-drawn wagon, when a filmy white apparition appeared in front of the horse, causing the horse to rear up on its hind legs. Surrounded by electrifying fear, my grandfather cracked the whip and the wagon lurched forward and on its way.

My father also watched in stunned amazement when, on another occasion, an unhitched wagon loaded with hay went up a steep hill by itself.

Halloween was a special time for me, as I was growing up in Clintonville, Wisconsin. I had given my heart and soul to that day called "Samhain" (pronounced Sow-en). I had learned that the pagan Sabot of Samhain was a time when the barrier between the mundane and astral planes was very thin and departed spirits easily crossed over.'

I also learned that the Roman Catholic Church copied and re-named all of the eight sabbots. Not only had Samhain become Halloween, but the Winter Solstice became Christmas, Imbolg became Candlemass, Beltaine became May Day, and Lughnasadh became Lammas.

The vernal equinox was celebrated as Easter, which is always the first Sunday after the first full moon following the spring equinox.

Halloween was my special time, when I felt drawn to become like my great grandmother. I wasn't interested in the silliness of the Catholic Halloween. I wanted real magic. The so-called "Christians" were cursing themselves and their children by copying the craft that their tenets forbade. I knew full well that so-called Christians were copying what my spiritual ancestors had done for many centuries.

The powerful witches, known as Grand Druids or men of the oaks, that lived in the ancient British Isles gathered at Stonehedge on October 31st. These ancient witches practiced human sacrifice, hollowed out pumpkins and turnips, carving faces in them, and then used candles made from human tallow to illuminate them.

The druids played games such as bobbing for apples, as they floated in a tub of October ale. The druids also practiced ritual sex known as the "Great Rite", as the fires blazed forth in the darkness of the giant stone monoliths of Stonehenge near Salisbury, England.

The apple was thought to be sacred, because when cut in half cross-wise, the core would reveal the Pentacle or five pointed star. The five points of this star represented Earth, Wind, Fire, Water and Spirit.

When I was 13 years old, I began to invite the spirits of my deceased great grandmother into myself. Soon I began to acquire powers and became an adept astrologer and palm reader. I also practiced numerology and was becoming a very powerful witch. Many people followed me – and the advice that I gave them. I had achieved a great measure of success.

By the time I was 19, I had reached my first goal. I was a powerful witch. Then, very suddenly, the realization hit me that I was making predictions without looking at my charts. I would blurt out predictions in minute detail, and they would come to pass. I became frightfully aware that I had become a sending station and was dispatching spirits to make my predictions come true. I predicted accidents and tragedies, and suddenly I became filled with overwhelming fear.

I did not know it at the time, but a dear old woman had been praying for me every day for a long time. She had known my grandparents, and God used her to pray me out of darkness. I was completely disabled by fear, which God, in His mercy, allowed to come upon me.

A friend that I knew in high school persuaded me to come to church with him. It was a small apostolic church. I soon found myself on my knees repenting, as I had now found a power far greater than all witchcraft. One week later I was baptized in water in the name of Jesus Christ. The next week I was baptized in the Holy Ghost.

I felt fifty pounds lighter, as many evil spirits fled from me as I yielded myself completely to my newfound friend, the Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Now I have no fear and am a true minister of the Gospel.

This tract, that you are reading, has been prayed over. Now that you have

read it, you will never be the same. You will not be able to get this out of your mind.

Most so-called "Christian" churches are phony, but the Lord Jesus is real. Why live in fear and end up in damnation? I can help you! Please write to the address below and we will contact you.

With a prayer for you,

David J. Meyer

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