

# Christian -N- Self



Confronting the Idol of SELF



Drs. Duane & Darilyn Bemis

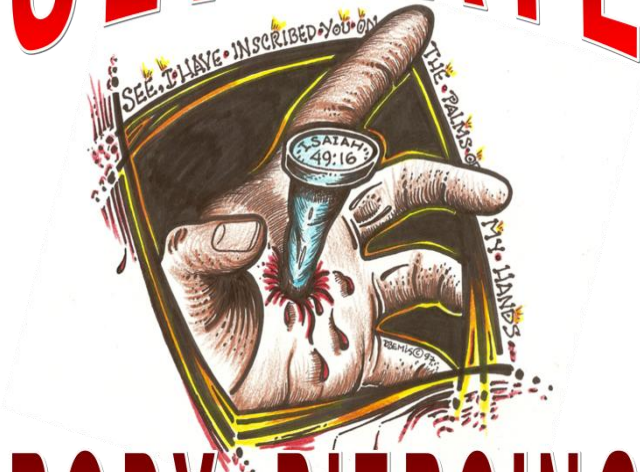
# Christian -N- Self



*Confronting the Idol of 'Self'*

Author, Artist, and Designer  
Drs. Duane & Darilyn Bemis

# ULTIMATE



# BODY PIERCING

Isaiah 49:16



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# ISAIAH 61:10



I will greatly rejoice in the LORD,  
My soul shall be joyful in my God;  
For He has clothed me with the  
garments of salvation,  
He has covered me with  
the robe of righteousness...



**I hear you singing!**

# Dedication

- I dedicate this project to Jesus who called to my heart to serve Him on July 4, 1981. The Lord Jesus saved this sinner purely through His grace and mercy. I am saved because He suffered a violent love for me. He carried my ugly sins to the Cross upon His scared back. He bore my sins and brought my sins to death, and paid my price for me. Jesus is my hero and is established on the throne of my heart where I worship Him and Him alone. Through His death and through His shed blood I am washed as white as snow. To Him be all the glory, all honor for He alone is worthy because He was slain, for He is the perfect sacrifice.
- I also dedicate this book to my beloved helpmate, Darilyn Valerie who upholds me in her personal prayer life.

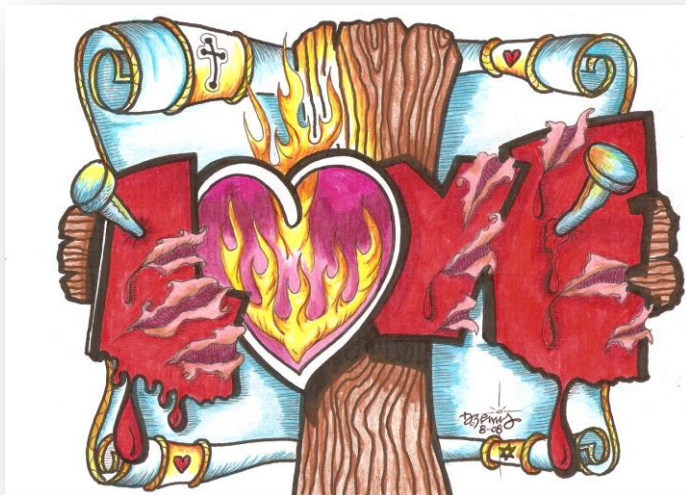


*The Secret of the Secret Place: read Matthew 6:5-15 and learn how to pray according to the words of Jesus.*

Dr. Duane Bemis 02/2012

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*“It is by His blood I am washed clean. And this is why I will declare the goodness of my God. While I was dead in my trespasses He chose to redeem me! And the stripes on His back where destine for me and by these stripes I am healed? That my friend, is as good as it gets!” Dr. D. L. Bemis*

## **Introduction**

I entered McDonald's, and there I found the idol of "self" standing so proud on the altar of my heart. He just whispers into my ear, "FEED ME! SUPER-SIZE IT! FEED ME A LARGE MILKSAHKE, LARGE FRENCH FRIES, AND A BIG MAC!"

I remember all the cute cartoons where you have the devil in one ear and an angel in the other. But for me, I don't have to worry about the devil as much as I do this idol of 'self'. He is my worst enemy, and he is always trying to have me feed him his passions and his desires. 'Self' wants center stage on the throne of my heart. I want Jesus established on the throne within my heart, but I find this idol of 'self' always sneaking around and climbing to take the hill and stand there as king!

But the time has come to violently cast the idol of 'self' down and crucify him over and over again until only Jesus is found center stage upon the throne in your heart, and only Jesus is truly worshipped. Come with me on

this funny, but real story of the conflict inside every Christian.



*“Let us lift up the name of Jesus higher and higher. Come with me and let us go to the house of God and sing new songs of praise.”*

Dr. D. L. Bemis

# Chapter One

## *“Wrapped in Christianity”*



## **Wrapped in Christianity**

I was so happy the 4<sup>th</sup> of July 1981 had just passed and it was the morning of the 5<sup>th</sup>, and something had happened deep inside my heart. Late on the 4<sup>th</sup> I had surrendered to Jesus and this bright light came into my heart and changed me from the inside out. I did not know what had happened, but I did know it was God. I knew it was God because of this great peace that filled every fiber inside of me.

Three days later this Jesus whispered in my heart to rid my life of the pornography magazines. I knew this quiet voice must be God, and that He was leading me in good ways. But I heard ‘SELF’ as he climbed up on the altar in my heart and so proudly said, “YEA, YOU SHOULD GET RID OF YOUR PRONO. BUT, SELL IT IN A GARAGE SALE. YOU CAN MAKE SOME MONEY SELLING THAT STUFF.”

In the other ear I heard the newly established whisper of Jesus, *“Do you really want to sell your sin for profit? Do you really want to pass on your addiction to someone else? Do you really want to put them through the bondage you have had to endure?”*

This was the first time I had confront the “idol of self” and I said, “Self, it is time that you climb down off the throne in my heart and make room for Jesus. I am going to follow Him!”

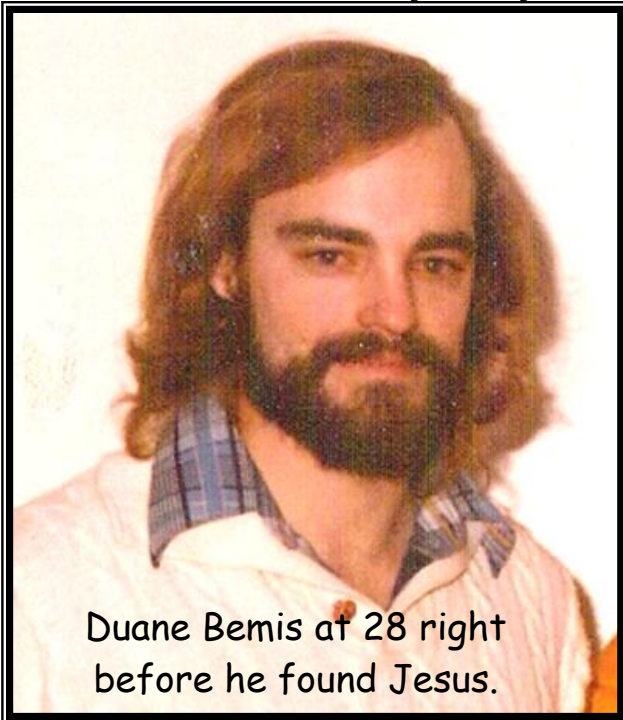
This began my longest running battle for the right to sit upon the throne inside my own heart. I did not know at the time that this would be a battle that would play out in my life for many years to come. I will even go as far as to say that I believe this “IDOL of SELF” or self worship is plaguing most Christians today.

I soon found my heart hungering to read the Bible. I found a Bible and began reading. My heart hungered and thirsted for Jesus. I wanted to establish Jesus on the throne, and I wanted to

know His voice. But ‘self’ raised his ugly head and spoke very condescending, “Listen, you don’t like to read, remember you never even read one book in high school.”

I thought for a moment and then retorted, “But this time I want to read and I am going to learn what Jesus said.”

“But, remember how poorly you did in school and how they took you



Duane Bemis at 28 right before he found Jesus.

out of your normal class to go to special education, “self,” uttered under his breath.

“Yes, that was my past and I don’t understand it, but now I hunger to read the Bible. So get down from the throne again and listen to the Word of Go,” I proclaimed to “self”.

I began demanding “self” to listen to the Bible as I read it cover-to-cover. I also started to make ‘self’ obey that which I was reading.

“Listen to this,” I said with enthusiasm to “self”, “*And when he brings out his own sheep, he goes before them; and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice (John 10:4).* Jesus said this and I know I’m not going crazy because I hear God’s voice.”

“Self” was so full of self that he lashed out, “How do you know Jesus is God?”

“Well, listen to what Jesus said; *I am the way, the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through Me (John 14:6)*. And again He says, *“Most assuredly, I say to you, before Abraham was, I AM (John 8:58),”* I was enjoying reading and learning for the first time what Jesus said and for the first time it was making sense. Jesus proclaimed that He was before Abraham, and the Jewish men wanted to kill Jesus. They wanted to do this because stoning was acceptable punishment for people who claim to be God or in real religious terms, blasphemy.

“Self” was finding it hard to combat the words spoken by Jesus, but I had been feeding “self” whatever he wanted for over 28 years. But now it was time to establish Jesus on the throne inside my own heart. I saw Jesus on the cross and I saw Jesus dying for all mankind, but now it was time to make it personal.

# MY SHEPHERD



"The thief does not come except  
To steal, and to kill, and to destroy.  
I have come that they may have life,  
And that they may  
have it more abundantly."  
John 10:10

On a separate paper answer the following.

- 1. “Who have you been feeding the most, “self” or Jesus? Remember your answer is between you and Jesus.**
- 2. Time for you to pray to Jesus about what you have learned from this chapter.**
- 3. How is the “Idol of Self” doing or in what area is he still ruling your life?**

## Chapter Two “Monday Night Football”



I continued to read my Bible. I loved to read and find great truths inside the cover. Today I can tell you that I have completed twenty five complete trips through the Bible. More and more I could understand the scriptures. My battle with “self” seemed to be an on going problem. I found the idol of “self” my biggest challenge.

One day as I read from the prophet Ezekiel I learned a key principal or the heart of God. Listen as I try to teach you a truth that has helped me win this battle with the idol of “self”.

**Ezekiel 20:6**

*On that day I raised My hand in an oath to them, to bring them out of the land of Egypt into a land that I had searched out for them, ‘flowing with milk and honey,’ the glory of all lands.*

In this scripture you can see that this promised of God is marked by the fact that God raised His hand. Our courts today use the same demonstration when one is sworn in by the raising of our right hand. When we do this we are swearing to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help us God! God raised His hand in truth because He is Truth. His promise to our individual heart is that He has searched out a personal Promise Land.

I hope you see the great spiritual truth in these words penned by Ezekiel.

Ezekiel is telling us that God is for us not against us. Listen, this is God's heart. The Lord is raising His hand in hopes that someone might take Him at His word. So I have set out to be the one person that trusts in the Lord who raised His hand in an oath to me. Now let us read the next verse.

**Ezekiel 20:7**

*Then I said to them, 'Each of you, throw away the abominations which are before his eyes, and do not defile yourselves with the idols of Egypt. I am the LORD your God.'*

All the Lord is requiring from me is to throw away my idols if I want to find the Promise Land He has searched out just for me. If we can throw away our modern day idols from our life then we will have established Jesus on the throne of our hearts. But the idols don't go down easy. They always fight to remain center stage in our heart and in our thoughts. Listen again as 'self' shows his ugly head.

I was minding my own business one Sunday morning at church when

the preacher announced a Bible study just for men. My ears perked up and I was ready to sign up. The preacher announced that this men's Bible study would be on Monday nights.

"No, he didn't!" Mr. 'self' leaped upon his throne of importance.

"Monday nights is reserved for Monday Night Football. Are you ready for some football?" 'Self' began to sing. "Nothing is more important to me than Monday Night Football. Christian, did you hear that, nothing, nothing, I mean nothing is more important than FOOTBALL!"

"I would like to go to the Bible study; but I do like my football," mumbled Christian.

"Christian, I am calling you to go and learn more and more about Me," came the still small voice of my Savior.

"You have got to be kidding. You are not seriously thinking about giving up Monday Night football for some stupid Bible study," again 'self' proclaimed his importance as he sat down on his throne in selfish pride and stubbornness.

Jesus said as a simple fact, "Christian, I want you to learn some

things about me and this preacher can teach you. All you have to do is go.”

‘Self’ stood to his feet in a tantrum stomping his feet, “I want to watch football like I have been doing for years. For years I have had my way and I am not about to stop now! Do you not remember the hours of football you watched with your dad! I don’t think you want to give up those memories do you?”

I remembered this verse found in the last chapter of the Gospel of Matthew:

**Matthew 28:18-20**

*And Jesus came and spoke to them, saying, “All authority has been given to Me in heaven and on earth. Go therefore and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all things that I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the age.” Amen.*

With that 'self' was dethroned again. I realized that the Word of God carried power to defeat the idol of 'self'. What was it about the power and authority of God's Bible that 'self' had to be quiet and obey? The Lord brought to my remembrance:

**Hebrews 4:12**

*For the word of God is living and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the division of soul and spirit, and of joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.*

Again I thought about the fact that the Word of God is like a sword and it is an offensive weapon that has been given to me to fight off the enemy. And this enemy only wants to steal, kill, and destroy me. But Jesus wants to give me life, and life abundant (John 10:10) if I will only learn how to use this sword of His truth. Listen again as the Holy Spirit reminded me:

**Ephesians 6:17**

*And take the helmet of salvation,  
and the sword of the Spirit, which is  
the word of God;*

There it is my only weapon given to me to fight off the idol of 'self' and to keep him dethroned. Yet 'self' knows how to return to the throne of his former personal glory and I must continue in the battle through the wilderness towards the Promise Land. My weapon; a sharp two-edged sword used correctly cutting on the way in and on the way out.

The first Monday Night Bible study was fast approaching and then entered 'self' again.

"You could call and say you are sick," whispered 'self' as he went around my back and silently creped up the stairs to his old throne. "You are very tired aren't you? I mean you worked all day and you deserve a break."

"I cannot do that because Jesus is the truth I cannot lie anymore," Christian simply uttered.

Gruffly 'self' questioned and said, "What do you mean this Jesus is the truth; are you going to tell me that is written in the Bible somewhere?"

I stood in His authority and said, "Yes, Jesus said, *"I am the way, the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through Me."* (John 14:6)

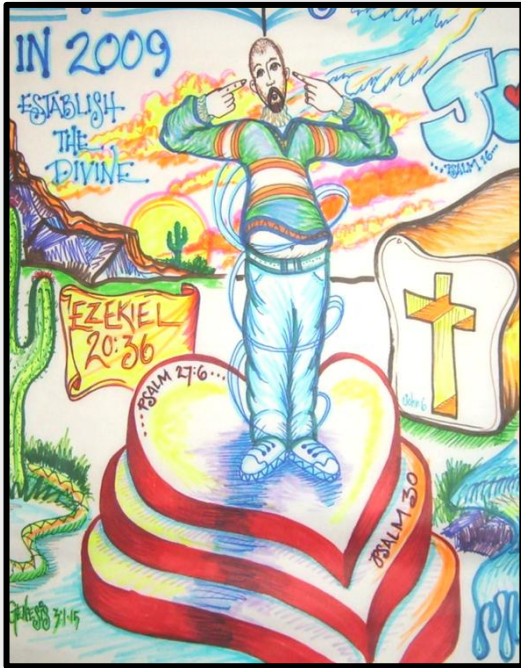
"You know I hate it when you act like a walking concordance." 'Self' said as he began getting down from his former throne.

Christian began again flashing the sword all around and showing 'self' just how sharp his sword was. Christian said, *"However, when He, the Spirit of truth, has come, He will guide you into all truth; for He will not speak on His own authority, but whatever He hears He will speak; and He will tell you things to come. (John 16:13)"* "I am going to follow Jesus and go to the Bible study even though I would like to stay and watch the football game."

Christian closed his eyes and talked just to Jesus, ignoring 'self'. "Jesus, I would like to stay and watch the football game, but I want a new life

and a life that has You on the throne in this heart of mine. Help me throw away this idol of 'self'. Give me power to overcome him. Help me defeat him tonight as I walk in obedience to Your voice.”

Once again I walked in obedience and once again I defeated the idol of 'self'. I left the house that day with a smile on my heart and a gentle little hum from the overflow of the joy inside. I was humming “Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound that saved a wretch, like me!”



*“It’s all about me!  
Did you not hear me?”*

*It is always about me,  
Me, and more of me!”  
By ‘Self’ /2011*

## **Chapter Three** *“Under the Cover of Darkness”*



*Soldier of the Cross*

I had been an inner city high school teacher. Many of the teens in Lompoc, California knew me for this was the platform that God had given me. I used this platform to minister to the young people who wandered the streets on a Saturday night. Listen to one of the battles I had with “self” as I continued to try to dethrone him.

The night was upon me and I was headed out to the “Streets” as we called it. But this night was cold, dark, and fog filled the lower levels of the sky. A faint mist filled the air as the fog rolled in off of the West Coast. Lompoc California is about an hour north from Santa Barbara or five hours north of Los Angeles.

I looked up to the light of the street lamp to see the midst filtering down in streams. On this particular night only two of us were going to brave the cold, and minister to the local street kids.

For three years every Saturday night was filled with adventure as a

small band of brothers and sisters, in Christ, ventured out to mingle and share their personal testimonies with the less fortunate. The students that wandered the “Streets” knew me and would come over and share their hearts and many would ask their personal questions about God. I would share my personal story with them and led them to the foot of the cross. But this night was different.

Tonight there was nothing stirring not even a mouse. LOL

The air was still and the noise was calm compared to most nights. We expected little when a car pulled up and rolled down their driver side window. The frantic parents on the inside shared their hearts about their missing daughter. I knelt by the car and offered up a prayer to Him who sits on the throne in Heaven. Boy, did I feel spiritual, but that was about to change.

After the car drove off I noticed, in the parking lot, a small group of people gathering. Soon there were

more and more teens and young adults. As I looked closer I could see that the gangs were forming lines and about to fight or rumble as it was called in my day and age. I saw baseball bats, chains, and knives. That is when everything seemed to change.

“Christian, go,” said the quiet whisper of Jesus.

‘Self’ climbed back up onto the throne in my heart and declared, “Now just wait a minute here.”

I quieted my heart and realized how sneaky ‘self’ was. ‘Self’ made it back onto the throne of my heart so quickly. This idol had to be thrown down again and inside my heart I ran over and proclaimed; ‘Self,’ get down from there.”

“Listen, I’m a chicken, remember. I enlisted in the Air Force not the Marines, and I know you saw the weapons and I’m just not into pain.” ‘Self’ rambled on reminding me of his importance.

I ran up to the throne and tackled ‘self,’ and I had to force him into submission. I declared, “Self, you are crucified in the name of Christ Jesus and no longer live.”

‘Self’ resisted firmly and boldly declared, “I don’t want to go over there I might be hurt or even die, and then what are you going to say to Jesus when you see Him face-to-face.”

“Oh dear Jesus, I might be in your presence in a few minutes. My knees are trembling and my hands are sweaty, but I want to obey Your voice. Help me please,” I prayerfully uttered in all earnestness.

I picked up my Bible and the young skinny man with me said, “The Lord wants us to go over there, right?”

All I could do was nod my head up and down in a ‘yes’ motion. As we began to head over into the midst of the two gangs I heard from the crowd, “Bemis is coming.”

It was at this moment that every one from both gangs looked over at me and my Christian brother.

“I told you I’m a chicken, and I need to turn and run right now!” ‘Self’ leaped up and ran to the top of the throne in my heart again.

“I thought I told you to get down from up there,” I cried out with a shaky voice as I tried to order ‘self’ down from center stage on the throne. “I am trying to establish Jesus upon the throne of my heart, and you must die you old man of my own flesh and blood.”

“I will not move, no we need to run and run now unless you want to get shanked; and personally that just doesn’t work for me. Because you know it is all about me, me and more of me,”

“ ‘Self’ declared with one hand on his hip and one hand pointing to them the gangs.

“I have been crucified with Christ and I no longer live,” once again I had to pull out the sword of truth and quote Galatians 2:20 with authority given to me by Christ. “But the life I live now in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God who died for me!”

“Run man run,” ‘Self’ continued to declare.

“I want to run dear Jesus, but not my will, Your will be done,” I humbly spoke from the transparency of my inner heart.

Right then as we continued to slowly walk towards these two gangs they started to break up and leave. One by one they slipped back into the darkness, and all that was left was one from the Crip’s gang and one from the Bloods.

I boldly walked up to one of the leaders and started declaring God’s goodness. My Christian buddy walked to the other gang member and did the same. My greatest battle that night was

not Satan, was not the gangs, but to rule over the idol of 'self.' Later I found this scripture that echoes the battle inside my own heart for who was going to be established on the throne of my personal heart. Listen to the Prophet Isaiah:

**Isaiah 41:10**

*Fear not, for I am with you; Be not dismayed, for I am your God. I will strengthen you, Yes, I will help you, I will uphold you with My righteous right hand.'*

**Isaiah 51:7**

*Listen to Me, you who know righteousness, You people in whose heart is My law: Do not fear the reproach of men, Nor be afraid of their insults.*

# THE GOOD SHEPHERD



I am the good shepherd.  
The good shepherd gives  
His life for the sheep.  
John 10:11

*“Stay close the Good Shepherd who  
gives life and life abundant.”*

# PREPARE FOR BATTLE



Put on the whole armor of God,  
that you may be able to stand  
against the wiles of the devil.

Ephesians 6:11

## Chapter Four “Metal against Metal”



The phone rang and I heard great despair from the voice of a young lady who was scared and frightened. Her husband was going crazy and saying crazy things, and she feared for her life. He hit her, but she broke away and locked herself and her daughter into the bathroom. From behind the locked door she called me.

I answered the call and drove over to her apartment to find her husband in a drunken stupor.

We helped the young mother out of the house, and I was left with the troubled man. He was a veteran of the Viet Nam war and he began to talk to me about his time in the military. It was very apparent that he was suffering against “Post Traumatic War Syndrome” (PTWS), and any little thing would ignite his flashbacks. These haunting flashbacks were troubling him deeply. I continued to search for the root issues and found that the military trained him for combat. He was a gunner trained to operate a 60 caliber machine gun. But

on one occasion he was in trouble and placed on Body Bag Detail. Body Bag Detail meant that he and his crew searched the jungles of Viet Nam for dead Americans. Once they found a dead body they literally scraped up the remains and placed them in body bags to be shipped home.

He explained how he started to have a fascination about death, and that he started to take his own photos of everything he saw. He told me that on one occasion he found an Air Force pilot's helmet, and inside were the remains of the pilot's head. When the military discovered what he was doing they confiscated all his photos and discharged him dishonorably from the military. But ever since that time he was been haunted by the devil and his mind was constantly tormented.

On the night that I visited his home, I found that the devil had escalated his torment. The torment had driven this man to drinking and drugs. For the enemy of our soul only comes to steal, kill, and destroy each and

every one of us. On this night he had been drinking and became out of control.

In the midst of this one on one conversation he quickly stood to his feet and said, “Just a minute I have something to show you!” He dashed off to his bedroom and I began to hear hollow metal parts being assembled. Once again there began a battle for the throne of my heart again.

‘Self’ jumped to his feet in fear and began voicing his opinion, “Run, he must be putting a machine gun together and he is going to come out and do a Columbine raid on us, RUN!” ‘Self’ declared loud and his voice trembling in the fear of death.

I quickly called out to the Lord, “Oh, Lord here I am again in need of Your strength because ‘self’ is making sense. But here I am willing to lay down my life for You. If You find me standing before Your throne in a few minutes, it is because I desire to do Your will not mine own.”

‘Self’ quickly stood firm upon my throne and once again declared with conviction, “Stupid, this is crazy, RUN,

I am telling you to RUN, I fear for my life.”

I pulled out the only offensive weapon I had and said, “*God has not given me a spirit of fear but of power, love, and a sound mind.*” (2 Tim. 1:7)

Once again I dethroned my personal inner adversary. Once again I won the battle against myself over who would sit upon the throne of my heart.

Now the rest of the story is the man came out of the bedroom wanting to show me how he made money. He came out with his window washing collapsible metal squeegee. Inside I laughed at myself about the whole fear factor thing. But I heard the voice of God, “Son, the fear was real and you found out how to become victorious over your earthly emotions, well done faithful servant.” I found great peace, great joy, and great love flowing through my bones as the Lord spoke to me. Let Jesus be established upon the throne of your heart just as Peter did when He dove overboard and found Jesus cooking breakfast.

# 1 JOHN 1:7



*"But if we walk in the light  
As He is in the light,  
We have fellowship with one  
Another, and the blood of Jesus  
Christ His Son cleanses us from sin."*

## Chapter Five “Gas Station”



Over the years there has been many times I have heard the voice of God and many times I think I am crazy. But I decided long ago to be a fool for Christ Jesus. Let me share a scripture with you:

**1 Corinthians 1:18**

*For the message of the cross is foolishness to those who are perishing, but to us who are being saved it is the power of God.*

**1 Corinthians 4:10**

*We are fools for Christ's sake, but you are wise in Christ! We are weak, but you are strong! You are distinguished, but we are dishonored!*

I decided that I had been a fool in my world and that I was the best of the best when it came to sin. Now it was time to be a fool for Christ and strive to be His best of the best.

One day I needed some gas so I went to the local 7-11 gas station and all I wanted to do was put \$10.00 in the tank. This is a while back when \$10.00

accurately gave you nearly a 1/2 tank of gas!

As I stood in line to pay I heard the Lord's voice, "I have a Word for the cashier." I just stood there battling with 'self' again.

"What give a word to this cashier right in front of all these people? What are the people going to think of me?" 'Self' demanded as all his index fingers pointed to himself.

"Lord, right here in a gas station, and You want me to give her a Word from You? I don't even know what the Word from You is." I pleaded my case with God Almighty.

I strained my ear to hear a Word from God again, but nothing. Nothing but silence filled the air in the hustle and bustle of the station. There were many noises in the air. I heard country western music over the radio playing, people behind me talking, and even the honking of a car horn outside. But there was no voice of God!

"See, you don't even have a Word for this young lady so keep quiet and no one will make fun of me," 'self' whispered inside my mind.

*“It is written, ‘Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeds from the mouth of God.’”*  
(Matthew 4:4) I uttered to ‘self’ and once again he climbed down off the throne in my heart, and once again Jesus was established as the King of all kings.

It was my turn to pay for my gas.



I handed the girl a \$10.00 dollar bill and as she grabbed it from me I continued to hold on to the bill. It was at that precise moment that out of obedience came, “Tell her that I have not forgotten about her and that if she will continue to be faithful in little, I will soon give her much more.”

Right there in front of God and everyone in the gas station she started to weep. She cried as she bunched in my money into the cash register.

I left and went out to put the \$10.00 worth of gas into my car. I drove off knowing once again I had overcome ‘self’ and once again I was filled with supernatural peace.

In my heart I wanted to go back inside and question this young lady about the Word of from God. But the Lord had taught me that I must leave it alone. Once I gave a word to someone I have to also leave the results to God.

But about two weeks later I was in the store again to get more gas, and she said, “You’re that man. You’re the one that gave me that Word from God!”

“Listen, I am just a messenger of God and I am nothing, but God is

everything.” I told her as she asked for my name. But I told her that was not important. I explained that only God needed to be important.

“I am a preacher’s kid and I stumbled and went head long into sin. I have thought that God just did not want me anymore, and I was thinking about leaving the church again until you gave me that Word,” she uttered.

Once again I found the peace of God filling my bones with His supernatural warmth. Right then she looked down at her arms and she had goose bumps running the entire length.

Dear reader, the time has come that we quit giving so much credit to Satan or the devil, and realize the real battle is to dethrone the idol of ‘self’.

Every one of us should desire to hear the voice of God since Jesus says it this way:

***John 10:3-5***

*To him the doorkeeper opens, and the sheep **hear his voice**; and he calls his own sheep by name and leads them out. And when he brings out his own sheep, he goes before them; and*

*the sheep follow him, for they **know his voice**. Yet they will by no means follow a stranger, but will flee from him, for they do not know the **voice of strangers**.”*

Our problem is that we know the voice of the stranger for we have made him a friend. But the time has come to desire the voice of God. Once you think you might be hearing the voice of God, then be a fool for Christ and do what the voice tells you to do.

Right now I want you to understand that God will never speak outside of His Word-the Bible. This is why it is important that you know the Bible and memorize portions of scriptures. This is how you will know it is God that you are hearing.

Make a commitment to read, study, and know the Word of God this year.

# ISAIAH 40:31



But those who wait on the LORD  
Shall renew their strength;  
They shall mount up on wings like eagles,  
They shall run and not be weary,  
They shall walk and not faint.

# Chapter Six

## *Blond and Blue Eyes*



I had decided to teach summer school one year. I started the day as usual. I stood and said hello to all my students as they entered my classroom. I also would shake everyone hand as they entered my class. I taught high school art and this class was an activity class. The morning started the same until a freshmen young lady entered my room. Now she entered my room everyday, but this Friday morning was to be different.

She was only 15 years old and I knew her family, but only by reputation not personally. I knew she was a cheerleader and always bubbly. As she entered the room she said, "Hello Mr. Bemis, how are you?"

I answered as always, "Abby, I am great, how are you?"

"I am fine." She said in a rather sad voice.

I thought nothing about it. I turned and walked to my desk. It was then that I heard the familiar voice of my Redeemer. My Savior said, "No, she is not fine. She has been busy with her

boyfriend and she is late on her period and she thinks she might be pregnant.”

I could not believe my ears. She was so young and she came from such a good church going home. I pondered about what I had just heard when it dawned on me that the Lord wanted me to do something. That is when ‘self’ entered and ran to the top of the stairs again on the throne inside my heart and the real battle began.

“No, you are not going to walk up to this little girl and tell her what you think you just heard God told you. One, she will think you are crazy. Two, she is a girl and you are a male teacher, and in the State of California this could be taken sexually and you will lose your job.” ‘Self’ raised his hands in utter disbelief as he spoke to my mind.

I immediately spoke to my Lord, “Lord, so You really want me to minister to this little girl? ‘Self’ is right I am a male teacher and in California I could get fired for this or it might be taken the wrong way.”

‘Self’ proclaimed, “No, no, no, you can’t tell me that you are really thinking about ministering to this

child. By the way did it ever occur to you that you might be wrong! If you are wrong you are going to make a real fool of out the God you serve.”

I humbled and quieted my heart before the Lord and said, “Lord, here I am if this is from You, I need Your help.”

God Almighty spoke and said to my attentive heart, “I want you to write her the message I have for her.”

I brought out paper and out of obedience I found myself writing a note to a student. I shook my head thinking about all that ‘self’ had proclaimed. But I knew inside my heart that I had to be a fool for my Jesus and do what he said. I scripted the message; page after page of great words of spiritual truth. I could hardly keep up with my Master.

One of the other teenagers in the room stood to her feet and looked around. She came to my desk and said, “The Lord is talking to you isn’t He?”

All I could do was shake my head in a yes motion.

She turned around and for 45 minutes she took over the activities

class and made sure everyone left me alone.

I finished the note from God to Abby. I could not get the words of ‘self’ out of my head. I prayed again to my Lord, “Father God Almighty, now what?”

A gentle whisper said, “Once the bell rings to change classes I want you to call Abby over and give her this note from Me.”

‘Self’ yelled, “You’re going to give her a note; that is ridiculous!”

“Lord, Your will be done on earth as it is in heaven,” I spoke in all sincerity.

The bell rang and I called Abby over. I began to shake as the presence of God was all over me. Abby came forward and as I gave it to her she began to cry. She turned and ran out of the room and I knew I might be fired for doing what I just did. But right then the warm peace of God entered my heart and I felt so good on the inside. I heard His voice again, “Thank you.”

Once again I wanted to know what was going on, but I had to remain silent and leave the results to God

alone. I had to sit on this for the entire weekend. But even when class began on Monday the Lord had told me to be silent.

Abby walked in and came over to my desk. With tears in her eyes she began to talk, “Mr. Bemis, the minute you gave me that note something came over me and I began to shake and cry. I quickly placed the note in my back pocket and went to my next class. I tried to open the note and read it, but all I could do is read the first sentence, ‘Oh daughter of destiny’, and the tears were even more. No one in the room noticed. I folded the note and put it back in my pocket. A few minutes went by and I tried again to read the note. This time I could only read a couple of more sentences when I was overwhelmed and put the note back into my pocket. It took me seven times before I could read the whole note. Mr. Bemis, I know this was from God because I told no one about my situation. I did not tell my sister, my parents, or even my boy friend, but God knew! God knew my problem and my fears. Well it was about two o’clock

in the morning when I got on my knees and repented as God had asked me to do. Then this warm peace came all over my body.”

By this time I was crying thinking about how God would choose me to move a heart towards Him. The letter was simple and to the point. God told Abby that if she was pregnant she needed Him. God went on to tell her that if she wasn't pregnant she still needed Him. Then the Lord told her to simply repent and ask God for forgiveness.

The real battle in my classroom that Friday morning was not with Satan, but trying to remove 'self' from the throne inside my heart.

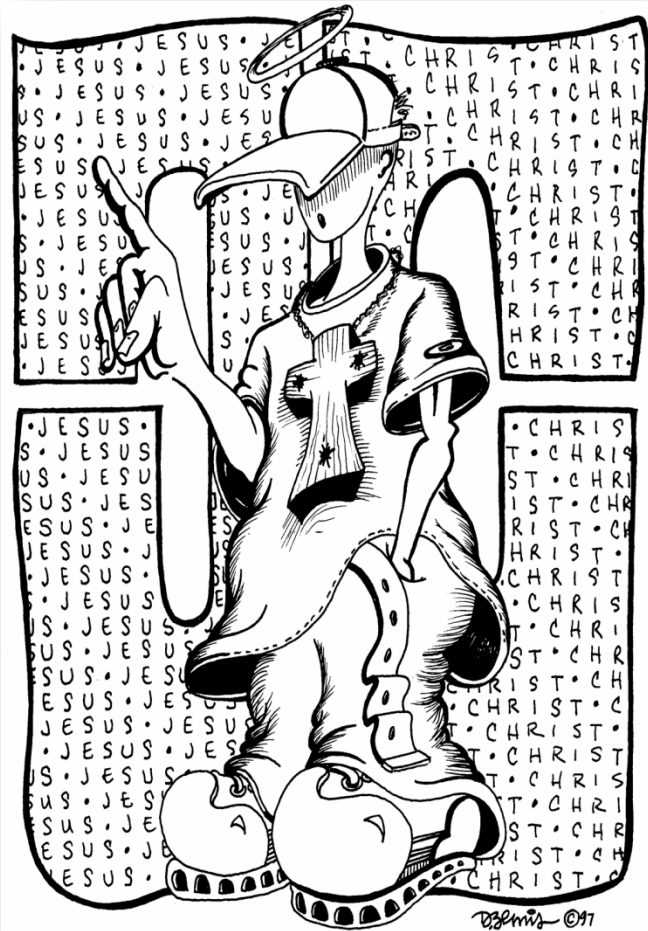
The Lord tells me today that inside your heart the same daily battle must take place. You must decide to throw 'self' off the throne and to establish Jesus as Lord over your life. Most Christians fail in this area hence they walk in utter defeat, and they are powerless. They are powerless for they listen to 'self' and obey his every command to feed 'self' more and more. But the time has come to dethrone 'self'

and in his place establish the King of  
Glory upon His rightful throne.



# Chapter Seven

## *“Naked I came”*



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Revival started to move at the high school where I taught. Nearly every day for about a month 50 high school students would come into my classroom for their lunch break and we would worship God. We had five guitar players and the Spirit of God moved mightily. Students were lifting their hands in total surrender to Jesus.

One day as I was getting up in the morning the Lord spoke to me and said, *“I am looking for a Bride that has made herself ready. I am going to demonstrate my power Tuesday afternoon at lunch time in your classroom. Tell the students to prepare and invite their youth leaders from their churches to come.”* So I obeyed and told the students what the Lord had said. The students were excited.

Tuesday came and we had two youth leaders and one pastor present. I presented the Word of God and what He had said and the Spirit of God started moving as we began to worship. The air was filled with the train of His robe. We had salvations, visions, and one young man heard the voice of God.

I asked him, “How do you know it was God? And what did this voice say to you?”

“I felt the voice of God echo through my bones!” He said with tears flowing down his cheeks.

We all began to cry. The presence of God touched everyone. I asked again, “What did the voice say to you?”

The young man went to his knees and said, “God told me that I was His, that I belonged to Him.”

With that we all began to cry even deeper. Everyone knew we had experienced a mighty move of God right in the middle of a public school. Apparently God forgot about separation of church and state.

A few days later right before spring break I heard the Lord again, “Take all your personal items and artwork out of the classroom.”

I obeyed and did as I was directed. Friday night I received a call from the Superintendent of Schools and he said, “Your classroom is in flames. Can you come down here right now?”

My wife and I left our home and we could see the flames shooting above the roof of my classroom some 50 feet. As we were going I was talking to God and He whispered, *“Naked I came from my mother’s womb, and naked shall I return there. The LORD gave, and the LORD has taken away; Blessed be the name of the LORD.”* Job 1:21

The Lord continued, *“Do not look at the destruction, but through the ashes look for My blessings.”*

As we pulled up in the parking lot the Superintendent and the Principal met us. He told me not to take this personal. I told him, *“Naked I came from my mother’s womb, and naked shall I return there. The LORD gave, and the LORD has taken away; Blessed be the name of the LORD.”* I then continued to tell him that I was fine and I knew in the midst of all this I will find the blessings of God.

The destruction was caused by a satanic cult in town that wanted to stop the move of God. But Jesus said, *“The thief does not come except to steal, and to kill, and to destroy. I have come that*

*they may have life, and that they may have it more abundantly.” John 10:10*

I had made my mind up to choose the joy of the Lord as my strength instead of looking and dwelling upon the evil. This attitude was contagious. My students started looking for the blessing and everywhere we looked the blessings were showering down upon us.

- † New classroom
- † New garbage cans
- † New neon scissors
- † New tables
- † New teacher’s desk
- † New everything

The school hired me to work that spring break, which put an additional \$1,500 in my pocket.

That school year my classroom was name as the State of California’s model classroom and many teachers from all over the state came to see us. My students would see them walk in, and led them around the new classroom, which was an old auto shop and show everyone our blessings.

One day the Superintendent of our school district brought the Superintendent of Education from the State of California through our classroom. The students smiled and shined as they showed our new classroom and all the blessings.

As you can see by this time Jesus had truly been established upon the throne of my heart and I was submitted under His government, which rest upon His shoulders.

**Isaiah 9:6**

For unto us a Child is born,

Unto us a Son is given;

**And the government will  
be upon His shoulder.**

And His name will be called

Wonderful, Counselor, Mighty  
God,

Everlasting Father, Prince of  
Peace.

## Chapter Eight

### *“Mexico Mission”*



I was on a missionary trip into Mexico. We entered at Tijuana, Mexico and there was a total of 80 on this adventure.

We broke into 3 different mission teams. One team was in the field of medical. They were going to work in the medical clinic giving free medical to the locals.

Another team built small houses for the local people. When I saw small I

mean small. We used a total of 12 sheets of plywood and this included the roof. But the people loved what this team did. They built 5 of these, which in the USA would be considered tool sheds.

Another team was to handle the street evangelism and this was my team. We would drive into a poverty stricken area and set a couple of tables up and give away cloths. Our church had had a old cloths drive and we had so many bags of clothes to give away. Again the people were so appreciative of our generosity. I used many interpreters and we lead many souls to Salvation.

The people we connected with in Mexico told us to not leave the medical compound during darkness because of the gangs in the area. We built a big fire and sang songs. But in the midst of all the noisy and the praise and worship I knew I needed to get off by myself with my Jesus.

So I left the compound and walked up the hill overseeing the missionary team prasing and worshipping God. I was about a soccer

field away sitting by myself talking to God. Suddenly I hear young men behind me. Must have been about twenty gang members walking toward me and I was scared. My feet wanted to run.

“Show no fear,” I heard within my mind. I said, “That is easy for You, You are God. But I want to run.”

Self once again was sitting very proudly upon the throne within me. Once again I had to confront ‘Self’. I was filling with fear. Then I pulled out the sword again and said, “*God did not give me a Spirit of fear but power, love and a sound mind.*” I followed this with, “If I am standing in front of You in a few minutes don’t You ask me why-You will know why.”

I did not know much Spanish but I understood their first question which was who was having a party down there in that compound. I told them the, “Fiesta Cristiana!”

One gang member walked in front of me and said that cocaine was his god. But about five stayed and continued talking with me. Right then a member of the missionary team walked

out and I saw his shadow and knew it was him. I called down the hill and he came and we lead the young men to the Lord.

The trip into Mexico was a great accomplishment and we were headed home. The evangelist team had great salvation fruit. We all went home with a smile on our hearts.

Just on the other side of the boarder and on our home turf we stopped at McDonalds. We all hungered for some good old fashion cholesterol. Or should I say a good old fashion Big Mac. So all 80 of us stopped and filled the burger place.

About that time the fog was rolling in and it was getting cold when I noticed a young lady in a little bikini. She was outside and all alone. She was freezing and I heard the Lord whisper into my Spirit, *“Give her your jacket the nice grey one.”*

Self jumped up and ran to the top of the throne in my heart and said, “80 Christians here and you are asking me. Go ask someone else.”

Self, whom I thought was defeated, was back on the throne. I do

not even know how he got there so fast. I had just spent a week doing the will of God and now this. I looked around at all the young ladies on our team and they had an abundance of extra clothing. Why me! I then noticed and counted all the young men who they too could afford to give their cloths away too. But no one moved. I wondered if the Lord was talking to any of them.

You see I was a father of six children and two of my kids where with me. I had a single income and I only had this one jacket, the grey one that I loved.

Self then proclaimed, "In all the luggage in the many different vans and trailers you would not be able to locate yours." I then looked up and low and behold my duffle bag was on top of the pile in the van I was driving. Go figure. Personally I think God was laughing as He slid that bag to the top.

I had to tackle 'Self' again and throw him down. I had to say, "I have been crucified with Christ and I no longer live." Once again I had victory over the idol of 'Self' as I went over to

my bag and pulled out my soft, nice, grey jacket. I then took it over to the young lady and she thanked me. She had been left by her youth group and was waiting for them to come back and get her.

We loaded up and started the seven hour drive back to our city. In my van it became very quiet. I was wondering why no one was talking. When a young person said, “Mr. Bemis, what you did was very heroic.”

“Heroic, no I was fighting with God all the way until I finally threw the idol of self off the throne in my heart,” I responded.

“The Lord was talking to me but I refused to give in,” One replied in sorrow and with a tear in her eye.

“I too did not obey I refused and just kept looking and eating my burger,” responded yet another young heart.

Another young heart spoke, “Me too, sorry Mr. Bemis.”

“No need to say sorry to me, just repent and next time obey,” I declared.

After twelve young people repented we had a revival the rest the way home.

The following Sunday a few of us shared our trip with the congregation and two of the young people shared how my obedience to the voice of God really touched their selfish hearts.

Oh, Give God all the glory.



Go to [www.fggbemis.org](http://www.fggbemis.org) and click on the "Stores" tab and you can find another 70 plus designs by Bemis.

## Chapter Nine

### *“School Nurse”*



I found 'Self' standing on the throne in my heart one morning. All I did was walk by the nurses office, which I always did, and I said hello and she said, "I'm Okay."

The Lord whispered, "*Go back, she found out last night that her husband was having an affair with the woman next door and I need to you minister to her.*"

'Self' quickly uttered, "She is an old lady and what if this word is not true? She is going to think I am some sort of Jesus freak!"

Ever realize how many excuses 'Self' has? And he talks too much. But I walked to my room trying to get the Lord's words out of my head. I wrestled all day long with the Lord. 'Self' was firmly sitting on the throne within my heart. Finally after 6 hours of wrestling with the Lord I finally was able to throw 'Self' off and establish Christ again.

How did I do this time? The same way I had to pull out the sword and strike 'Self' with this verse, "*We are fools for Christ's sake...*" 1 Corinthians 4:10a

After school I walked into the nurses office and I started by repenting and asking for forgiveness. Everything the Lord had whispered into my mind was 100% accurate.

I was able to pray with her and shortly after this she was also diagnosed with breast cancer. My wife and I made a promise to her to come every Tuesday night and bath her in prayer or in God's presence.

She attended a local church but that church did not experience the presence of God. We anointed her every Tuesday and as we prayed the glory of God would come down and bath her in His presence. She would tremble, she would shake and she always wanted more.

The Lord never healed her but she told us on many occasions that she did not have the side effects from the chemotherapy as others did. She also witnessed every time she went in for her appointments.

The only way I have found to defeat that old man inside of me is by knowing the Word of God. I try to read through the Bible cover to cover each

year. You will find that this battle with 'self' will be over your entire Christian life. There is no way around this but repeated victory over him breeds more victories later in life.

The battle against 'Self' is the hardest thing I have had to do as a Christian. Don't blame everything on Satan he is a small part of the battle the larger batter is within.

Since the Word of God is the only offensive weapon this is why I challenge everyone to read it daily. Not only read it but also memorize it if you want personal victory over 'Self.' Or am I the only Christian that battles with the idol of 'Self'. I think not. If you are truthful and real you know that the battle against 'Self' and his fleshly desires is a daily battle. But I am here to tell you that it is possible to repeatedly win against this menace.

In conclusion I want you to think about removing the idol of 'self' off of the throne in your heart in 2009 and establish the Divine this year. Establish Jesus on the throne of your personal heart once and for all!

Let me ask you some questions?

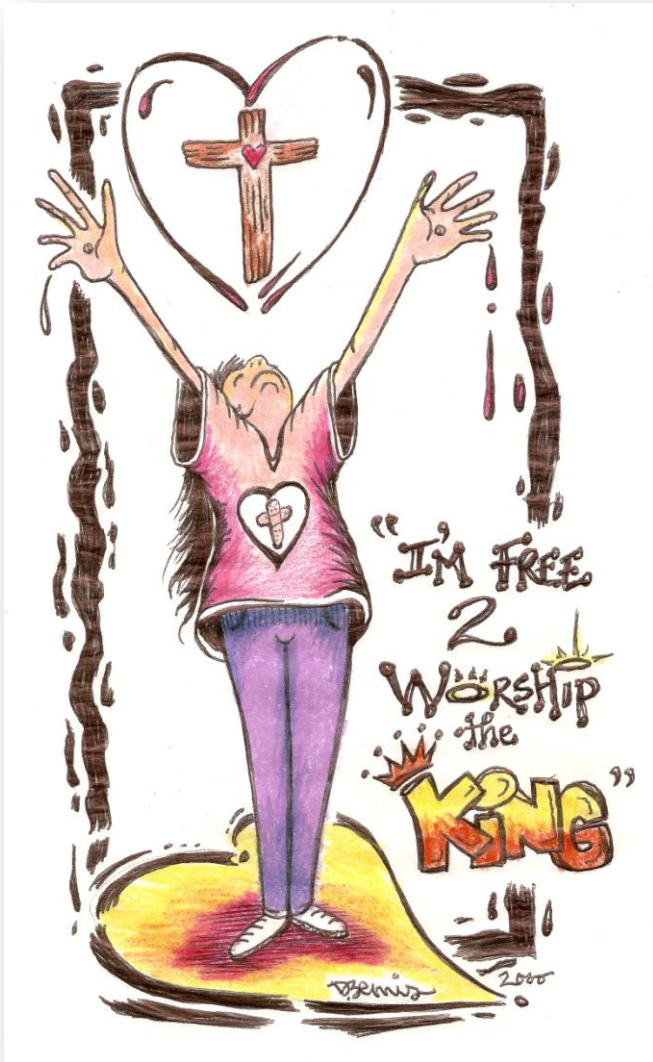
1. “Who have you been feeding the most ‘self’ or Jesus? Remember your answer is between you and Jesus.
2. Have you won a battle against the ‘Idol of self?’ Explain
3. Has the ‘Idol of self’ won any battles of wills in your life?
4. What areas has the “Idol of self” hindering you from moving forward in the things of God?
5. In what area is he still ruling your life?
6. Pray to Jesus about what you have learned from this book.





"I am the vine, you are the branches.

He who abides in Me,  
And I in him, bears  
Much fruit; for without Me  
you can do nothing." John 15:5



## Biography

Dr. Duane Bemis is originally from the Pacific Northwest and Darilyn was born in Hawaii. The two meet in California while both ministered at an AWANA Christian Camp Program. Years later they found themselves alone and the Lord brought them together to make an even more powerful ministry.

Drs. Duane and Dr. Darilyn Bemis started four churches behind the razor wire in Big Spring, Texas. They started at one prison with one inmate. Today the monthly attendance is over 2,000. Each prison church is reaching over 10% of each yards total population.

Darilyn is an anointed worship leader singing in English, Spanish, and Hawaiian. Dr. Darilyn is also ordained and license through Dr. John Delgado, Vision International Leadership Network. Currently holds a Bachelor Degree in Theology, an Associate Arts degree in Theology, and Ministial

Degree in Theology. Currently she holds an earned Doctorate in Ministry and currently Ph. D. from Texas University of Theology.

Duane Bemis graduated with a Ph. D., in Christian Counseling from Vision International University of California in 2007 and he and his wife brought a resource center of VIU to Big Spring, Texas in 2008. Bemis graduated from Eastern Washington University in 1979 with two Bachelor degrees. One in Studio Art and the other in Art Education. After teaching for five years he went and obtained his Master's degree in Education from Washington State University in 1986. After teaching for many years and volunteering in prison ministry he began full time Chaplain position in 2003.

Duane and Darilyn published their first book, "Twice Broken Once Healed," a Biblical approach to emotional healing. This book is a great curriculum for life recovery. Recently revised and now called "Brokenness 2 Wholeness. After that came "The Carpenter's Apprentice," and both

books are in English and Spanish.  
Another two books, “Death is a Part of  
Life,” and “The Plague of Darkness.”



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