



*Crying Pen
Productions*

will be heard

WHAT THE DEVIL CAN DO

He used to think the enemy was stronger than him.

Not because he loved sin.

Because he kept losing in the same places.

It never started loud.

It started tired.

A long day. A short fuse. A quiet room that felt like relief.

Then the drift.

Not a demand. A suggestion.

You deserve a break.

You've been good today.

God understands.

He used to call that an attack.

But honesty exposed it.

Most of the time, it wasn't force.

It was permission.

The enemy didn't overpower him. He waited.

He learned patterns.

Weak hours. Tired days. Familiar moods.

Not with chains.

With doors left cracked.

The lie wasn't that temptation was strong.

The lie was that he was powerless.

Clarity arrived when he stopped blaming the darkness and started checking the entrances.

What he watched when no one was around.
What he entertained when his guard was down.
What he excused because it felt normal.

That's when he remembered a line he had heard but never applied:

Submit to God. Resist the devil, and he will flee.

Not struggle.
Not negotiate.
Flee.

The order mattered.

He had tried to resist without submitting.
Fighting in his own strength.
Wondering why nothing moved.

So he changed the approach.

He prayed before the quiet got heavy.
He worshiped before he felt clean.
He shut doors early instead of begging for strength late.

Resistance stayed quiet.
But it stayed firm.

Stand.
Pray.
Refuse.

Some days refusal meant turning the phone off.
Some days it meant speaking out loud just to break the spell.
Some days it meant worship in a room that still felt heavy.

And every time he resisted, something shifted.

Not because he felt powerful.
But because he stood under authority.

He learned this the hard way:

The devil can pressure you.
He can lie.
He can accuse.

But he can't make you agree.

He can't take authority.
He can only borrow what someone hands over.



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