

Fortune-telling Slave Girl

Do you feel like people are using you? Listen to my story! I am a slave, taken by Romans from my tribe which they called barbarians, used as a dwelling place by an unclean spirit and employed by my owners to read people's thoughts for money. Let me explain, because it all changed when I met Paul and his Lord, Jesus Christ!

My people dealt with spirits all the time. Our druids and wise women knew the secrets of the dark world. My mother offered me to the forces in exchange for knowledge and power – not killing me but just making me “available” When the Romans came, all the warriors were killed and people who could be “useful” were enslaved. That was the Roman way.

I was taken to the Roman colony of Philippi. I was very young and intended to be a household slave with the option of “other duties” when I began to mature. My owners were alarmed when I was able to read their thoughts. On the one hand it wasn't all that hard to see their lewd gazes, but I had the power to describe in detail the wanderings of their minds.

At that point they realized that I could become a profitable business venture for them, telling fortunes. As you might know, most of that “power” is not actually telling the future but simply seeing what the client wants to hear. My resident spirit probed their minds and gave me “amazing” revelations. People gladly turned over cash to my owners – nothing ever got to me.

When Paul appeared on the scene, I saw that he was in touch with a much higher power – the Most High God, in fact. I called out, “These men are servants of the Most High God, who are telling you the way to be saved.” That was me speaking, not the demon. I was calling for help and what I said was absolutely true. Paul responded, “In the name of Jesus Christ I command you to come out of her!”

Why did Paul not appreciate my advertising for him? Well for one thing, I was working for the enemy, but he was also reacting because of compassion for me! The unclean spirit left me, and my power was gone. My owners, whose philosophy of life was “love money and use people,” were angry. They complained to the authorities about this interference with their business. They succeeded in getting Paul and his companion beaten and thrown in prison.

But I was free. I had encountered this powerful Jesus, in whose name I was set free and from then on, He protected and nurtured me. I was introduced by one of the other slaves to a prayer group that included Lydia. She was a wonderful, loving woman, the mother I never had. She actually bought me from the abusive owners and let me work in her clothing business. The prayer group became a church and was even joined by the family of the jailer, who became a Christ-follower as a result of Paul having been thrown in prison. This means that I was a missionary without even intending to be one!

When we shared our stories, it was clear that there are many paths leading to Jesus. But then, Jesus is The Way! He is also The Truth and The Life. Even I, though uneducated and a slave, could understand that, because I had experienced it!

Acts 16, 26, 2 Corinthians 11, Ephesians 6, 1 Peter 5