

**SPIRITS OF
SEDUCTION**



free at last

KANDI ROSE

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DEDICATION

I want to first and foremost give all honor, praise and glory to my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. It was He who rescued me from the, Spirits of Seduction.

I want to dedicate, this book in part to my friend, Life Coach and Mentor, Evangelist Tracey Mitchell

Special thanks to Pastor Mark Haston, Sr. Pastor of First Assembly of God, in Hot Springs, Arkansas for the many hours of editing the original version of this autobiography. To Pastor Jerry Hobbs, in acknowledgement for the many hours you invested editing the 2nd edition. To Charlotte Hansen, I cannot thank you enough for your precious time and the development of my new website.

This book is also dedicated to my late mom. She not only prayed for me, but also showed me true Christianity is a holy and loving lifestyle. When I faced a crisis I wanted what mom had, I wanted Jesus...Thanks mom for showing me the way!

Papa, you are my hero. My real dad never showed me the godly love of a true father ... you did. You Papa are a true picture and example of Christ's love.

Lil, you are my timid friend who had the courage and boldness to invite me to church. Thank you for your prayers and for your witness. You noticed a soul that needed Jesus, and recognized a heart that needed healing.

Finally, Brother John, you were the special evangelist that God used to preach the Gospel message... Thanks for obeying God and going to that little church. My life is forever changed.

Introduction

As you read this story, please be aware that I only want to bring glory to God. There is nothing glamorous about sin and devastation. It is, however, my story of God's amazing Grace.

I Timothy 4:1 Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrine of devils.

There are unseen forces of good and evil constantly at work trying to influence our choices. This battle begins when we are in our mother's womb and continues throughout our life. It is a battle between good and evil. We are told in John 10:10, that Satan is a thief who has come to steal, kill and destroy. Satan, the devil, is real. He is not some character with a pitchfork, but a spirit who leads many demons to influence the body, mind and soul of mortals.

The first seduction was by the serpent in the Garden of Eden. Throughout the Bible and right up to this present age, he has been promising false peace, joy and happiness. ***The word, seduce means to draw aside from right conduct or belief, to corrupt, to lead astray from chastity. Seduction means act of enticing from virtue by promises.***

When we hear the word *seduce* or *seduction* we generally think of sexual behavior. That portrait is not entirely true; the devil has various forms of seducing spirits. Even as an innocent child those spirits had free rein in my father, resulting in incest. Through the pages of this book my purpose is to expose his

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tactics that would hinder us from having an intimate personal relationship with a Holy God who loves us.

I trust, this real life story, will enable you to evaluate your life; to determine if your life or the life of someone you love has fallen victim to seducing spirits.

Satan in his rebellion against God delights in continually trying to destroy the beautiful plan that God has for your life; attempting to replace them with lies of deception and destruction.

When Jesus died on the cross, He broke Satan's power over us. We have the power and ability to make the right choices, to turn from our sinful actions, and change wrong attitudes through repentance. Through Christ we can live a consistent godly lifestyle, free from all seducing spirits.

May you discover the great joy and peace that emanates from belonging to Jesus.

Note: Due to the sensitive nature of some of the material in this book, some of the names have been changed.

CHAPTER 1

Oh, how I loved my daddy. Everyone who met daddy loved his personality. To neighbors and friends, he was thought of as a fine family man.

Our family *seemed* normal. We did normal family things; we went on outings, picnics, and special occasion activities. We appeared to be the average American family. My father worked everyday and arrived home in the early afternoon. I never saw daddy drunk, I cannot remember fights or violence in our home, but there was an evil spiritual force active in our home.

I was a very affectionate, kindhearted little girl. My mother never had to spank me. I always wanted to please her and daddy. I was promoted in school three times when school curriculums were based on a six-month program of promotion instead of one year.

My mother taught me good morals and manners. I cannot remember being anything but obedient and doing my best to please my parents. I was a very innocent and naïve little girl. I had no idea that my family and I were victims of seducing spirits that would eventually destroy our home.

It is sad but true, there are evil forces that lurk behind the scenes of homes tearing lives apart and eventually leaving nothing but sad memories. As I reflect on my life, I am not only

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aware of these seducing spirits but also intensely aware of the Holy Spirit and angels that intervened on my behalf.

When I became an adult, my mom shared with me, that when she was pregnant with me, daddy had kicked her in the stomach so hard that it knocked her out of bed. On another occasion, when I was a baby crying in the crib, he slapped my tiny face. From that point forward, Mom vowed to never leave me alone with him; I do not remember her leaving me with anyone, not even family members. Little did she realize, that the deception of seducing spirits were active right under her nose. There is something very enticing about sin, something so evil, that the very idea of almost getting caught is exciting.

Innocence Stolen!

One of my earliest childhood memories is of daddy performing a sexual act on me. These horrendous acts began at the tender age of three would continue through my early teen years. Years later, I realized that the evil spirit of exhibitionism had become a major factor in my life.

My mother would, pray for me and taught me to pray the child's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Mom grew up as an adopted child to a very elderly, affluent family. They never expressed love for her and basically used her as a housekeeper. She never heard the tender words of love, affirmation or self-worth.

When my father, a migrant worker from Tennessee, came to pick cherries in upper Michigan, he instantly stole mom's heart. He was a likable, smooth talker who appeared to be 'the

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catch of a lifetime'. I am sure she dreamed of someone who would show her love and affection.

Mom grew up in church, but it was simply what people in their social class did, they went for appearance sake. From the outside in, her family had the appearance of what seemed good and moral. One of her brother-in-law's was a schoolteacher and principal. The other brother-in-law was a successful, affluent farmer and owner of vast cherry orchards. Both were avid church attendees. Yet these men allowed Satan to use seducing spirits to molest my mother.

Family Secrets

For the all the wrong people that mom would encounter, God sent someone who would change her life forever. That person would be her Sunday school teacher; she taught her that Jesus loved her. To a young woman, deprived of love, those words were wonderful to hear. That is why people who work with children and teens are very important in God's kingdom. Their influence has the power to change a life forever.

Mother had not experienced a true conversion with Christ, while I was growing up, but she had great respect for God. I remember that she told me about my body being the temple of God and that no one should touch it until you are married. She had no idea what was going on in secrecy.

Daddy had told me that if I told mom about his lascivious ways, she would have a heart attack and die. I had seen these attacks; she would turn blue and was unable to breathe. One can only imagine how scary this was to a child. I grew up living in

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dread that my precious mom would die and leave me. So I did not want to seal her fate by telling daddy's awful secrets.

When illicit sex is introduced to a child, teen, or adult it becomes an evil doorway for the demonic forces and addictions to step in. One act of sin will always leads to another. Since mom had taught me to pray I was aware of God. With that knowledge I started feeling guilty about what was going on.

I now understand that the guilt was not God, I was just an innocent child, a victim of seducing spirits. After praying, "I lay me down to sleep," under my breath I would always add, "Please forgive me God." I know now that there are countless millions who have been seduced and understand exactly what I am talking about. Perhaps you have lived in 'silent suffering' or maybe you are like me; I went from being abused to becoming the user.

To those who have had similar experiences, or perhaps you are still experiencing this awful demonic attack; let me assure you that Jesus loves you. There is a way of escape.

Touch Me No More

When I was eleven years old I remember hearing the older kids talk about sex. One day, when I got off the school bus and began walking down our country driveway, there stood daddy. He was off to the side, behind the shed, as usual exposing himself and grinning real big. I boldly proclaimed, "Daddy I'm a big girl now and you're not going to touch me anymore!" That had to have been the Holy Spirit to give me such boldness and to say it with such authority because I was always petite, meek and timid. He never touched my body after that. God must have put a fear in him that I just might tell. The

indecent exposure, however, continued daily for the next five years.

I Had to Tell Someone

We eventually moved back to Chicago. It was a horrible time, and I grew to hate the sight of a man's naked body. Daddy even tried to give me money to show myself to him. One day, I had enough. I risked telling mom even with her health condition

Mom and I had always maintained a close relationship and I knew she loved me. She showered me with affection, we would play games and spend lonely afternoons together. Mom always said that I was her gift from God. She had rheumatic fever when she was little and they said she would never walk again. After being bed-ridden for many years, God performed a miracle in her life and she walked. The doctors instructed her to avoid pregnancy as they thought it might kill her, so when I was born, it was yet another miracle. Mom treated me as a treasure.

At age fifteen, I gave her the news and it crushed her world. I told her all about daddy's evil abuse. I emotionally could not deal with it by myself anymore. Mom did not take the news well; she was so shocked, she had no clue. The enemy had been so deceptive. Mom cried and cried, then in a hateful fit of anger confronted daddy. He denied it; over and over he played the part more like a victim than the victimizer. He claimed that I was lying but mom knew better. She knew lying had never been a part of my character. Better yet, mom knew daddy's character because of what went on behind closed doors. His perfect father image was a facade. It was hard for her to conceive that he was evil enough to molest his only child. I respected and honored my mother for believing me. Millions of people are not believed

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when they reveal the dark secrets that have tormented them. Thank you, mom, for listening.

She immediately threatened divorce. With him crying and begging, I urged her to stay with him. He was still in denial and I could not bear the thought of them divorcing. Mom agreed to keep the marriage together because of my hysteria. But it was not long before he began exposing himself again.

Exposed

There was not a door leading to their bedroom, it was a little off set from the kitchen, separated only by a curtain. Mom was doing dishes at the sink and I was at the table. I turned and there he was with the curtain slightly parted exposing his self and grinning as usual. I stepped back into the small pantry and waited for mom to turn around. When she did I pointed to the bedroom doorway. She saw for herself and that sealed his doom.

Dad had many multiple addictions; anger management, as you can imagine, was not his strong suit. He threatened us with his army machete that he kept behind the front door. With our lives in danger, we left with only the items we could swiftly stuff in plastic bags.

We did not have a car and mom did not know how to drive. By using a city bus we moved to another neighborhood in Chicago, where she rented a 3-room apartment and walked miles to work at a cheap factory job. We left all our personal belongings behind just to escape daddy's demons.

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After walking to and from a hot, tiresome job in the factory, she would sit in the dark crying for hours. A spirit of depression had seized my poor mom. For seventeen years she had been a kind, loving, and faithful wife. Now she felt that there was no hope.

A Tormenting Spirit

My mom remained kind and loving towards me, but other evil forces came upon her. The spirit of hate, bitterness and unforgiveness entered our home. These are tormenting spirits from the pit of Hell that will eat away at your mind and emotional stability. Those spirits bound my precious mom until the day she became a born-again Christian and her heavenly counselor healed her broken heart.

As for me, even though I had kept loving daddy through my childhood, it was like my eyes were opened and I was filled with hate, bitterness, and unforgiveness as well. Poor me, how could he have done that to me, his little girl? It was the beginning of Satan's negative voice that would follow me for years to come.

For nearly twenty years I followed lies that led to destruction. During those years I led others astray through the spirits of seduction. It did not happen overnight, but little by little, compromise eroded my character. I rationalized, justified, and minimized my actions through my destructive choices. A spirit of self-pity set in; I blamed others for my condition, I was always making excuses, and saying, "poor me"!

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If you had told me, at age fifteen, I would end up living such a shameful lifestyle, I would not have believed it. I was sweet and naïve and my life forever altered.

I weep for the teens and the youth of this world. That is one purpose for this book; to reveal to the younger generation that there is a spiritual battle consistently raging in your mind, heart and soul. It is the battle for your eternal souls.

Seduction means to be led astray, to entice, or to corrupt. Do not let the enemy take you down a path of heartbreak, filled with severe consequences. Do not permit the enemy to waste your precious life and ultimately send your soul to hell. There is a God who loves you and knows the heartaches you have already endured. Let him comfort you and heal your broken heart.

Allow God to be the love of your life, your best friend. Satan wants to destroy you emotionally and physically, but Jesus has great plans for your life. He wants to take all the bad and turn it for good, so you can show others that he is Alive! Your life can have meaning and purpose.

God created you with special talents and abilities so that you can help others find their way to joy and peace through Christ Jesus. As I look back, I see not only the evil spirit of hate and unforgiveness that oppressed me, but also the spirit of self-pity. Regretfully, I lived the next twenty years blaming others.

I challenge you to give your heart and life to Christ and allow Him to carry your burdens and give you a life that you have always dreamed about; a life of love, happiness and joy. Peace!

CHAPTER 2

Prior to my mother's separation from dad, I made some choices that would leave scars on my life for many years. I became influenced by older teens in high school. The attacks of Satan were well orchestrated as he played them out in my life. The tactics of Satan are not new. He has been engaged in this type of warfare against God's children for generations.

Spirit of Rebellion

Everyone desires to be liked and accepted. Therefore, we often go along with the crowd and usually end up paying a great price for the choices we make. One day, a friend and I cut class, but the principal was right outside the door and caught us. We were told by the principle to bring our parents to school. We 'freaked out', hopped on an inner city bus and rode it to the end of its route.

That day we ransacked cars and stole a carton of cigarettes from a glove box. I mentioned I was a good girl but at age of eleven I had started smoking cigarettes as a result of peer pressure.

By nightfall, we ended up in a very bad neighborhood and spent the night in a filthy, hallway. Fortunately, someone reported us to the police and they found us hidden in a dark, cold basement. Eventually, we were taken to the police station where

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our parents came to retrieve their ‘little darlings’. We were fortunate that they found us alive and well.

Had it not been for the protection of God over our lives, we could have fallen into some very bad hands. Thank you Jesus!

Beware of Friends You Choose

My grades went from excellent to failing due to the class cutting. When I turned 16, I quit school. I was in the last half of my junior year when things went from bad to worse. During this time, I got involved in a gang. I started drinking wine in alleys, sniffing airplane glue from brown lunch bags, and getting into fights with rival gang members.

Actually, I was still very naïve. I heard that a girl was going to assault me. I remember being so terrified... I decided that I was no longer going to be the victim of someone else’s abuse. When I saw that tall girl coming down the street with a mean look on her face, I took off my coat and I hit her first.

From that time on, I refused to live in fear of another’s actions. I escaped the grip of fear only to be ensnared by a spirit of rage. Anger empowered me; it would become the fuel to a rage filled heart.

Of course, we know that fighting does not solve anything. God is our defense and reminds us that vengeance is His. This lesson would not be learned quickly and for the next twenty years I fought like a caged lion.

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A few months later, we moved to another neighborhood, where it did not take long for Satan to come knocking with even worse temptations. At least I was away from the gang, but I kept making bad choices, which brought about harsh consequences.

My mother was heartbroken. She faithfully worked in the factory and lived a very lonely life. On top of her misery, my behavior made it worse. I was now letting that spirit of rebellion rule my heart and life. Mom was easy going and because I had been through so much she was hesitant to discipline me harshly. I had changed from Jekyll to Hyde. Now with my dad out of the picture I did whatever I felt like doing.

When there is no restraint or accountability to listen to authority, freedom will quickly enslave you. I became a slave to sin, as Satan began to use me. I went from being abused to being the abuser.

One Un-Ending Party

In this life, you will make a choice, a choice to live for either God or Satan to. Our lives and our choices we make affect those around us. Our lives influence each other either for good or evil. I pray this book will be instrumental in influencing you to live for God. It is an awesome, exciting way to live, partnering with God and showing others the way to life everlasting through Christ our Lord.

I eventually started drinking wine and whiskey; I smoked pot, and took a series of upper's and downers. I even tried cocaine and shot up with dioxin but had a bad experience while using these drugs. The night I shot up I must have had an over dose as the result was horrendous.

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Although there were plenty of gangs in Chicago, there were none in my immediate neighborhood. Later on, I would associate with a well-known motorcycle gang. There were many of us who hung out on street corners, drinking and fighting between ourselves. We also met with teens from all over the Chicago area for illegal street drag races between the teens to see who had the fastest car. There was a particular street where many factories were located, where we would frequently race. The police would come; we would scatter, only to return the next night. It was one un-ending party scene.

Everything appears exciting and fun when you are young. It is addictive. Even later in life, I kept pursuing cheap thrills. Look around and you will see people of all ages caught up in seeking fun and excitement. The Bible says, "Sin is pleasurable for a season," that means a little while. It never thoroughly satisfies. You will always seek for more as you keep compromising your carnal side to obtain pleasure. Addictions of all kinds follow that obsession. You want to be accepted but overall you end up with consequences that bring great heartaches to not only you but also to your family.

I went to one party and got so drunk that I ended up being raped by several young men. Satan is out to destroy by whatever means possible. How pitiful and sad that we cannot see his motives beforehand!

That is why the Bible says to shun the very appearance of evil. Evil people can corrupt your language and compromise your morals. Choosing friends that love God will help keep you on the right path. This is where so many fall prey to destruction.

Victim of Date Rape

On another occasion, I went on a date with one of the most popular guys in the neighborhood. He was seventeen and I was sixteen. I was so excited because he appeared to be a real catch, but he ended up using me. In a dark garage sitting in his 57 Chevy, he forced himself on me. I began crying loudly, feeling humiliated. Suddenly, I heard the car door open and his uncle who was middle aged took over while threatening my life.

Some people would probably say, “She deserved it.” She was not a virgin anyway and should not have been there. No human being should be treated in that manner. My heart goes out to women who are beaten, battered and bruised. Many times they become prostitutes just like I was soon to be.

Little by little, my heart continued to harden. It seemed like all men were alike. Later in life I wanted to use them before they used me. I had a tendency to not trust anyone due to being raped, molested, and later kidnapped. When we lose trust in people, we often lose trust in God.

Now I understand and know that it is never God’s fault when horrible things happen to you. We all have freewill to do good or evil. Later in life, I would learn that I could use my own will to make evil choices, choices that not only hurt me but many others as well.

Today, I have replaced mercy for hatred. I was once a terrible sinner and needed forgiveness and mercy. Jesus said that if we do not forgive others, he would not forgive us. Sin is sin, no matter how big or small. It’s all wickedness in the sight of God.

If Jesus can forgive those who nailed Him to a cross ... then I can forgive also.

Relationships From the Pit

I soon met a twenty five year old man from Arkansas. He was the first man with whom I had consensual sex. I was sixteen and he would be the first of many. He went back to Arkansas and quickly sent me a greyhound bus ticket.

I was a city slicker who looked at a sleepy little town and thought, no way ... I would be bored stiff. But I always loved the south because my daddy was from Tennessee and we had family in Missouri. At sixteen, rural living was far too dull for me. Needless to say, I mailed the engagement ring back immediately.

Soon after that short relationship ended, I met another man. This time it was a twenty-three year old married man. I was almost seventeen and he brought lots of excitement into my life, so I thought. At this time I wasn't looking for marriage or commitment, just fun.

Through the years, I would find only temporary happiness and eventually end up feeling empty, used and abused. This particular man was only at his house during the day because nights and weekends we were together. I don't even remember feeling guilty for being with a married man. Why, because Satan can easily desensitize our conscience. My lifestyle was beginning to harden my heart.