

# Authority Over Satan, Tape 1

by Otto Koning

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*The sermon explores the challenges and spiritual warfare faced by missionaries, emphasizing reliance on God and the power of prayer to overcome fear and adversity.*

**Scripture:** Matthew 4:10, Romans 7:19, Ephesians 6:10, Philippians 4:6, James 4:7, 1 John 4:4

**Topics:** "Spiritual Warfare", "Holy Spirit"

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## Description

Otto Koning shares his experiences in Dutch New Guinea, highlighting the spiritual warfare he faced among head hunters and demon-possessed individuals. He reflects on the struggle to stand against the powers of darkness, emphasizing the importance of being filled with the Spirit and resisting Satan. Through his journey, he learns to rely on the power of Jesus' name and scripture to overcome fear, worry, and impure thoughts, ultimately leading to victory in spiritual battles.

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## Transcript

Some lessons that God taught me in Dutch New Guinea on spiritual warfare: Eph. 6:10-13. This is the warfare chapter on the parts of armor you are suppose to put on so you can stand against the powers of darkness...It must be possible for us to stand in the evil days, as a missionary in the jungle of New Guinea with these head hunters, cannibals around & all that occult & demonism--but verse 12 scared me more than it helped me. Satan reminded me of this verse, saying: "Otto, you haven't got a chance; look at the power here." Satan knows scripture & he quoted it at Jesus, & Jesus quoted it back at him. He knows it better than we do, I believe. We wrestle not against flesh & blood--if we did we could all go out & get a course in karate, but it's not flesh & blood, but against principalities, powers, the rulers of the darkness of this world, & then the spiritual wickedness in high places. That's what Satan had me focusing my attention on. It gets you down. I want to encourage you that we are able to stand & we can make it no matter what the odds are against us.

I'll never forget that first day when we came into that village--one of the older missionaries, Mr. Preston of the mission, had brought the mission boat up the river with all their stuff, our gear & supplies. We flew in with a brand new baby which we just had on the coast, 3 weeks old, & there stood all those dirty smelly savages. They never bathed, they had sores, they had flies all over them; there they stood--nobody had any clothes, & they all looked alike to us. My wife being a nurse held the baby tight in her arms, covered with a blanket, & these women started pulling at the blanket.

They had never seen a white baby before. My wife starting slapping their hands. I said, "Carol, go easy now; this is our first day." There was a house there that had been built by a missionary for 9 months, & his wife had to leave the field because of illness. He was to take this house & other missionaries would join him when they arrived. But this never happened because of visa problems. We were there all those years without anybody else. I remember going up to that house & it was dark, & the natives carried all the goods up to the house, unloaded the whole boat, & in very quick time everybody seemed to pitch in.

I couldn't understand a word they were saying; neither could the other missionary (he was from another tribe). We got some food & rest & then next morning there they stood with their hands out, waiting to be paid. The whole village was there--men, women & children; I knew they hadn't all worked. I didn't have 300 pieces to carry! I said to Mr. Preston, "Do you remember who worked?" They were all dark complexion, all curly black hair, they all had shorts; (if they had different colors on you could tell, but they all wore the same thing).

They were grouchy people, they yelled at us from the bottom of their throat, a grouchy gurgling sound. They sounded like they were terribly angry. That was their normal talk, but I didn't know this; if I had, it wouldn't have helped me a whole lot. But I thought they were raving mad & were angry at me. There they stood, & I was trying to find out who worked--you see, I'm Dutch by birth; I was born in Holland. Dutch people never pay somebody for not doing anything; we're just that way.

So I was trying to find out who worked as they were all hollering all at once & getting angrier by the minute. As I hesitated they thought I wasn't going to pay them. But my missionary friend didn't know who worked--he just said, "Pay them, pay them!" But I don't know who to pay. He said, "Pay them all!" He had experience. Well, I didn't want to pay them all, but I did. Then as they went home laughing saying, "That dumb white man; we got advantage of him the first day; wait till we come back & get the rest of it," which they later did.

And if we do tell the Pineapple Story you'll know that they helped themselves to the rest of it. They were looking at all our things, paid the rest of them off, but after the rest went home laughing at me, the other 10 to 12 men stood there. Now I knew who had carried the heavy stuff, & they were mad! They stood there & foamed at the mouth & yelled. I pointed at their village & said, "Go away." But I didn't know that they pointed with their chin; I was pointing with my finger.

They looked at my finger, wondering what I was doing. Finally I just shut the door & locked it, as if that was going to help--they could get under the house, it's on posts, & burn the place down; there were no windows, just screens. I said to my wife, "Honey, I think we're going to set a record." She said, "What?" "Martyred the first day in!" I should never have said that to my wife. That didn't help her any. I learned the hard way; I never told her that again; I never told her that I was afraid, even though I was afraid about every day.

She use to tell me that she was afraid & I told her, "Honey, you're just going to have to commit it to the Lord." I knew from experience--that's what I was doing every day. Finally the other missionary left, but we had another missionary come in for 2 weeks to help us get started on the language. And then we were left on our own. Oh, I learned to pray those days, you better believe I did.

People say, "Were you afraid?" Ah, sure. We would be lying if we said we weren't. You don't know that language & they are course people.

And then my wife gets sick with hepatitis & was down on her back for 9 months that first year. I had never cooked in my life. If you're going to be a missionary, learn to cook! It's hard enough with those foreign foods, but an old kerosene stove would not burn--it was inherited by the other missionary. I took the thing apart, I fussed with it, it was a complicated thing, rusted & I couldn't get that thing together again, & I even set it on fire a couple of times. I couldn't get it going. I had my devotions beside that stove so it would hear & maybe get healed. I let my tears run on that stove, just to see if it would have pity on me. There was no way I could fix it, you know. I laid my hands on the stove--I didn't have to anoint it with oil; there was oil all over the place anyway. Here I was outside with my big black pot, cooking my rice, couple sticks in a wood fire, & the natives were standing around coughing & spitting. I said "Get away from my

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rice." I was getting to be almost like a nurse; I was starting to see germs, too. O friends, have you ever been frustrated? You know, the worst thing about that stove was that it was a Dutch stove, & that made it even worse. When my wife got sick I had to wean that baby & put him on the bottle. Now my wife had these fancy bottles--have you ever seen those plastic sacks in those white containers? Men, don't allow them in your house; they are no good. They leak terrible, & I had this powdered milk trying to get through that thing; then you're suppose to warm up the milk. Hey, my stove wouldn't burn. Friends, let me tell your mothers something: don't let those babies push you around. Mine is 6' 3" & plays basketball, & he's as strong as any of them, & he made it on cold milk. If they get hungry enough they'll take it.

I had a two-way radio & the coast would call us, saying, "Are you fellows alright there?" I'd say, "Everything is fine, thank you." And then I'd say, now why did I say that? Everything wasn't alright. I told them my wife had hepatitis, but why do you cover up the fact that you are a failure? I was only out there for 3 months. I'm a Dutchman--Dutchman never confess that they can't make it. We'd rather die than fail, or admit that we failed. So I wasn't going to give up that quick. And so everything was fine every day on the radio, but that radio voice got weaker & weaker. You know, you're suppose to charge the battery, but my battery charger wouldn't work. I began to get a little of the language now, & they would say, "Missionary, you are so dumb, you've been pulling that thing all morning; the other missionary only pulled it one time." I felt like telling them that they weren't so smart themselves. When I started to write they said, "Wow, he carves fast." I tried to tell them I had a B.A. from college. They didn't believe it. But you know, they called me dumb every day for 14 years, & I started to believe it. After while you catch on I suppose. It's an excellent opportunity to worry when the voice gets lower every day & one of these days you're going to be off the air. Finally the plane came & brought us a new battery charger--they seek for you after about 3 days when you are off the air. I had a fiberglass boat to be used on the rivers & swamp lands, used for evangelism. I couldn't get that boat motor going either; I never had any training on small motors. (I came back on furlough. I had been to Bible school & learned theology, but I didn't know how to run these motors. That first furlough you better believe it I learned how to operate some of those things.) I didn't like those crocodiles in that river, & I wasn't concerned with evangelism; I was concerned with survival--some how to make it.

I was getting letters from home (once in 3 weeks the plane would come) saying, "Otto, how many churches are you starting?" I hadn't even thought of that yet. I was a soul winner back home in Ontario, Canada where we were immigrants to Canada. I knew the right verses to use to win people to Christ. You can get good at it so they can't say no. I don't know how many people I won; I was a personality winner, I guess, more than a soul winner. But they thought that if I get out there in the jungle that I would convert that whole island in no time flat. That's why these letters were coming--how many Christians have you

got?--all that. Well, I didn't even know how to speak the language yet. All these problems came up.

Now then, in medical work I remember my wife having started a clinic, & now being she is sick they started coming to me saying, "TUAN, give us medicine!" I said, "I don't know how to do that; you just go home." "O TUAN, you're just too stingy; you're eating all the pills yourself." Well, they were looking through our windows & we were taking vitamins. They said, "TUAN, just open the door in that building back there, & right around the corner is where your wife keeps the box." And they'd say, "I want the red ones, & I want the white ones," & they all had their favorite color pills. Every day they called me stingy. Finally I said to my wife, "What will I do?" Well, I brought the box into the house & she took out the potent drugs that I could kill people with (codeine, & what have you), sent me out there with the malaria & aspirin, taught me how to give shots on a lemon (& I got good at that--I really did shoot them up). I was out there, a full-fledged medical worker. Can you imagine that? Here they stood around with their flies & their sores, & stomach ulcers, & I pulled their teeth with my pliers, & I'd sew up their wounds when they'd cut each other open & I'd help deliver their babies (the problem cases). But there they stood, all yelling at once. You don't know how--diagnosing is the problem. They'd have these internal diseases & what are you going to do with them? They would say, the evil spirits shot me right here (& show me the scar). And I'd say, "Hey, you've got to be kidding. Evil spirits are spirits; they don't go around shooting people." They'd show me the bruises on their backs where they had been beaten, & I couldn't believe it. After 14 years I do believe these things happened. But at that time I thought, no, these people are all deceived, & I didn't know what to do. How do you treat a shot that the evil spirit would give a guy? Even doctors here would be stunned at this & wonder what to do. I didn't know. Finally I got a system, & I'd ask them, "Where do you hurt, man?" And if it was from their belt up, I'd give them aspirin, & from their belt down I'd give them sulfa--I just shot them right through that clinic. My wife was always amazed how I got them all treated so quick.

One time a guy had been shot through with an evil spirit, & he had one down below the belt, so I gave him both. I think

I saved some lives--I hope so. I know I lost some. But doctors here at home lose some, so what's the difference? But you know one thing they said: "He loves us; he's sharing his medicine." Oh, I'd give them all kinds of things if I didn't think they wanted attention. I'd give them shots of water if I felt they didn't need penicillin. I used those big needles that left an extra big hole so to discourage them from coming back too quick. I sewed them up without anesthesia, & later

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I found out the more it hurt the more it's going to help. Ah, then I sharpened my needles again. Have you ever been frustrated, been called to do something that you weren't ready to do? It sounds funny now, but O the frustration day by day, all these people hollering at me. And then in the morning I'd wake up & there the people were, outside the door saying, "Give us medicine," & yelling to me. Here was that (our) baby yelling, screaming at me for its milk. He was one of those that first thing in the morning screams. When he started eating solids he'd scream in between every bite, & you shovel it in as fast as you can & he'd let out a scream. I said, "Lord, who am I going to shut up first? Here's that baby..." Ah, frustrated. Just about that time I didn't feel called to be a missionary anymore. I really prayed, "Lord, make my wife sick enough so we can go home." Well, people said, "You must not love your wife." I do love my wife. She was praying the same thing. But we had to have a good legitimate excuse to go home. You know what I mean? So you can tell your home churches, my wife got sick; you know, nothing else is wrong with us. O friends, that is pride, isn't it?

But there were other problems--these demon possessed people. I was praying a very sincere prayer: "Lord, don't ever let me meet a demon possessed person"--I really prayed that sincerely because I wouldn't know what to do with them. And I didn't want to meet any. What foolishness was this prayer of mine when all these people (there was a blanket of control of Satan over these people) had all given place to the devil. As they met their enemy fighting they would invite the evil spirits to come into them so they could fight the enemy. They'd get a whole gang of them just going wild. People would ask me about the bloodshed & the head hunting, is it still happening? Oh yes, & many of these tribes are where missionaries & government haven't gone, approximately 150 who haven't been touched; some of them have never seen a white man & they are there today carrying on in total control by Satan. What they eat is controlled by Satan, whatever they do. I later found out what their culture was by taking a Bible principle, something that Jesus very clearly tells us to do, & taking the opposite of that. I'd say: "Do you do that?:" And they said, "Yes, how did you know? Well, it was contrary & opposite to what the Bible teaches. And you can go right through scripture, all the commands & teachings of Jesus Christ, & take the opposite, & that is Satan's way, & he was controlling them from A to Z. They ate things that weren't good for them & that's why their teeth would rot out--baby teeth of children before they got their new

set in would rot out. Most of them would die by 45. Satan was destroying them, whole tribes of them. The only thing that was good for them that Satan had them eat was my pineapples. Satan was willing to make an exception to ruin me, to ruin my victory, & to keep me angry. They believed all of Satan's lies, blanket control, & then here I was saying, "Lord, help me never to meet one of them" Little did I know that on this side of me close by at the first house lived SIBI, about a 16 year old boy who was always falling into the water & fire, & I'd bind up his wounds & burns & finally get him all healed up--& then he'd fall into the fire again. So frustrating. We called him an epileptic but later found out that he was a possessed boy.

I asked another missionary, "Do you have any demon possessed people in your tribe?" And they said, "No, we don't know of any." "Do you have any epileptics?" "Oh yes; we have lots of them around." We were totally unaware of these things & not ready for this. This SIBI would do everything he could to ruin my life. He'd get into a barrel of rain water that we had caught for kitchen use & he would get the only piece of soap in the village & start taking a bath in my barrel of water with his dirty wounds & bandages. Oh I was so mad. He did this over & over again, just ruined my day. I'd get so angry & I hit him once, & shouldn't have. He'd crawl under the floor & look up through the cracks in the wrong rooms; he would get on the window in the middle of the night & scream at the window & let out a big howl in the middle of the night--I'd go clean off the bed...miserable! That fellow was wearing me out, & I didn't know that it was a demon-controlled fellow--taking away the victory of the missionary & the health, because my nerves were going down real fast & I was heading for a nervous breakdown, & my wife wasn't well physically.

Next door on the other side lived WATSI; his wife had twins--one was a demon & one was human, so they wanted to kill one. Well, we saved both & she died in childbirth, & we pulled this kid through & they had a big fight over her belongings & who was going to get their children. He got shot through the arm & we got him over that, but he was crying at night, wailing right next door to us. Once he would scream, yell, beat his drum every night, just making noise so that we couldn't sleep, he was so close, & he'd let out a big yell. I came to him one morning & said, "WATSI, why don't you do your crying & yelling in the day time so we can all sleep at night?" "Ah, TUAN, she died before I did; that's the problem. She's an evil spirit now, so she's going to get back." "Why does she want to get back?" "Ah, TUAN, you know--I use to beat her all the time, now she's going to beat me. She was the lucky one--she died before I did & she's going to get back at me--I've got to stay awake, Tuan. When I feel myself going to sleep the evil spirits come in the dark, &

then I beat my drum & I jump up & down." "Yes, I know you do--it wakes the rest of us up." "That's what I'm trying to do--wake me up." He wore me out; we needed sleep desperately because of the hot humid weather & all the things going on. So Satan was using him & breaking us down. If you were Satan & you saw a couple of missionaries coming into your territory, what would you do? Try to get rid of them, right? Some how make them want to go home. And that's exactly where I was at: "Lord, make her sick enough so I can go home. I was wanting what Satan wanted. Who

wanted me there? Of course, God did. You see, here I am as a Christian missionary & siding with Satan, & I'm unconscious of it. How often, we as Christians in America & missionaries & all, side with Satan against God. Every time (Authority Over Satan, Tape 1, continued)

we worry we do it. Satan says, worry about this: the radio is going to be off. Jesus says in Phil. 4:6, be anxious for nothing but in everything by prayer & supplications with thanksgiving...trusting in God. But what do we do? Satan says, "Here comes these head hunters--they're going to get you this time." Fear comes in. Jesus says, "Fear not, I am with you, be not dismayed, I am thy God, I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee..." Jesus says, fear not, but what do I do? I'm scared to death. Many, many times I found that I'm agreeing with Satan against God. And right now I'm finding ways that it's happening here in the States; we're doing the very same thing. Always striving with Satan against God. And when you think of God in heaven looking down on us, oh, what must He think? Oh, the sad state of my people who are siding more with my enemy than with Me. (Even though we've been in Bible college & whatever.) We were going down hill fast. It was the personal problems, the things inside.

I got to the mission field & I was a worrier, always had been, & got it from my father--it was really his fault. No. I was a fearful person: I almost died in the war in Europe & while there I almost drowned in the Atlantic on that boat in 1948. I was afraid & I had that all the way through; I got born again there in Canada, but I still had that fear. Fear is sin! Did you know that? Chronic fear is sin, but you can get by a mission board, put your tie on just right, comb your hair nice, look good, talk good, have all the verses memorized & have all the good references--& nobody will ever know that inside you are not ready to go to the mission field.

We're trying to catch this now in our mission board, we try to screen that out & we come out right point blank & ask, "Do you have victory over fear, worry? Be honest." Satan will hold that against you--"Otto, God can't use you." Do you have victory over fear & worry? Do you have victory over impure thoughts? The old filthy stories that you hear about back in locker room days & whatever you've read, heard & seen--they're lodged in back of my mind, & here you get these impure thought problems that you ask God forgiveness for.

You can ask forgiveness & God always forgives. How many times does God forgive? Do you ever confess the same sin over & over again? God forgives you every day. Oh! That's grace, isn't it! The grace of God--He will forgive us. And I thought now, how long, two years of it, every day these sins--will God forgive me? God does. Grace is sufficient for all our sin--that's the grace of God. We ought to thank Him from the bottom of hearts; otherwise none of us could be here...none of us would have a chance if God didn't forgive us over & over again.

But that's not victory! That's leaning on the grace of God. God wants far more than living that way. It's a miserable life confessing the same sins over again. I got to the place where I'd confess ahead of time. I knew I'd do it again. Have you ever told your little brother or your child, "Johnny, now say, Jesus, help me never to do it again?" I quit that after a couple of years. I knew I'd do it again--I knew pay day was the next

day & I wouldn't have a chance to pray early in the morning, I'd say, "Lord, this is what I'd pray in the morning so why not do it ahead of time instead of behind time?"

I'm not trying to be funny, but that's how sure I was that I was weak in these areas. And Satan would remind me of Eph. 6, we wrestle not against flesh & blood, "You haven't got a chance, Otto. Look, these people are demon possessed. And you have no victory, & you're worrying. God can't use you. You might as well go home." Now friends, you've all heard of the martyrs--people laid down their lives for the gospel, when Satan stirred up people against them & killed them like the Auca's in Ecuador.

What happens to these tribes? They're usually converted; everybody gets to praying for the Auca's...Satan killed the missionaries or had people destroy them--ah, he lost out big, didn't he? I think Satan caught on to that & he could have wiped us out, but he didn't. He just wants us to quietly leave; make them want to go home. You wonder why so missionaries fail, why so many missionaries come home with sickness, & when they get home they can't find a whole lot wrong with them?

I asked missionaries on furlough today, now if you really had a good way to get out of this whole thing, wouldn't you get out of it? And the guy says, "Yes, but I can't." And Satan makes us want to go home, unless we understand what the victory is--the victory in Jesus Christ. And I'm so glad to come here this week to share with you what happened.

You know that boy finally drove me to a nervous breakdown. I had to make a choice. I was so tempted to just let him die, not treat him anymore. I wouldn't have to do anything--my wife would never know, nobody would know, just God & me. And I'm so glad I let him live--I treated the fellow. That means I was a nervous wreck by the end of my first term. Friends, I'm thrilled today that I let him live because I would have to live with my conscience the rest of my days. You know when we moved to the other village, Satan just knocked him off just like that; he was through with that boy & in ruining the missionary's life. He went into the river very soon after we moved to another village. And we had no way to help him--we had no victory over this thing...I searched the scriptures--that is the way to start. What am I doing wrong? Where do I get answers, where do I get victory? I was still focused on Eph. 6, so that's the first place I went to. There's the enemy in vs. 12, with all those principalities & powers--how am I going to get victory? But it says, "Stand therefore...now, put on the armor." And I started looking at this. Loins gird on with truth--you've got to have on your girdle of truth. Well, I had been searching & I found Eph. 5:18 "Be filled with the Spirit" & I didn't know what to do with it. Somehow it was never emphasized in the Baptist circles in which I grew up. I didn't know what to do. And I didn't know anything about the Spirit-filled life. Can you imagine a missionary like IRIAN JAYA, with all this demonism,

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not being prepared & not knowing anything about being filled with the Spirit? It was unreal, & yet I didn't know the

truth of these things. I had read in James 4:7, "Resist the devil, & he will flee from you." Oh! Wouldn't that be nice if that verse was true! I'd been running from him! I remember how they chased me out of their villages.

The Apostle Paul seemed to do every thing right. Remember one of those villages in Asia Minor how he was stoned? And the next morning, what does he do? Would you have done what he did? No, you would have been smarter than that, wouldn't you? He went right back into the same village for more. Not me. If I was chased out of a village by those tribesmen I wouldn't go back. There was scriptural grounds--I shook off the dust from off my feet, & I never went back. And there's more villages in that jungle where I never went more than once.

Paul did everything right, & I did every thing wrong. It makes you feel sick, you know, it makes you dislike the Apostle Paul's writings. Have you ever read part of scripture, & the more you read the worse you felt? He sings in jail. Would you have sung in that prison with a bleeding back in that dungeon? Why, whenever I got hurt I'd be full of self pity & complain. He did everything right & I did everything wrong. One time this demon-possessed lady goes screaming behind him on the road, & yelled at Paul, & finally he got tired of it & he casts out the demon & makes a Christian out of her.

Not me; I'd run. Paul had something I didn't have. I started having my devotions back here in scripture--there's a good portion back here in Exodus, the wilderness wanderings. They did everything wrong back there & it made me feel good; I wasn't the only one. Did you ever feel that way? Ever feel like Rom. 7:19, the things I wish I did, those I don't do, & the things I wish I didn't do, those I do? I identified with that. O wretched man that I am! Hey, that's not victory at all, is it?

And I was searching--if only James 4:7 were true, wouldn't that be terrific? We have a quarter mile track around our mission station we use to jog--I wanted to keep in good shape so I could run when I need to. And here he says, resist the devil & he will flee from you. Wouldn't that be neat? I said, "O God, if only that verse was true." Hey, I've got good news for you--they're all true. Do you believe that? But I didn't know; I didn't have truth. Here it says to put on the girdle of truth, so I said, "Lord, I thought I knew the Book but I guess I don't."

You can't put that on when you haven't got it. Put on the breastplate of righteousness--I showed you how yesterday I had the problem of impure thoughts & no righteousness. Satan would remind me of it--God can't use you. You haven't got righteousness, how can you put it on? So here I am going to battle without a breastplate. The more I read into this passage the worse it got. Put on the sandals of peace--have your sandals on. How much peace do you think I had? I had more worry than I had peace, more anxiety.

Here I am, a soldier going to battle without any sandals on. Shield of faith--how much faith do you think I had? I had doubt. The Lord can't use me--I believed Satan's lies, didn't know that it was him. No shield--how can you put it on if you haven't got it? Sword of the Spirit--I didn't have the truth on the Holy Spirit. The sword of the Spirit is the Word of God & yet I shied away from any teaching on the Holy Spirit because I didn't want to go off the deep end on it. I sure didn't go off the deep end on it!

But I didn't know what it meant. About the only part of the armor was the helmet--the helmet of salvation. Can you imagine me, picturing me going to battle against all this demon possession, & all I got is a helmet; no sword, no shield, no breastplate; hey, man, it gets pretty desperate. Satan points this out to me, "Hey, you'll never make it." I knew I wouldn't. How Satan gets us focused in on the wrong scripture. Those of us who have done counselling know that some come to us & they think that they're committing the unpardonable sin, & they zero in on scriptures that don't apply, & we have to turn & get them away from that, & say, look at these here.

Satan knows the Book & he defeated me, & I didn't realize what was happening. And I will share with you tomorrow how other passages of scripture God helped me out to show that this Eph. 6 is a good chapter if you get it in the right place, if you see where your standing is in the gospel. But here he had me so defeated. I remember he had me so defeated--at the end of that first term our second child was born & I use to rock that baby girl when she was very young. My wife never really recovered from having the child, never got strong, but after you fix some food, by the end of the day my nerves were so gone, emotionally so shot, that I couldn't even concentrate on reading the Word of God.

I don't know if you've ever been there; if you have, you know you can't; it didn't speak to me anymore, no strength from there. Prayer didn't seem to go any further than the ceiling. We were doing one thing: we were going to make it through one term! How stubborn can you get? Make it through one term--if that's got any value to it; that's one thing we were going to prove; we said we'd never quit--we'd rather die than quit & we almost did. But you know, as I rocked our little girl I had the one straw between God & me that I hung on to--this song, What a Friend We Have In Jesus.

As I sang that, rocking the little girl it somehow gave me the last bit of strength I needed to make it through. Have you trials, or temptations, is there trouble anywhere? Man, the whole thing was a mess! We should never be discouraged--I was suffering from depression--take it to the Lord in prayer. The other day I came home from a meeting & that little girl now 14 years old, I had been away & I hadn't heard what she'd been practicing, played it beautifully (I was upstairs).

And there the piano sounded, What a Friend We Have In Jesus. And in my office I just knelt down; I said, "God this is more than I can take. You've been so good to me." I was down there when I sang that song but look where I am now, teaching the victory to people all over the country. And there is that little girl now playing for you. God is good, merciful & gracious; He won't leave you down there. If you're down there this morning, God's big enough. He'll pick you back up, & He'll use your very weaknesses to become your strongest teaching points.

And your greatest strength will be learned out of your greatest weaknesses. And don't you complain--God may be taking you through deep waters sometime, but oh, He is right there to lift you up when you've learned your lessons. The quicker you learn, the faster He'll lift you, & that's encouraging.

(Authority Over Satan, Tape 1, continued)

Well, I remember going home on furlough & we didn't want to go back, & we hoped that the churches wouldn't come up with enough support money so that we would have a good way to cop out of it, & they came up with all of it. See, we still weren't ready to confess that we were failures. On this reputation thing we hadn't put our reputation on the altar. You know, missionaries have furloughs & halos, & we tend to keep that halo in place. And we blame it all on the heathens & the devil, & we say, "Pray harder for us."

I thought to myself, they better pray real hard if we're going to make it again. We had to be back in Indonesia in one year; we hoped that our visa would run out so we would have a good solid excuse to cop out on the whole thing. My wife got well again. We had tranquilizers & vitamins & the whole bit. We got well again, & then there was no excuse. I said, "Carol, don't get well so fast, you know, just hang in there & then it's all over." We didn't want to go back because we knew what we were going in to.

We still didn't have the answers. And then they came up with all: the new washing machine, new generators, all the motors that I said wouldn't work, stoves & everything--they came up with all this gear. I

had more stuff that they could steal & more stuff to rust. "Oh," the missionaries said, "you must have rich supporters." I said, yea, they sure are. Wish they weren't, I said under my breath. But we got back there. O I was searching now--God, where is the answer, writing down all the N.T. commandments; somehow Lord you must show me the answer.

I came across these verses on resisting Satan & didn't know what to do with them; Eph. 5:18, be filled with the Spirit, & didn't know what to do with them. Searched & prayed & fasted & said, "Lord, You've got to show me the answer, my nerves are going down hill again--2 more years." It was a total of 7 years out there. I quit my ministry & said to my wife, "I'm just going to find what God is trying to say; there must be..." She said to me one day, "If what we have is all there is to Christianity, it isn't much."

If what you have is all there is to Christianity, how much is Christianity? She was suffering from besetting sins & worry & fear & problems; & the Apostle Paul had all the victory & I had all the problems. I didn't even like Paul anymore. Then you read the book, How To Be Filled With The Spirit, & I read book after book & tried it all; I did what they said--#1,2,3--right down the line; I tried it 3 days later & I'd fall flat on my face in my own besetting sin. I felt I must not have it yet.

I didn't know what I was thinking--got to be perfect when I get Spirit-filled, I guess. It worked for Torrey & it didn't work for Koning, & I thought, I'm hopeless. Have you ever found it that way? I just haven't got it. It must not be for Dutch people. Hey, I didn't know what to do. Finally an AMF pilot brought me the book by Tim LaHaye, Spirit-Controlled Temperaments. Tim LaHaye had an unusual way of putting a handle on truth; he can get it so plain that you can understand it.

And some of us can't understand it unless it is real, real plain. It says, "Be being filled with the Spirit," that's what it means, continuously every day; every time you sin you confess it, you ask the Holy Spirit to fill you again. I thought it was some big second blessing that they talked about us being filled with the Spirit, & baptism of the Spirit & all that. It's every time you sin you get cleansing, you surrender to God again & you ask Him to fill you. I thought it looked so simple, but I ran to my office & got on my knees & for the first time in my life I realized that I was a Spirit-filled Christian, because I confessed my sin & asked the Holy Spirit to fill me.

He wants to do that to every one of us. And then when you sin again, get forgiveness & then you can be filled again. The Spirit-filled life is not like salvation--salvation is once, but the Spirit-filled life is daily, hourly; whenever we sin we lose it. And whenever we're right with God we ask Him to fill us again. And when He's in control, then we're Spirit-filled. Amazing! I started to live a Spirit-filled life in a demon possessed jungle. You know what that produced? Spiritual warfare.

Spiritual warfare doesn't go on in the heavenlies with angels fighting against demons; it's down here where Spirit-filled people try to reach people who are controlled by Satan. Remember what I said yesterday, we can't be spiritually neutral--we're either deceived by Satan or we're filled by the Spirit. You say, what about carnal Christians? Why isn't he Spirit-filled? Because he's deceived; Satan has shown him that it's better not to be Spirit-filled; otherwise we all would be.

We're either filled with the Spirit or we're deceived, & our minds & our thinking are controlled by Satan to at least a certain extent. Friends, I found out what it was to be in spiritual warfare. In my pineapple garden there stood the chief that always raided the garden, foaming at the mouth, screaming & yelling at me; the natives came running to the garden--they always wanted to see a good fight. "TUAN, what did you do to him? Did you hit him?" I just stood here & then I sensed it--now that I had learned to walk a Spirit-filled

walk & live a Spirit-filled life, there was conflict between the demon possessed man.

He had always been a very odd character, a very strange fellow, but he never had any problem with me until I had changed. And when you are a Spirit-filled person, they will be very, very ugly; the demon possessed people will be angry--they will either run from you or they will challenge you, or something; it will be spiritual warfare. And I sensed that every where I go. I went to another village & they drew a line, these hard-core demon possessed people. In my display you will see some of that glare in the eyes of these tribesmen, that demonic look in their eyes especially.

There they stood & they drew a line on the path with the back of their spear, & they said, "TUAN, we don't want you to come any further; we have no use for you in our village. You step over this line, this spear will go through you." And I stood & looked at that line, & looked at the glare in those eyes of those men. You say, "Now that our missionary is a Spirit-filled Christian he boldly leaped over." O no he didn't. He ran home & didn't preach that day. And I was convicted & I said, "Lord, here I am a Spirit-filled Christian & I finally got with it & I finally now believe that You can use me.

Look at the shame the way I ran." Still had that fear. And I sought for answers. After 3 weeks when that pilot had given me that book, he came back--& I gave him back the book & I said, "Brother, it's been a first time in my life that I realized what being filled with the Spirit is; I can see it now; I can see my answer. You don't know how I've groped around here without this. I almost had a nervous breakdown there once; I came to the place where I said, Lord, maybe it would be better not to

(Authority Over Satan, Tape 1, continued)

be Spirit-filled. And I think that this is exactly where a lot of Christians in America back down--they've tried drawing closer to Christ at times & it got too hot for them, & they lapsed back into Sunday-morning Christianity. They're going to get to heaven by the skin of their teeth; they're saved but that's just about all. But they can't afford to go further--they've tried it once. We've got to supply answers to these people; there are answers in scripture. And I lived 6 weeks in that jungle knowing what it was to live a Spirit-filled life, & not knowing what it was to resist Satan. And when I gave the book back to the pilot I said, "This has been such a blessing!" He said, "I've got another one." I said, "Well, bring it; I need every thing I can get my hands on back here." And this is the book he brought, the book, Dealing With the Devil by Dr. C.S. Lovett, exactly on resisting Satan & he will flee from you; he puts it in such a way that you can get a hold of it, & you can apply it. And I almost memorized that book, & relearned the verses that I needed to learn to deal with my fear & so on.

When on my way to a village that asked me to preach one day, through the swamp we went, & a young man NIMROD was with me & carried my pack. And as we went through this jungle--the swamp, the leeches get on your legs, the spiders are huge (I've seen spiders with their legs extended big as your face) & their webs completely covering the path, snakes on the ground (you have to watch down here for them), snakes hanging on trees, dropping out of trees (I can't watch both places at the same time), there's some gnats that get around your eyes all the time, the pig flies bite you, the rodents, all kinds of roots, smelly soggy swamps completely covered, usually dark because the foliage is so thick & they cut through that, you fall off slippery logs & you try to reach for something & you get a handful of thorns so you learn not to do that pretty quick, & you fall down in the muck.

I had a big stick, (some guys carry two of them) they called me the old lady. They say, "Your feet are so dumb you can't even walk." I'm glad they call my feet dumb--that wasn't so bad. They say, "You're so slow,

you walk first," so they made me walk first. I never should have walked first; that's why I got into trouble. So he lets out a yell behind me, "You dumb missionary." They called me everything. You know, they have a great vocabulary on the negative side. Very few words like love & faith; they have nothing on the positive side, but all these negative words.

And he said, "You're blind, too; look at the snakes you've stepped on. You never even saw them, did you?" I didn't see them. I was struggling my way over roots & branches & here was this big yellow snake--his head was in the swamp on one side & his tail on the other side & didn't know which end was which. There he lay, big yellow snake about this big around, one of those constrictor types. He says, "You dumb Too-wan, you're so dumb, you did it now." I said, "What?" "You've crossed HOHOI snake (HOHOI was the demon of the jungle of evil spirits).

When you cross that snake you will meet evil spirits. You're so dumb; you shouldn't have done it; you're on the wrong side." I thought, man I better kill the snake, because I got to get him. He says, "I'm going home." He says, "Do you want me to leave the pack here or carry it back home?" I said, "Hey, you're not going, you can't leave me in this jungle!" And I proceeded to beat it with my hard wood stick, just beat that snake--the snake was just moving around, if it only would have shown its belly I could have killed him maybe, but they're tough on their backs.

I worked & finally he laid still. I said, "Come on, he's dead, let's go." He said, "It's even worse crossing a dead one." I remembered now how they had always said when I had boldly stood & preached in their church & held my Bible up in the air like a real preacher does, I said, "Look, Jesus is stronger than Satan, Jesus is stronger than HOHOI, you get Jesus in your heart you won't have to be afraid of evil spirits." And they use to talk back at me & say, "Come out hunting with us sometime, Tuan!

Prove it to us." I wasn't excited to prove the scripture. I mean, I learned that in Bible school; that was theology; I wasn't going to stake my life on it. Now would you stake your life on the thing that you believe is true? Would you stake your life on everything God says in His Book? You'd think twice, wouldn't you? I'd stand there & they use to talk back all the time. They'd say, "O TUAN, that's impossible." The women would sit on one side & the men on the other side, & they'd yell across the aisle.

"Preach at her, TUAN, that's what she's been doing all week." And they'd answer back & say, "My husband does that, TUAN, he does that." It was back & forth across the aisle & to me it was constant communication in the services. The women said, "Come &...gather food with us; wait till they start beating you on the back & you won't say your Jesus is stronger." And I'd always boldly say, "Ah, Jesus (you would have preached the same way, wouldn't you?) Jesus is stronger than Satan."

Now, I had crossed the snake; you better believe it, I quick got caught up on my devotions then. Sometimes you really want to pray, don't you? Did you notice that? Have you ever been in a place that you really wanted to pray--nothing could stop you from prayer, right? Most of the time we're not that way, but sometimes we want to pray. Why? I wanted to pray bad--I had crossed the snake; I thought, I hope it isn't true. But you know, Satan can make it happen. I've seen it over & over again the things that Satan has them believing usually happen, he can make it happen.

O brother, I'd crossed that snake; I said, "NIMROD, you've got to go with me," & I finally talked him into making a detour, & went around, & I'm sure that snake wasn't that long. He went way around & came out in front of me & said, "TUAN, how can it be? We're going together, you crossed the snake, & I didn't!" And I said, "NIMROD, Jesus is stronger." And the more I tried to encourage him that Jesus is stronger he said,

"I hope what you're saying is true." Well, I hoped the same thing.

We went on, & I prayed, & we went on & struggled through the swamp, & there was no canoe at the river (they said they would put one there). We were going through this village that never heard the gospel before, that's why there was opposition. I had forgotten all about the snake now, my heart had quit pounding. He said, "I got to relieve myself, I got to go to the bathroom," he says, "You keep right on going; I'll catch up with you;

(Authority Over Satan, Tape 1, continued)

your feet are so slow." Always put on there, "Your feet are so slow"--they'd never forget that. So he disappears in the jungle, & here is Satan's perfect opportunity to get at me--I was alone. As I walked there was all of a sudden this screaming, blood curdling scream that could have come only from people that were absolutely choking or dying. That's the kind of things you hear on horror movies; (Now don't go & listen to them just to listen to know what I am telling you.

Believe me!) it was that kind of terrible screaming, screeching. I just froze, it was so near. I could never see a thing, never did see where it came from; I don't care to find out really. But the noise of it just took me completely off my feet, my knees were shaking, I couldn't stand up, I leaned on my stick which I planted there in the muck. The log I was on was slowly sinking into the swamp, my heart was pounding, I couldn't last more than a few more seconds, I said, "Lord, this is it!"

I thought I was going to die! I couldn't hardly breathe, I was just overwhelmed at that screaming sound. What would you have done? You pray. No time for long prayers in a situation like that--like Peter when he was sinking between the boat & Jesus walking on the water, he couldn't swim & he said, "Lord, save me!" That's about all you've got time for. Friends, I'm thrilled that the Lord never leaves us, nor forsakes us. It's true. I think when Jesus went back to heaven & God sent the Holy Spirit in His place, it was a move that no man could have thought of.

We can all go to a different jungle today & the Holy Spirit can be in every one of us & He'll always be there. That's fantastic. Who could have designed such a plan? It's a master plan. Never alone no matter what swamp or jungle we're in. He was right in me, filling me. and the powers of darkness were screaming at me, so I cried out, "Lord, help me!" And you know what the Lord said? "Resist him & he will flee from you." That's what I'd learned. I said, "Lord, You do it for me; I have no experience."

What do you think He did? He said, "Get out, I'm trying to give you some experience." Now you're not going to argue with God when you're sinking into a swamp with a demon screaming at you. You forget about whether you're Baptist, or Methodist, or Presbyterian or what. You don't argue, you just throw all your theology out the window to survive. You say, "God, whatever you say, I'll do it." Sometimes we really want to obey, don't we? I'm suppose to resist him so I said, what language am I suppose to use?

I didn't know what language this Satan & this demon speak. Have you ever thought of that? I said, should I use Dutch? No, they probably wouldn't know Dutch; should I use English? should I use (the native language)?...and I said, "Satan, whoever you are, in Jesus' name leave me alone. I command you." And then I'm suppose to quote scripture; you know, Jesus quoted scripture when He resisted Satan, & I can hardly get the right verse in front of you guys. But God helped me there.

He gave that verse for "greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world" (I Jn. 4:4). And I shouted that at the noise. And when I shouted that verse the noise stopped; never heard it again. Usually when I'm scared I shake 10 minutes later, but not that time. The joy of the Lord overwhelmed me on that trail. I got on another log, & I couldn't believe it. It works, friends! The power of Jesus' name. But I thought I couldn't make it work; you see, I was still a victim to Satan--victim of worry, fear & impure thoughts, & I was so weak a Christian--certainly I couldn't resist the devil.

Oh! But it isn't the strength of the Christian that wins the victory; otherwise none of us would have a chance. It's the power of Jesus' name. That's it! It's what He accomplished on that cross. What that name stands for as He was lifted up as King of kings & Lord of lords, seated at the right hand of God, far above all the principalities & powers--that's the name! And I don't care how long you have been a Christian, or how strong or weak you are, you can use that name too! And it's always good. And I composed this song on the way in that jungle--a song about resisting Satan:

"WE WON'T GO YOUR WAY ANYMORE,  
WE WON'T LISTEN TO YOUR VOICE ANYMORE,  
WE WON'T SIT BY YOUR FIRE, WE WON'T GO...  
I'M GOING JESUS' WAY, I'LL LISTEN TO HIS VOICE."

And now those natives in the tribes there in those churches sing that song, & sometimes when I hear them afar off I hear them singing: can you imagine, they're singing it boldly:

"WE RESIST YOU SATAN,  
WE WON'T LISTEN TO YOU ANYMORE,  
WE USE TO LISTEN TO YOU, BUT NO MORE.  
WE'RE GOING JESUS' WAY!"

Can you imagine the demons in the jungle, near the church, listening to the people that they so controlled totally? It must make them sick, & I hope it does. But you know, it sure must make Jesus glad; I know it makes the missionaries glad to hear that kind of thing.

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Source: <https://sermonindex.net/speakers/otto-koning/authority-over-satan-tape-1/>

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