

"MAKING CROOKED PLACES STRAIGHT IS A GREAT TOOL TO HELP
OPEN YOUR EYES TO THE REALITY OF SPIRITUAL WAREFARE, AND IT PROVIDES
MANY PRACTICAL GUIDELINES TO HELP YOU OVERCOME."

J. LEE GRADY, FORMER EDITOR OF CHARISMA MAGAZINE, DIRECTOR OF THE MORDECAI PROJECT

MAKING *Crooked* PLACES STRAIGHT

A SPIRITUAL WARFARE JOURNEY TO BECOME
SHINING STARS IN A CORRUPT WORLD

PENELOPE KAYE

PRAISE FOR *MAKING CROOKED PLACES STRAIGHT*

“What a blessing Penelope’s book, *Making Crooked Places Straight*, has been to me. Her honesty in dealing with the perverse spirit in her own life encourages anyone to make the crooked straight, to overcome fears, to be free to be all he/she can be. Penelope supports the truths she discovered through a rich array of Bible verses and the meaning of those Biblical words. Her transitions from chapter to chapter allow individual journeys and hearts to be part of her act of creation, so all can have life changing encounters with the living God!”

Linaya Leaf, PhD

Retired English & Theater Professor
Former Chair of Arts & Humanities for Rocky Mountain College

“We are in a spiritual battle, and many Christians are not prepared for it. The Bible says we must not be unaware of satan’s schemes, yet many of us go through life with little understanding of the invisible war all around us. Penelope Kaye’s book, *Making Crooked Places Straight*, is a great tool to help open your eyes to the reality of spiritual warfare, and it provides many practical guidelines to help you overcome.”

J. Lee Grady

Former editor, *Charisma Magazine*
Director, The Mordecai Project

“Penelope Kaye’s book is true manna for this age. A delightful fragrance arises throughout the pages . . . the fragrance of redemption . . . the fragrance of freedom . . . the fragrance of truth. And with this fragrance, she doesn’t hide her own failings or sins. They are encompassed with humor and quickly dealt with by a well-beaten path to the door of her

Lord's heart. Because of her openness, readers are free to walk with her and receive from her vast knowledge of the perverse spirit. She exposes him, layer by layer, and strips him of his merciless disguises! Penelope created a truly unprecedented work of art with *Making Crooked Places Straight*, a tapestry laced with the Word of God, bringing strength and stability throughout the entire work."

Karen Christian

Choreographer, Liturgical Dancer, Artist

"Penelope Kaye gifts believers with an intriguing presentation of this specific, overlooked area of the dark spiritual world and what believers can do about it. I appreciate her balance of in-depth focus with broad application to many areas of Christian life and the church. Solid biblical foundations coupled with real-life experiences and practicalities make for an effective and interesting read."

Dr. Peter Lundell

Pastor, Writer, Teacher

"Penelope Kaye not only carefully articulates clearly the struggles that all of us have with perverse and invasive spirits, she lays all of her words up against the template of Scripture and bathes each topic in prayer, bringing into play the two most potent weapons of our spiritual warfare."

Michael Gantt

Author, Speaker, Missionary

Making Crooked Places Straight

A Spiritual Warfare Journey to Become Shining Stars in a Corrupt World

© 2019 Penelope Kaye

All rights reserved. No portion of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means—electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, scanning, or other—except for brief quotations in critical reviews or articles, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

Published in New York, New York, by Morgan James Publishing. Morgan James is a trademark of Morgan James, LLC. www.MorganJamesPublishing.com

ISBN 9781642791938 paperback

ISBN 9781642791945 eBook

Library of Congress Control Number: 2018908257

Cover Design by:

Lori Bonifay

Voice of Hope Creative Designs

Interior Design by:

Chris Treccani

www.3dogcreative.net

Illustrations by:

Haley Hoffner



Morgan James is a proud partner of Habitat for Humanity Peninsula and Greater Williamsburg. Partners in building since 2006.

Get involved today! Visit
MorganJamesPublishing.com/giving-back

INTRODUCTION

I pondered much about writing this introduction, whether it was even necessary. I originally wrote my own foreword before discovering authors don't do that particular task. Not until finishing round five of editing, did I realize it didn't even qualify as a foreword, but was, in fact, the synopsis. The intro almost ended in the cyberspace trash bin until God dropped two thoughts into my heart—the story behind the contract and the story behind the beginning of each chapter.

First, the contract tale. My writing passion is picture books. Creating stories for children to help their spirits grow and make them laugh, often at the same time, causes my heart to sing. At past writers conferences, this focus directed me to industry people connected to children's publishing. During my second Colorado Christian Writers Conference, I zeroed in on those open to picture books. This led me to Terry Whalin, acquisitions editor for Morgan James Publishing. We spent most of my one-on-one meeting discussing my various manuscripts. At the very, very last minute, I mentioned my spiritual warfare project including the following:

- This is a necessary book for the times we live in.
- Christians need to understand how the perverse spirit works.
- People will buy the book.

Terry looked at me and said, "I think I want you to send me your book."

A bit astonished, I double-checked with him. Until this moment, the manuscript lived in my closet because I didn't think anyone wanted to read a book about a perverse spirit, let alone publish one. He assured me that he wanted to see it. I said OK.

When I arrived home, he sent an email, reminding me to send it. Still hesitant, I called him in late May, a couple weeks after the conference. I told him it needed editing, especially after learning more about the craft of writing in Colorado. He said not to worry; he had read hundreds of manuscripts in various stages of editing. Still doubtful, I agreed to send it when I felt ready.

For the next six weeks, my routine consisted of coming home from my day job, grabbing a bite to eat, and working on my manuscript. One emphasis centered on eliminating "that," apparently one of my favorite words. A search revealed I liked it 778 times! Armed with more editing tips, I ruthlessly attacked the pages. By mid-July, approximately 30 pages and 7,000 words, including 576 uses of "that," found a home in the trash bin.

And then, doubts plagued me. Should I or shouldn't I? Did I dare risk putting my pain in the hands of strangers, regardless of their benefits? The answer eluded me. Calendar pages landed in the garbage three times while the manuscript languished in the confines of my computer. Misgivings continued to assail me.

One October night, I engaged in a staring competition with the monitor. The winner? Not me. In an email to Terry, I apologized for the delay, shared my reservations, attached the manuscript, and hit Send. I walked away with no expectation of hearing back. Besides, piles of laundry and a sink full of dishes clamored for attention. Several hours later, I prepared for bed. Reaching to turn off the computer for the night, his bolded name kept my finger in mid-air. My first thought? *Well, this is different.* My second thought? *Wait 'til he reads it. I won't hear back.*

Two weeks later my cell phone vibrated at work. Terry was on the other end. He told me he liked the manuscript. Surprised to hear his voice and comments, I thanked him. He proceeded to tell me the next step, which was to send it to a pastor on staff to make sure the book held sound theological doctrine, no heresies, no crazy, off-the-wall teachings. I said OK. Again. Then

he mentioned the pastor's denomination—Baptist. Red flags, warning bells, screaming sirens all went off inside my head. From my perspective, Baptists didn't like, approve, or believe in the spiritual warfare I covered in my book. Terry tried to reassure me, and we continued our discussion about the book and Morgan James. Still, in my mind, this deal had blown up like the grand finale of the annual 4th of July fireworks display in my hometown. I spent the next weeks focusing on my children's books.

The day before Thanksgiving, my phone vibrated on my desk. Again. I said hello and heard Terry's voice on the other end. He wanted to be the first to congratulate me. Morgan James wanted to publish my book! Speechless for the first several minutes, a real conversation eventually occurred. At one point, I asked how it happened. He told me the Baptist pastor liked my book and went to bat for me at the publishing board meeting, resulting in a yes from the committee. Complete befuddlement took over my mind as I realized God and the Baptist pastor had blown up my neat little prejudices about this denomination beyond fireworks. Even the eruption of Mount Vesuvius paled in comparison.

After we finished our call, I sat at my desk, humbled and grateful beyond words. Never did I imagine signing a contract for this book. Yet, multiple answered prayers took place over the next several months, all culminating with you holding *Making Crooked Places Straight* in your hands. A miracle from God's hands!

Now, the tale of the chapter beginnings. Years ago, with the writing project in its early stages, Chapter One unfolded in a matter of days. Looking forward to Chapter Two, I sat in front of my computer and . . . zilch. I took a break, came back, and . . . zero. Throughout the day . . . nothing. The next morning white space appeared to mock me, daring me to type something. This continued for days, then weeks. The transition from the end of Chapter One to the start of Chapter Two managed to escape my thought processes. After six long weeks, I finally reached out to Ilah, my dear friend. As she prayed, God showed her a picture:

A bit astonished, I double-checked with him. Until this moment, the manuscript lived in my closet because I didn't think anyone wanted to read a book about a perverse spirit, let alone publish one. He assured me that he wanted to see it. I said OK.

When I arrived home, he sent an email, reminding me to send it. Still hesitant, I called him in late May, a couple weeks after the conference. I told him it needed editing, especially after learning more about the craft of writing in Colorado. He said not to worry; he had read hundreds of manuscripts in various stages of editing. Still doubtful, I agreed to send it when I felt ready.

For the next six weeks, my routine consisted of coming home from my day job, grabbing a bite to eat, and working on my manuscript. One emphasis centered on eliminating "that," apparently one of my favorite words. A search revealed I liked it 778 times! Armed with more editing tips, I ruthlessly attacked the pages. By mid-July, approximately 30 pages and 7,000 words, including 576 uses of "that," found a home in the trash bin.

And then, doubts plagued me. Should I or shouldn't I? Did I dare risk putting my pain in the hands of strangers, regardless of their benefits? The answer eluded me. Calendar pages landed in the garbage three times while the manuscript languished in the confines of my computer. Misgivings continued to assail me.

One October night, I engaged in a staring competition with the monitor. The winner? Not me. In an email to Terry, I apologized for the delay, shared my reservations, attached the manuscript, and hit Send. I walked away with no expectation of hearing back. Besides, piles of laundry and a sink full of dishes clamored for attention. Several hours later, I prepared for bed. Reaching to turn off the computer for the night, his bolded name kept my finger in mid-air. My first thought? *Well, this is different.* My second thought? *Wait 'til he reads it. I won't hear back.*

Two weeks later my cell phone vibrated at work. Terry was on the other end. He told me he liked the manuscript. Surprised to hear his voice and comments, I thanked him. He proceeded to tell me the next step, which was to send it to a pastor on staff to make sure the book held sound theological doctrine, no heresies, no crazy, off-the-wall teachings. I said OK. Again. Then

he mentioned the pastor's denomination—Baptist. Red flags, warning bells, screaming sirens all went off inside my head. From my perspective, Baptists didn't like, approve, or believe in the spiritual warfare I covered in my book. Terry tried to reassure me, and we continued our discussion about the book and Morgan James. Still, in my mind, this deal had blown up like the grand finale of the annual 4th of July fireworks display in my hometown. I spent the next weeks focusing on my children's books.

The day before Thanksgiving, my phone vibrated on my desk. Again. I said hello and heard Terry's voice on the other end. He wanted to be the first to congratulate me. Morgan James wanted to publish my book! Speechless for the first several minutes, a real conversation eventually occurred. At one point, I asked how it happened. He told me the Baptist pastor liked my book and went to bat for me at the publishing board meeting, resulting in a yes from the committee. Complete befuddlement took over my mind as I realized God and the Baptist pastor had blown up my neat little prejudices about this denomination beyond fireworks. Even the eruption of Mount Vesuvius paled in comparison.

After we finished our call, I sat at my desk, humbled and grateful beyond words. Never did I imagine signing a contract for this book. Yet, multiple answered prayers took place over the next several months, all culminating with you holding *Making Crooked Places Straight* in your hands. A miracle from God's hands!

Now, the tale of the chapter beginnings. Years ago, with the writing project in its early stages, Chapter One unfolded in a matter of days. Looking forward to Chapter Two, I sat in front of my computer and . . . zilch. I took a break, came back, and . . . zero. Throughout the day . . . nothing. The next morning white space appeared to mock me, daring me to type something. This continued for days, then weeks. The transition from the end of Chapter One to the start of Chapter Two managed to escape my thought processes. After six long weeks, I finally reached out to Ilah, my dear friend. As she prayed, God showed her a picture:

I am swimming in a river, moving downstream with the current. I avoid various obstacles, including boulders, logjams, and rapids. At some point, I get out of the river and walk uphill.

Ilah sensed the Lord wanted me to go back upstream to the beginning of the river to find my answer. After we hung up, confusion still swirled in my mind. The river obviously represented my writing journey, but what did God mean by going back upstream? To the beginning of what? The blank page stared at me for several more days.

Finally, the answer plopped into my imagination like a raindrop falling on a lake, fanning ripples across the water. Grinning, I plopped into my chair and went back to the beginning of Chapter One. The words tumbled onto the page in near desperate fashion. On the first page of Chapter Two, they almost fell into the empty space. Each transition slid with the ease of otters zipping down a riverbank, splashing in the water.

What brought such joy? A character who questions, argues, and doubts the premises of the titles in the early chapters. As the book moves forward, this person's demeanor slowly and painfully shifts. Until . . . well, that would be a bit of a spoiler so I'll stop. Feel free to ponder the motives of this unnamed individual. Who knows? They might match some of your own.

Although the introduction ends here, hopefully, the journey ahead leads to wild, crazy, life-changing encounters with the Living God. Thank you for letting me share in your life through *Making Crooked Places Straight*.

Blessings,
Penelope Kaye

PS: Some info regarding formatting:

- All italics, bold type, and extra parentheses/brackets within Scriptures are my emphasis, not the original text, unless the reference is the Amplified Bible.

- An asterisk * next to a name denotes all names within that particular section have been changed.
- The footnotes for Strong's Concordance have numbers in plain text and italics. The plain text denotes definitions from the Hebrew dictionary for Old Testament words, and the italics text denotes definitions from the Greek dictionary for New Testament words. This follows Strong's pattern, which allows readers to find the correct definition. Also, for those who like to delve into word studies, you will notice footnotes with more than one number. I used commas to separate those following the progression back to the original root words; I used semi-colons to separate numbers with individual root meanings.
- Throughout the book, I have written about Holy Spirit, deliberately not using "the" in front of "Holy." This is on purpose. A few years back, a number of national spiritual leaders pointed out that no one puts "the" in front of a person's name, such as "the Paul" or "the Matthew." Yet, in our conversations, we have referred to the Third Person of the Trinity as "the Holy Spirit." As a result, a concerted effort by many of these leaders led to dropping "the" before Holy Spirit. Although it was hard to remember at first, I too chose to leave off "the" when referring to Him. Now it seems odd to say His name any differently.



CHAPTER 1

The Beginning

A perverse spirit? Who, me? In my church? How could you even think such a thing? Why, our church has the best worship this side of heaven! Our pastor preaches sermons so uplifting you would think God was standing in the pulpit. And as for me, I help in the church. I give over and above the tithe. I support other ministries, including two children in third-world countries. I read the Bible and pray, and not just before meals. I'm certainly not perfect, but a perverse spirit? Surely you jest! Of course, I know it's in the world. Why, the homosexual agenda is running rampant all over the place. Just take a look at what's on television, not to mention the big screen! And have you listened to some of the music out there? Talk about perverse! But not me, not my church. A perverse spirit? No way!

Yes, you. Yes, in your church. Shocking? Yes. Appalling? Yes. Deplorable? Yes, all that and more. The most insidious of evil spirits, the perverse spirit lays claim as the “granddaddy” of them all. How is this possible? To discover the answer, we need to go back to the days of perfection in heaven. Days of matchless beauty, awesome majesty, perfect . . . until the day . . . What day? The day sin found a place in heaven, through Lucifer.

However, before we start our journey to discover and uncover the characteristics marking the perverse spirit, let's pray:

Father God, you are the Maker of heaven and earth. We praise and glorify you. Thank you for leading us into your truth concerning the perverse spirit. We humble ourselves before you. Cover us with the precious blood of Jesus. Open our eyes to see and recognize perverseness in our own thoughts and actions. Give us the desire and the grace to press on to wholeness, in spirit, soul, and body. Only you, Almighty God, can make the crooked places straight so we can shine like stars. We bless you, in Jesus' name. Amen.

Since we're on this journey together, I probably need to share how I came to write about the perverse spirit. I never intended to do a study on this crooked serpent, let alone write a book. I far prefer to worship God, dance before Him, and share sweet communion with Him. But He had a different idea; He just had to bring me to the place where I was willing.

Because God created us, He knows what makes us tick, what makes our hearts sing. For me, it's word studies. Although I'm not a biblical scholar, I love to look up words in Strong's Concordance.¹ I enjoy discovering what they mean and how to apply them to my life.

One morning years ago, while praying for my deeply dysfunctional marriage, I felt impressed by the Lord to read Psalm 101:

I will sing of mercy and justice;
 To You, O Lord, I will sing praises.
 I will behave wisely in a perfect way.
 Oh, when will you come to me?
 I will walk within my house with a perfect heart.
 I will set nothing wicked before my eyes;
 I hate the work of those who fall away;

It shall not cling to me.

A *perverse* heart shall depart from me;

I will not know wickedness. (vv. 1–4)

Contemplating these verses, I realized God wanted me to recognize that a perverse spirit was the culprit behind the trouble. With the added stress of my own life issues and caring for a baby, this revelation went on the proverbial back burner. The following year my marriage came under greater attack. I remembered Psalm 101 and the perverse spirit. My thought at the time? *Maybe I should look this up so I know what I'm up against.* Oh, the bliss of ignorance!

What I discovered completely altered my life. I found myself in a whirlpool, which was sucking the life out of me. Throughout the days, then weeks that I worked on the study, my friend, Teresa remained loyal, always encouraging me to stay the course and not quit. After nearly two months of intense spiritual warfare, and only a little of the initial work left, I finally called Teresa and Brenda, another friend, for prayer before starting on the study. Consequently, a great deal of the warfare lifted.

When I finished it, I wanted to share my discoveries. Completely naïve, I assumed others would be excited to learn about my work. The results over the next several months? Raw, brutal, and gut-wrenching changes. My husband, who had left me shortly before I started the study, checked into a mental hospital. Eventually, my marriage ended in divorce. I became a single mom with a toddler and an infant, something I promised myself would never happen. Because some relatives believed me to be a religious fanatic, the ever-widening family chasm led to more estrangement. Some Christians believed I had let go of my faith and stepped into rebellion. Friends stopped fellowshiping with me. I remember times of agonizing sobs, wondering if I would ever be whole.

One night I had a horrible nightmare:

I am in my living room with Jesus. He leaves me for another beautiful woman. In the next scene, I am looking out the kitchen window. On the balcony of the four-plex next door, a gorilla-type demon screams like a banshee. Intending to get help, I open the front door. There stands the monster, screaming in my face. I shut the door. I'm immediately back in the kitchen, looking out the window, seeing the screaming demon. I go back to the door, open it, and see the demon screaming at me again. The cycle continues throughout the dream.

I woke up terrified, fully expecting to see the demon standing at the foot of my bed. I felt alone and abandoned, overwhelmed with the knowledge of this perverse spirit that appeared to have me in a vice grip, determined to keep me in bondage.

Meeting so much opposition and spiritual warfare, I put the study in a file, put the file in the filing cabinet, closed the door, and kept my mouth shut. How long? Eighteen years. Few people knew anything about it. If someone asked for prayer, and I sensed a perverse spirit lurking around, I prayed silently. Only when backed into a corner did I mention the possibility of this particular demonic entity, and only if I thought the person could handle hearing it.

However, Ilah, a woman I met three years after finishing it, did press me about my notes. She asked about them on a regular basis and insisted on getting a copy. I finally relented. We met for a quick lunch, and I handed over the infamous study. In between peanut butter and homemade peach jelly sandwiches, I explained the process I used throughout the research, including the chicken scratch page.² After describing the spiritual warfare I endured, I cautioned, "Please don't share it with just anybody."

She listened intently, jotting down her own chicken scratches.

A couple of hours later, I headed home. And from that moment on, the perverse spirit study set up a permanent home in my filing cabinet behind a closed door.

Ilah, meanwhile, had other ideas. She called a few days later and, after a bit of chit-chat, got to the purpose for contacting me.

"I've been praying with a friend for quite a while, and we're not making much progress. I really think the perverse spirit is behind it."

"That would not surprise me."

"Well, what do you think of my sending her a copy of your notes?"

Deeply opposed to having those pages in someone else's hands, intense discussions followed. In the end, Ilah prevailed. The study went out. I reminded her not to send the "chicken scratch" page, and she agreed; but somehow it went out as well. This happened several times. Each time I resisted, yet Ilah discerned God's leading. Was it? Probably. My concern stemmed from all the warfare I went through putting the study together. I didn't want anyone else to undergo the same spiritual attacks nor did I want any more backlash. Yet, God held me together in spite of my fears.

After a few years, our paths went different directions, and I seldom saw Ilah. We did meet for dinner once when my daughters and I traveled through her city on our way home from a conference. As the four of us chatted, she asked me, "Have you done anything yet about getting the perverse spirit study in a book?"

I had expected her question. Ilah always wanted it to be in print because, in her mind, she literally believed it would help multitudes of people.

"No," I said, having no desire to pull *that* file out of *that* drawer, even though more than a decade had passed since the initial work.

"I really believe this is a necessary book, Penelope. I keep seeing images of people standing in line for it. Please pray about it."

"OK," I agreed and promptly ignored the request. My computer mouse suddenly contracted the plague.

More years went by. Then the phone rang one morning. I picked it up and heard Ilah's voice.

"Hello! Can you believe it's me?"

“Ilah, what a wonderful surprise! What’s going on?”

“Well, I somehow misplaced my copy of the perverse spirit study. I’ve looked everywhere and simply can’t find it. Would you mind sending me another copy? And by the way, have you thought any more about putting it in a book?”

I paused before answering. Only a couple of weeks before, I thought of opening *that* drawer and taking out *that* file. As much as I wanted to, I couldn’t lie. I took a deep breath and told her the truth.

“You know, it’s been in the closet all these years, but two weeks ago, I suddenly thought of getting it out again.”

“That’s wonderful! I’m so glad. Keep me in the loop. And in the meantime, I’ll be praying.”

After we hung up, I stood in the kitchen staring at the closet. I knew opening the door would change my life forever. I began to pray—seriously. Sensing a strong leading from God to actually write the book, I checked with three friends who knew of the study. They all responded with “Praise God!” I didn’t go that far. Still, the path ahead beckoned while memories taunted.

Feeling helpless to resist, I eventually opened *that* drawer and pulled out *that* file. As I pondered and prayed, the phone rang again. It was my new friend, Heidi, who knew nothing about the perverse spirit because I never talked about it. I shared Ilah’s call with her and a little from my notes. After listening for several minutes, she said, “You’ve got to do this book! I need it! Other people need it! It’s our life!”

If that wasn’t enough confirmation, God gave me a dream:



I am in a classroom writing about the perverse spirit. The room turns into a church. I try to write about other things. Those words disappear. I see myself writing about the perverse spirit again. As I do, images from my past keep popping up, particularly those of my ex-husband.

Obviously, I wanted to write about other things. God definitely wanted me to write about the perverse spirit, not only in the world, but especially in the

church. It was also clear I had to deal with past wounds still affecting my future. Nothing about it gave me Holy Ghost goose bumps. Still, I knew what I needed to do.

The next day, Friday, I wrote the first page. I shared it with a couple of friends, and they liked what they heard. On Monday, I became sick with what I knew were symptoms brought on by the perverse spirit. This lasted two days.

On Wednesday, my daughters came home from gymnastics bruised and in pain. Their teammates forgot to spot them or catch them. Consequently, someone kicked them in the face or they landed on their faces more than once. After dinner, Rebekah, my youngest, received an obscene text message.

On Thursday, a woman rear-ended my car. I knew full well what was happening, and I called friends for prayer. I also quit writing. The attacks stopped. The book sat in cyberspace for over a month. An easy out? The power cord to my computer went on the fritz. I conveniently didn’t call to replace it for several weeks.

The new year began. I still hesitated to write about the perverse spirit. Yet, I felt compelled by Holy Spirit to press forward. I called Heidi, and the two of us met almost daily for two weeks. We broke generational curses dealing with the blessing from a father. We worked through word curses from sources too numerous to list. These covered the work of my hands, the creativity God placed in my hands, my view of work for the sake of work, the lies of never being good enough. A beloved father figure had spoken over me, “No one wants to listen to you!” That lie added to others regarding the value of my words.

From there, we dealt with my view of always being someone’s “whore” and only valued because of the work someone could get out of me, including God. These curses kept the gift of writing in a state of impotency. I had all the necessary equipment, but no power or drive to bring to fulfillment what God ordained for me. We laid the axe to the root of each one. I renounced, repented, forgave, and blessed. Heidi anointed and blessed my hands again and again. We spoke God’s Word, His truth, over them. The day arrived when I embraced not only the gift of writing, I embraced the writer God created me to be—Penelope Kaye.

In the midst of this healing and deliverance, God gave me a dream showing His unfathomable love:

I am at my parents' home in the back yard. It seems to be a large gathering of sorts, and I'm supposed to meet someone. Everything seems wispy in the dream. I can't make out individual people. In the next scene, I'm back in my house, which is a cluttered mess. Heaps of clothes dominate the living room: Clean clothes. Dirty clothes. Clothes to be folded. Clothes to be ironed. Clothes hanging up in every conceivable place, along with a few inconceivable spots. Dishes fill both sinks. Piles of books and papers cover tables, countertops, and chairs. A total disaster! The doorbell rings. I open the door and shout, "Grace! You're here!" I throw my arms around Grace, who hugs me back. With a big smile, Grace walks into the living room in the middle of my calamity and sits down.

Pondering the dream, I realized God's Spirit of Grace waited at the door of my heart, and my messy life didn't matter. Grace came in smiling, happy to be in the midst of my catastrophe. The most amazing aspect of the dream? Grace arrived in the form of a man. This seemed rather odd until I remembered 2 Corinthians 12:9, "My grace is sufficient for you . . ."

Our American understanding of "sufficient" is enough to get by, which could not be farther from the truth. Studying the term, I discovered it carries the idea of *raising a barrier to ward off the enemy*.³ What a powerful revelation! That's why God sent Grace to my house in the form of a man. While a lovely name for girls, we have assumed God's grace retains feminine qualities. However, ribbons and lace do not come to mind in the midst of a battle. I needed absolute assurance of God's protection while exposing the perverse spirit. God's grace would be, and has been, an undeniably potent weapon in bringing this revelation to print.

On a personal level, I believe God had another reason for presenting Grace as a man and not a woman. For nearly twenty years, I raised my daughters with no man in the picture. In all honesty, I didn't need another woman in our

house—I needed a man. And this man? My, my, my! He was the best-looking male specimen I had ever laid eyes on! His gorgeous thick, black hair curled a bit. Piercing, deep blue eyes sparkled. His brilliant smile dulled the sun. A pair of dimples added the finishing touch. And not the least bit put off by the mess. Grace plopped down on the couch, delighted to be in my home. The chaos in my life did not deter him. Because of the difficult and messy path ahead, I needed not only God's grace for protection, but also His joy for strength.

Sharing the dream with my intercessors, I laughed and cried at the goodness of God. Since then, I have started paraphrasing Romans 5:8, saying, "While we are in our messes, God sends Grace to us." Thank God, thank God, thank God for His grace.

At this juncture, one would have thought I was ready to write. That person would be wrong. I had an idea why but didn't want to admit it. A week after the dream, another friend, Lisha, came over. We chatted a bit, and then prayed quietly for a few minutes. Suddenly, laughter bubbled out of her. In the midst of chuckles, she said, "God just showed me a picture of a minuscule you climbing out of a gigantic inkwell, dripping with ink, completely exasperated. A massive Jesus sat across from the inkwell gazing at you with total love, joy, and adoration."

Lisha turned to look at me, and more laughter ensued. "You have the exact expression on your face that you had in my vision."

I glared at her, and finally, in frustration, let the truth spill out.

"Look, I don't want to write about the perverse spirit. It's ugly, it's cruel, it's wicked! Besides, I lost too much just doing the study. I'm not this naïve little Christian anymore to think the devil's going to let this get written without me paying a price. No thanks."

I closed my eyes and pursed my lips, shaking my head as memories flashed in my mind. I expected intense, even debilitating, warfare to get this book into print. I had counted the cost. I had too much at stake to risk opening *that* drawer again.

"But, Pen," Lisha said, using her pet nickname for me, "without writing the book, no one will know about the perverse spirit. If you expose him, you

bring freedom to me, to everyone who will read it. And God will give you the desires of your heart.”

“Lisha, I’m afraid. You don’t know how awful it was. I can’t do it again. I can’t.”

“Oh, Pen, God’s got this. He trusts you to do this. You need to trust Him.”

As the realization of Lisha’s words penetrated my fears—God did indeed trust me—I also understood that He had equipped me and would protect me as I put words on paper, or more specifically, in a word document.

This time I closed my eyes and, with tears in my voice, whispered, “Yes.” God had given me His promise. One way or another, *Making Crooked Places Straight* would find its way into the hands of those desperately seeking freedom from the bondages of this vile, evil, vicious perverse spirit. A number of trusted intercessors covered me in prayer during the time I dipped my pen in heaven’s inkwell and put words on paper. I want the same for you. As we begin, join me before the throne of grace in prayer:

Father God, only you know how desperate our hearts cry out to be free. Only you know how to make our crooked places straight. Thank you for grace, your infinite, wonderful, marvelous grace. When overwhelming darkness smothers us, your grace renews our strength. When obstacles cause us to stumble and fall, your grace lifts us up. When life comes crushing down on us, your grace leads us to still waters where we find our rest in you. We trust you and praise you, in Jesus’ name. Amen.

Are you ready? The pages await us.



KEEP READING!

This book is available in print or for Kindle

Click here to order now on Amazon.com