

Bast the Beast

Escape from Evil!

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Believe it or not, this is a true story, with changed names, of a psychic battle I fought with a demon. It resulted from a cult rescue project.

While helping Tammi sever her ties with a black coven of witches, I encounter a demonic force. Bast, goddess of the underworld, appears and wages a battle to hold her victim. I am compelled to aid a desperate soul seeking protection. The help she seeks is not physical. The help is psychic, and it is dangerous.

Tammi appeared in my office during the summer of 1981. Her demeanor screamed of confusion and ill health. She confessed that she had spent several years practicing black magic. Tammi enjoyed the sense of power and control. Eventually, she realized that she had become the emotional and spiritual captive of a local coven. When she attempted to sever the communal ties, she became the target of vicious attacks.

Following three months of intense spiritual counseling, she began to feel free. It was merely illusion. The real work was yet to begin. The final confrontation was near.



That fateful evening, I had presented a training session on communication skills in Redding, California. I had a 100 mile drive ahead of me. It was late, nearly midnight. I was tired and somewhat preoccupied. My mind barely registered the mechanics of driving.

Suddenly chills slithered up my spine. Midnight sounds like wind howling through a graveyard rang through my ears. The stench of brimstone assailed my senses. It's amazing how ugly sulphur can smell. The charged air spoke of something drastic waiting to happen. Suddenly alert, my spiritual consciousness detaches itself, leaving my empty body to pilot the car.

Behold the vision! "She" appeared. She was the black side of Bast, the beast of the underworld. The force of evil, the ancient demon of Hell was there. She was ugly. She was powerful. She was very angry.

Bast hovers before the windshield, pacing the speed of my car. She has burning red eyes, the color of hot coals in a smoldering campfire. Her pointed ears and long nose accent a ghoulish face. Her upper torso is that of a wicked crone. Her long talons replace fingernails, dirty and bloody. Her lower torso takes the shape of a long V that disappears into a curl of smoke. An evil-looking red-black glow backlights her features, adding to my feeling of disgust and revulsion. She is the female counterpart of Satan. *Gloriously evil!*

Tammi's image appears. Though her physical body sleeps in Yuba City, her spirit body has been wrenched to the scene of the confrontation by Bast's evil



powers. Her soul is a helpless captive of the battle.

Bast spits a warning, "Leave her alone, Mortal. She is mine!"

A scream splits the air. "Help me!" Tammi pleads for release. Her screams of agony fill the night.

I issue a warning, "You are no longer in control here. Tammi is free of you and your followers. You cannot harm her. Begone!"

The wind reaches gale proportions. It engulfs my car, obscuring my body's vision of the road.

Dual awareness continues to monitor my body's physical peril. With a wave of my spirit-body hand, I prepare a swath of clear vision and shielding to provide physical safety to my body as it continues driving down the highway.

I gather the force of the Tao, an ancient concept of love's total power flowing through God's hands. I fashion a cloak of protection to sheathe my being. I strengthen and affirm my ties with God. I pray. I shield myself with His blinding light of truth and love. The encounter begins.

Now the air is still. A deceptive calm pervades.

The energies on both sides build and build - and build! The thunder roars! The



forces of good and evil engage in a fight to the finish!

Energies leap and thrust, tearing through the Heavens. Blazing fire burns on both sides. The blue fire battles the dark flames of the under-world. Demon fire burns. The sky is filled with red fire, dark smoke and a pervasive Evil!

Bast is consumed with rage. With a flick of her tail, the Demon engulfs the sacrifice. With claws and teeth, she assails the living flame of truth.

Her hatred and evil are living beings! Fire red eyes burn bright. Putrid breath spews forth. Anger and hatred blast away. Twisting and turning in rage, the Demon fights on.

Bast strikes out, attempting to dismember me. She encounters resistance in the white light. I grasp her arms and hold her. She screams! She thrusts. She twists away. The white light scorches her skin. She endures searing pain. Her anger escalates.

My challenge rings out, "The power of God is stronger than the power of Hell's minions. You cannot win. Yield now."

Her reply blasts through my mind. "Never! I am powerful. I am the Goddess of the Underworld. I shall tear you apart!"

Extending my hand, I detonate a burst of white light that reaches into the very depth of her darkness. All of her secrets are revealed. She stands naked in



the light. Tammi is released, but not free. Bast is shamed. She runs from the light, only to return more enraged than before.

The battle rages on for nearly an hour. The car drives forward, guided by my empty body. My spirit-body wages the deadly battle. My wager in this game is high. I risk my own spirit as well as Tammi's.

The temperature rises, searing my face. The smell of brimstone still permeates the air and assaults my senses. Dark clouds dance across the sky.

But wait! The love force IS stronger than evil! The power of God stands as a white pillar of strength amidst the foul stench of Hell. I remain untouched, my protection is strong.

The dark forces slowly weaken. Black clouds shade to grey. Grey clouds disappear. Shrieks of anger and frustration pierce the air. Bast is losing her victim.

With one last powerful lunge, Bast attempts to wrench Tammi from my iron grip of protection. Claws slash. Teeth rip. The beast's tail swishes through the air like a determined serpent. With all this, she fails.

Defeated, she pulls away. Glaring at me, she disappears.

The fire of the Tao burns bright! God's force is triumphant!



Tammi and I are released. The Demon is banished from the earth plane. That is, until some other hapless human summons her! The danger of releasing the powers of Hell upon the earth is ever present. Any mortal who tempts evil by playing with black magic faces this same threat. But for the moment, I rejoice in the knowledge that Bast is banished.

Divine order is restored. Tammi's soul returns to her sleeping body. I return to my body. It did its work without my conscious guidance.

It kept on driving and kept me safe. It has now reached Chico. I am grateful.

Feeling mentally and physically exhausted, I pull off the highway for a cup of coffee. I must rest and reflect to restore my energies.

The battle was good. Good, or God, won again. May it always be so.

*Note: in mythology and esoteric energy realms, there are two different entities named Bast. This was the evil being. The other, older pre-history goddess Bast is

a powerful and positive force. It is easy to confuse the two by name alone. But, believe me, they are very different beings.

