

From: TERRY WHITE

Date: October 25, 2018 at 1:02:16 PM PDT

To: TERRY WHITE

Subject: Letter to Sonny

Thanksgiving Day 1989 was to be just like any other Thanksgiving Day at mom's house, filled with the smells and joy that it always brought year after year. Except this Thanksgiving Day was going to be quite different.

I was sleeping in my bed around nine o'clock in the morning when I heard the door open and mom talking to Sonny Hutala a friend from church. After hearing a short conversation between the two I heard mom begin to pray loudly and sounds coming from what appeared to be Sonny's voice only it wasn't Sonny's voice. The hair instantly went up on the back of my head. I knew how my mom prayed and believe me no devil in hell was going to win a fight with her so I sat for a minute in my room and listened as she prayed and rebuked the demons that had now seemed very apparent to me had taken control of Sonny. After just a few minutes she

came bursting into my room and said "Terry I need your help NOW". I got up and got dressed immediately and went out to the living room where I could see Sonny sitting on the floor just looking out into space with glazed over eyes. Mom looked at me and said we need to pray for Sonny but the look she gave me was one I had seen before from her, I understood what she meant by just that look. As we began to pray Sonny sat motionless at first just trying to say a few words of prayer and pleading with God to help him through this difficult time. Then as the prayers began to get more pointed and focused towards things such as self-esteem, hate, lust and other things Sonny began to shift on his seat as if he could not sit still. As mom would pray and begin to rebuke these things in his life he started to squirm and then begin to growl and yell out in the most guttural voices I had ever heard all the while bending and arching his back to where his head was touching the ground while he was still seated on the floor. I remember at one point while I was praying that Sonny was trying to lash out and cause confusion between me and mom by saying we would never win and that "we are comfortable in this body and we will

never leave, quit trying because we will never come out". At this point I laid my bible on Sonny's arching chest and he fell to the ground trying to remove the bible but he could not physically touch it. Every time he reached to remove it his hands would act as if they were being shocked and he screamed out "take it off, take it off its hurting me". As mom and I laid our hands on the bible and prayed after a short period of time Sonny went completely limp. We prayed under our breath for a short period and then stood up and just left him there. When we went back down to Sonny he was relaxed and coming back to his senses somewhat. Mom said "how are you feeling Sonny? And he replied, "Better". Mom said ok well I want you to pray with us and ask God again to heal you and forgive you and come into your life afresh and give you a new life. We began to pray and Sonny had only said a few words when I could see that he was still having problems praying simple prayers. After trying to pray and ask God to forgive him Sonny all of the sudden began screaming and screeching at the top of his lungs "you thought you had won, you'll never win and we will never come out". At this point mom

commanded him to name himself. The forces inside fought and fought and would not reveal itself. After a few short minutes the voice spoke and said through the smiling face of Sonny, "my name is Legion, for we are many spirits". At this point we began to bind every spirit we could. There was lust, greed, envy, self-worth, loneliness, selfishness and on and on. With each spirit that was cast out Sonny would scream out, or arch his back with some, others he would cough and choke and spit them out. After a long time the voice pleaded with us to just leave it alone in almost a childlike voice. We made one last stand to rid Sonny of all of the demons that were inside and I remember Sonny slowly coming back to reality and we pleaded with him to fight back. As Sonny began to fight for his very soul, the demons began to weaken and lose their control on him. With one last push that could only resemble a woman giving birth Sonny arched his back one last time and screamed "JESUS!" and went completely limp on the floor. We were still cautious but asked Sonny to sit up and begin to pray once again. As Sonny began to pray there was a complete difference in his prayers and his voice. He not only prayed but set

notice on the devil that he would never again have a hold on his life like that. What a great “Thanksgiving” day!

Sonny is now a full time minister/ evangelist and spreading God’s word everywhere he goes. I will never forget that day. The day that a soul was set free. Whom the Son sets free is free indeed.