

I Forgot To Hang Myself!

— by Ralph Cooper, Jr.



Brushy Mountain (Tennessee) State Prison (Now Closed)

Can you believe a guy on his first night in prison writing a suicide note—just before hanging himself—and then forgetting to hang himself? On his first night at Tennessee's notorious Brushy Mountain State Prison, something happened to Ralph Cooper that was so unusual and astonishing, that he *forgot to hang himself!*

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Ralph Wrote:

Most people will not believe this story! Others will try to kill me for writing it! But it is true—every word. I was a servant of Satan for almost 20 years and I have seen Satan about 30 times and talked with him. I have also seen many demons and all kinds of sacrifices many times. I have also seen and done many other horrible things. I am not going to tell them all; I can't, it is too painful (and too dangerous).

The Satan worship started when I was seven years old. At that time there was a family that lived across the street from us who were Satanists (sometimes called black magic or occult or witchcraft or whatever). They had a nine-year-old daughter named Regina who decided that she would recruit me into Satanism, and she did it the way most Satanists do: she seduced me with sex. Her parents had done a good job of bringing her up to follow their footsteps!

Next came the Ouija board and tarot cards. She was quite good at both. She told me that I could ask the Ouija board any question that I wanted, and it would answer. So we tried it. My first question was, "Are my mother and father doing okay in their relationship?" (My mother, father, and I were the only ones who knew what was going on. They were in different bedrooms. Regina did not know anything.) We put our hands on the Ouija board and asked the question; it spelled out "NO." When I saw the Ouija board had answered correctly, I started believing that it was for real. Next I asked it, "How is mine and my father's relationship?" It spelled out "BAD," and yes, mine and my father's relationship was bad. Next I asked it, "What kind of man will I be when I grow up? Will I have money, or will I be a poor man?" It spelled out: "You will have riches." Of course I liked that, but Regina told me, "The only way you will have riches is to serve the true God who is Satan." With the Ouija board answering my questions correctly and speaking favorably about me, I became even more convinced and attracted to it.

It wasn't long before I took my first step of rebellion against God. One day Regina asked me to get down on my knees and worship Satan and tell God that I hated him. Regina said, "If you will do that, you will make me very happy." I understood that if I did not, she would not be my friend any longer. As a seven-year-old kid just getting introduced to sex, I wanted her to be my friend. She showed me how to reject God by looking up into the sky and saying, "I hate you God. You are not the true master. Satan, I love you; you are the true king, the ruler of the world.

You defeated Jesus Christ on the cross." I too looked up in the sky, shook my seven-year-old fist at God and said, "I hate you, God. You are not the true master. Satan...." —the same as Regina did.

When I was eight years old, I asked Regina how I could gain some of the powers that her Satanist friends had. She told me that I had to dedicate my life to Satan and get trained by the leaders of the local coven.

It was also when I was eight years old that I started on drugs. In the occult world, the leaders look for your weakness and use that to control you. With most people it is sex and drugs. I liked both, so they managed to get a double ringer on me. The first time I shot up, I liked it and wanted more. The first time I had sex, I liked it and wanted more. I eventually got to the point that I was shooting up at least six or seven times a day—every day. I shot drugs from the time I was eight years old till I was arrested when I was 26 years old—18 years (and if I hadn't been arrested, I'd probably still be shooting up or, if the truth were known, I'd probably be dead by now).

The Satanists use the most addictive drugs, cocaine and crack. They don't mess with pot too much because it is not very addictive. They use addictive drugs so that you will have to come to them to get more. Once you're hooked, you'll do anything they want. They'll start you on little chores. I've known people who did not have any money but came to them and ask for drugs. They were told, "We're having a sacrifice in a couple of days. Bring us somebody," and they would order a man, woman, or child, whatever they wanted or whatever the junkie could find. For a little fix, they'd go get whatever was requested and they would get their coke or crack in return.

I went to my first occult meeting in a wooded area of Oak Ridge, Tennessee when I was only nine-years-old. I was astonished to see a young man volunteer to be sacrificed to Satan on a stone altar. My young mind couldn't believe that he was asking to be killed! I couldn't understand that. But the Satanists teach that if you sacrifice yourself to Satan, you will have life after death. They believe that Satan can raise the dead; however, I have never seen any of them come back.

The training for full membership took six years. They taught me seances, black Sabbaths, spells, curses, etc. I was 16 years old when I was initiated as a full-fledged member and signed my name in blood. Then I was given more privileges as well as responsibilities.

The group that I joined was called Satan's Sons, a subsidiary of a group that calls itself The Brotherhood—the largest of the Satanic denominations in the United States.

My job was what you might call an enforcer. When people in the occult got out of line or tried to leave, I would go to them and first try to persuade them that it would be to their benefit to stay in the occult. If they could not be persuaded, we tried to scare them to stay in. Finally we warned them that if they did not straighten up, they would be killed. Of the ones who left, 90% have never been seen again.

As I said above, I have seen Satan at least 30 times. He appeared among us in a physical body, and he is a very beautiful or handsome man. His speech and poise are always perfect. He dresses in a fine, fashionable manner. Every cut of his clothes is perfect, beautiful, and spotless. The dress style might be called a Hollywood Boulevard style, sometimes with a sports jacket. He seemed to be a perfect being. Usually he appeared during the Black Sabbaths, but he often appeared at business meetings when members were considering promoting someone. Most of those meetings were in fine, elegant hotels, classy restaurants, and ballrooms. Even some of the sacrifices were in ballrooms. Many high-ranking government officials are in the occult. At Brushy Mountain Prison where I wrote this story, the Satan worshipers are about 10% of the inmate population.

About two weeks after I was given an assignment, a meeting would be called, and I would be asked what I had done, or if I had finished my assignment, and if not, why not, and did I need more time? However, for those who failed to do their assignments, it sometimes meant a knife in the back. In this group, a person had to be useful. If he were not useful to them, they would get rid of him—liquidate him. Those people would just as soon kill a person as to look at him. I've seen many of my occult friends disappear because they would not do their job.

When I was twelve years old, I saw my second sacrifice (not a voluntary sacrifice like the one I saw when I was nine years old). It bothered me, and I'm sure that it did some of the others, but we realized that we could have more power, and eventually our conscience became seared. In the last 17 years, I've seen about 45 sacrifices of all kinds. The group that I was with realized that they could get more power with human sacrifices, so they hardly ever did animal sacrifices. They always tried to find a non-Christian for a sacrifice. Satan wants those kind of

people, because he knows that those people will go to hell. But if they abducted a Christian and sacrificed him, Satan would lose him forever (thus he was admitting that the Christians were better off, but he had us too deceived to see that). He also wanted young sacrifices because they were young and fresh—that is just part of his warped mind.

Now, this next is going to be very hard for me to tell, but it should be in this story. When I was twelve years old, the Satanists told me that I would get some really good promotions within their organization if I killed my parents. I really wanted more prestige, honor, and respect among the occult people, but I was afraid and didn't want to kill my parents. However, they kept after me and put so much pressure on my impressionable twelve-year-old mind, that I finally tried it.

They gave me some poison, and one evening, when my parents had milk for supper, with much apprehension and nervousness, I put some of the poison in their milk. When my dad reached down to pick up his glass, he accidentally knocked it over. That made my mother jumped up and when she did, she knocked over her own glass of milk. I was relieved that my plan had failed. I now realize that God (the true God who created all things) must have had a hand in this.

However, the Satanists kept after me to make another attempt to kill my parents. This upset me terribly, and I became very depressed. On top of that, my girl friend, Sarah (who later became my second wife), wouldn't have anything to do with me. I became even more depressed, so much so, that I hated my life. Again the Satanists brought up the subject of my killing my parents. Each time, I tried to change the subject, but they kept coming back to the subject of killing my parents. They also said, "You need to offer a sacrifice to us to prove yourself." I did not want to live in that horrible depression, and I finally started thinking about killing myself. I thought, "Okay, they want me to offer a sacrifice to prove myself. I'll give them one. I'll give them myself!" That way I could also get back at Sarah for breaking up with me. I took an overdose, about 240 Perkadim, a light pain killer. My mother and Sarah noticed that I was acting kinda strange. Finally, I decided it was too late to save me, so I went ahead and told them I had taken an overdose and was dying. Of course mom rushed me to the hospital. Luckily, they got about 190 pills out of my stomach. They told me that I was lucky that I didn't go into a coma. I spent only one night in the hospital.

It was soon after that that I put a spell on Sarah who later became

my second wife and had my first child. First I went to her house and she said that she did not want to commit herself to me. So I left, went home, and wrote my name on a piece of paper and directly under it her name. Then under it my and her name again. This paper I took and put in a jar of pure honey, sealed it, and buried the jar. As long as that jar stayed buried, she stayed in love with me. Very simple. I went over to her house, and as soon as I walked in she said, "I've decided that I want a relationship with you." I thought, this is cool! This is it! This is where I need to be!

However, after a couple of months, I decided that I didn't want her that way. I wanted her to really love me. So I decided to dig up the honey jar to see if she really loved me. After I dug it up, the first thing that she said to me when I came in the door was, "We need to talk. I believe we need to be apart for a little while. I want my freedom." Right then I knew that it worked. (This was when I was about twelve years old. Several years later she became my second wife.) We met when we were ten and nine. I fell head over heels in love with her the first time I saw her. Before I was twelve, I tried many times to get her, but I never could. So I decided, "I'll try this," and it worked! That was the first time that I saw hard proof that an occult spell works. Some of the things that I did seemed to have indefinite results, but this time I saw concrete results. It convinced me, and I really started digging. I knew this thing was for real, and I started really digging to know more about Satanism. I decided that I would dedicate my life to Satanism.

One incident happened when I was about fourteen. One of my cousins stuck a knife to my back, and I blacked out. To this day, I do not remember this incident, and to this day she says it happened. She said that my eyes turned into two balls of fire, and I spoke with a demonic voice, and my tongue was forked. She screamed and ran six blocks to a preacher's house, and told him that I was possessed. It took her several years to get over it.

What kind of power did we get? Basically to cast spells on people, power to send our spirit or inner being to another location to do things to hurt people, and basically to do anything we want. Example: When I was 17, I married my first wife. But before long I heard she was sneaking out and going out on me. To be sure, I (my spirit) left my body and followed her. I went into bars, saw the guy she was with and found out who he was. Then I came back to my body. I could also leave my

body and go to hurt somebody. I could see the person and do physical harm to him, but he could not see me. I've done this about ten or fifteen times. I know people who have done it a whole lot more.

Mostly I used my power to con women, to make them do what I wanted them to do, to make money, and to do whatever my superiors told me to do. I used to be a pimp. I'd get women to work for me by putting a spell on them to make them do whatever I demanded them to do, or use the money that was always provided to me to con them.

Another example with concrete results: I have a friend who has a copy of Satan's bible that is dated about 1650. It is made with human skin and is written in blood. It has every spell known to mankind. My friend told me that only a natural-born witch can touch this book (her ancestors were witches). She turned the pages while I looked at it. I didn't really believe it, and while she was not looking, I reached down to turn the page. As soon as I touched the page, it was like it set me on fire. My hand started burning and I jumped back. She looked at me and said, "I told you, the only person that can touch this book is a natural-born witch, someone who is born into witchery."

In my teenage years, I wanted to be a bad person. I wanted to be somebody that people feared when they saw me on the street or when I entered a room. I wanted recognition. I thought that the only way I could get it was to be the meanest and most evil person I could be, and that's what I set out to be in my life. After that, I pretty much did whatever the Satanists asked me to do, regardless of how evil or cruel it was.

From the time I was 12 to 16, I was sent on assignments with other people, to collect money, to beat people up, sell drugs, pick up certain items, or just buying things for up-coming meetings. I was their runner, their boy. I went to the meetings and sacrifices, but I didn't have any participation until I became a full-fledged member at 16. Two days after my 16th birthday I signed the book in my own blood, and became a full-fledged member. In the world of the occult, we were given less privileges and power when we were young, and were given more as we matured and learned our lessons.

Satan's Sons are the enforcers of all the occult groups. They are Satan's right-hand men. They keep everybody else in line. They keep the people together. If anyone goes astray or does something that was not approved or not right, they put a stop to it.

My first assignment was to convince a woman who was trying to get

out of the occult. I went and got her and brought her to a specific meeting, and convinced her to stay. Sometimes I am very persuasive. As far as I know, she is still in the occult today. I didn't hurt her. Rather I used charm and showed her what she could have if she stayed in. But I also threatened her: "If you leave, we will find you and kill you. So, why not stay? You can have all this. You can have power, you can have money and a happy life. Just don't stray away."

When I was 17, I almost overdosed. I was shooting one half to one gram of cocaine at one shot, and that's \$100 to \$125 just to shoot up one time—just figure doing that six or seven times a day! You've got to do something to make that kind of money. I had to keep doing what they wanted me to do to keep making that kind of money. That's their style! They get you hooked, and the more you want, the more you are enslaved to them. If you need \$700 a day, you'll have to earn \$700 a day, and you earn that kind of money by doing their dirty work—beating up people, collecting money from various drug dealers, etc. The drugs became the overruling force in my life. I wanted the power, to be a bad person, but I guess that it was the drugs that were telling me all of that. The drugs made me feel indestructible, superior, that nothing could hurt me, and that everybody owed me the world. That's what the cocaine put in my mind, and the more involved I became with the occult and the drugs, the meaner and meaner I got. There was nothing I wouldn't do, and I did those evil things with pleasure. I took my job seriously. But the drugs and the lifestyle eventually drove me crazy, and no doubt that is the reason I'm in the prison today.

I used to be able to look into a mirror, look into my eyes, and see into my own soul. There was a very evil person there inside me. It wasn't me. That's what happens when you get into Satanism. A demon actually gets into you. It's not you living in your body any more; it's whatever demon is living in your body. Some people know their demons; some people don't. I never really got on a first name basis with mine. But I have come to understand that the voices that lead me for many years were the voices of the demon (or demons) that lived inside of me who were telling me what to do, when to do it, and where to do it. They were very powerful and I could not go against their will. Once you get a demon in you, it's very hard to get it out. It is easier to keep a demon out than it is to get one out. Once he's in, it takes a lot to get him out, but once he's out, all it takes to keep him out; is just one little word, that is

the name of Jesus Christ, and he will run. He'll run fast. But once he's in there, it's a different story. Just trust in God. He can help you. Don't ever think you're smart. Don't become over-zealous. Don't ever think that you're a better person. Don't ever brag on yourself, "Satan won't do this to me." Don't doubt it, because there is only one other person on the face of the earth, in the whole universe who is stronger than Satan, and that's God. We're nothing compared to Satan's power. Think about that when you start bragging, "Satan won't do this to me or he won't do that." We can help fight him off only with God on our side. Like God said, he doesn't like a proud man. He likes a man to be humble. Don't get too proud. It won't work.

— The Outlaws Bike Riders —

When I was sixteen years old, I started riding with the Outlaws motorcycle gang (the Outlaws is the largest motorcycle gang in the world). Though some of us were into plenty of illegal stuff, I found out that many of the bikers are good people, not criminals or gangsters.

— Oregon —

When I was about 22 years old, the police had a burglary and a drug charge against me. Also I was on probation and was suppose to be paying \$100 a month to the courts. My wife, Sarah, had some relatives in Oregon and we decided to go there. I thought I could go to Oregon and start over one more time and put everything behind me. However, when I got there, I still had my drug problem, and I still had a very evil spirit. I was a walking hell. The voices were stronger than I had ever experienced them.

Also, I met some people there who knew me. I didn't realize what was going on till it was too late, but they knew I was a Satan worshiper, and they knew right where I was (level of involvement in Satanism). They came right to me. The evil spirits living in me and the spirits living in them communicated and somehow relayed the message to those Satanists. As far as I know, they did not use any natural means (phone calls or letters to or from the coven in Oak Ridge) to locate me. They even knew my name, what group I was a member of in Tennessee and everything. I had done the same thing in previous years. When I was tracking somebody, I would call on the demons that were living inside that person, and they would know where that person was. If someone is fleeing from the occult, that demon has to come and let you know where

the person is who is betraying his master, Satan; or else the demon itself would be destroyed. (Actually, I never found out if they used any natural means to locate me. It is possible that they did.)

In Oregon I sold drugs, stolen property, ran a second-hand store. One time I bought into a business that handled cellular phones, cables, and satellites, and I did wholesale distributing. But none of it was legal because we did not have a business license. But my main source of income was stolen merchandise.

After spending over three years in Oregon, I hurt somebody badly, and I had to leave. I returned to Oak Ridge, Tennessee, but my wife Sarah and daughter Danyelle stayed. There is so much bad blood between us that I know that she will never come back to me.

In Oak Ridge, I once again tried to start over, but when I got back, I was worse than I had ever been in my life. Once again I started riding with a motorcycle gang. This time I was with a small gang that was centered in the area of Maryville, Alcoa, and a resort area close to the Great Smoky Mountains National Park called Top-of-the-World in Tennessee. We called ourselves The Mountain Rebels. Though we did some illegal things, once again I noticed that there were plenty of good men with the bikers' club.

— Crime —

I was 26 years old when I was arrested. By that time I had already gone through two marriages, and I was living with Donna, a young girl who was a strip dancer.

One morning I started partying hard—drinking and doing cocaine. I partied all day and up into the night. That night I went to the club where Donna worked, but by that time I was wild. I got into a fight with somebody, and went outside the club to cool off. Donna came out and started jumping on me, and before I knew it, I had lifted her off the ground by the hair on the back of her head, and I said, "Get out of my face, woman."

Then she looked me right in the eyes, and said, "Now I see how it is." I don't know what she saw, but she was so scared that she ran to the car and left. I have not seen her since.

I hitched a ride with one guy, but he got rid of me at the first service station he could. After I hitched a ride with another guy, he only went about a half mile, pulled into another service station, and said, "This is as far as I'm going."

Because my mind was so drug-crazed, I put a knife to his throat and said, "No it ain't, you're going to go as far as I tell you to." I had every intention of killing him when we got where I wanted to go—and that wouldn't have been any sweat for me. I intended to cut his head clean off. But just then I heard something on my right side. I turned to look, and in the split second that I was looking the other way, the driver jumped out and ran 15 or 20 yards from the car (luckily for him he was a fast runner). Now, looking back, I think that God must have had a hand in the noise that cause me to turn my head. It saved the guy's life, and saved me from a murder charge. But at the time, my drug-crazed mind wasn't thinking about God's grace. I just jumped behind the wheel of the car which was already moving about five miles an hour, and took off.

It wasn't long before the law got after me, and I pulled off in a wooded area and ran through the woods. I got away. After going through the woods a short distance, I came across some railroad tracks. I started walking down those tracks, and I walked almost all night. That night I started hearing some voices in my head. (I had been hearing those voices for about ten years—since I was about 16 years old. Those voices told me what to do, when to do it, how to do it, and where to do it. I've always done what those voices told me to do.) But that night, they were trying to get me to kill myself. But something else inside of me kept telling me, "No, turn yourself in. There is help." As I walked down those railroad tracks, I saw everything that I had ever done in my life. It was like a vision in front of me or in my mind, but it was very plain. I saw my mother's and my father's tears, and my little girls' tears. I also saw the tears of all of the people I hurt physically. I just couldn't take it. I just couldn't live with myself knowing that in my life all I'd done is hurt people. But something kept telling me that there was help. This voice was very plain: "There is help."

Well, for some reason, I listened to the second voice and decided to turn myself in. After walking fourteen miles on that railroad track, I walked back to the highway and waited till the police came and took me to Blount County Jail (in Maryville, Tennessee). In jail I told my attorney that I was a drug addict and a very evil person, and I wanted help. I even pleaded guilty in court.

I started praying to God. Now, I didn't know much about the true God, and I had spent most of my life breaking every law that he had, but I started praying. My first prayer went something like this, "Hey, God,

you know what is in store, I guess. If you're there, help me. I need help. I don't know what to do."

I talked to my mother on the phone, and she said, "Son, pray about everything. Everything is going to be alright. Just pray and trust in the Lord." Well, I kept praying, but nothing was really happening. I didn't see anything happening. I was thinking that if I started praying, the jail house doors would open up, and I would be released. However, it just didn't happen! I was still smoking my pot at Blount County Jail, but I was wanting help. One of my mother's friends sent me a Bible. She said, "Here, read this. You now have time to read it."

— Going to Prison —

"Cooper, get your stuff together. You're going to prison"—I finally heard those words. Now I was about to be introduced to the famous (or infamous or notorious) Brushy Mountain Prison. (This prison, a former coal-mining camp that was built nearly 100 years ago, is within 20 miles of my parents' home.)

On the trip to Brushy, I decided that I couldn't live with myself any more. I was going to hang it all up. In the prison, I decided that I'd kill myself after lockdown that first night. But it didn't happen that way.

First, about six of us were put into a temporary holding area. When the officers came to move us, for some reason they had a last minute order to put me in a different cell from the others. The cell-block I was put in was the one at which a man came to me and gave me something that changed my whole life, character, and heart. I have often wondered what would have happened to me if it had not been for that last-minute order to put me in a different cell. I definitely had plans to kill myself that very night, and had I done so, I would be in hell today.

As soon as I got in my cell, I started writing a suicide note—apologizing to my parents for hurting them so much. I was in the very act of writing the suicide note when I heard someone say, "Hey brother, my name's Rick." When I turned around, I saw a big, tough-looking black man standing outside my cell. When I saw him, the first thing that came to my mind was, "What the hell does this nigger want?" I hated black people—so much so that if I saw one on television, I immediately changed channels.

However, I talked with him for a while, and as usual, I used God's name with his fictional last name: Damn. Rick said, "Please don't use God's name like that; I'm a Christian." Again my mind went blank. I was

thinking, "So, who does this nigger think he is? He's just a criminal and a prisoner like the rest of us—and a black one at that!"

Rick also asked me if I were saved, and I lied "Yes." (Actually, Satan had convinced me that I was saved, whatever that might mean in his kingdom.)

Rick added, "Something just told me to come down here and tell you that God forgives all sin, and he loves you." Then Rick looked at me and added, "And I want you to know that I love you too, brother. If I can ever be of any help, just give me a holler. Remember, God forgives all," and he walked off.

When he told me that he loved me, it was like he was speaking a foreign language to me. I didn't understand anything about that kind of love. It didn't register with me. I couldn't relate at all to it. It was completely foreign to me. I just stood there so dazed that you could have knocked me over with a feather. I just stood there like a dead man, and suddenly the things in my past life seemed like they were dead; they did not relate at all to my present state of mind. In my mind I was thinking, "How could this black man, whose race I have hated all of my life, offer me help, and even tell me that he loved me?" Especially I thought about what this statement meant: "God forgives sin." That was a totally new concept to me. All of my life I had loved my sins. The concept that God forgives all kinds of sins, brought a whole new challenge to my thinking. Well, of course I had heard that God forgives sins before in my life, but before that black man named Rick spoke to me, this concept never registered with me. The state of mind that I was in was so astonishing that I even forgot to hang myself!

It was not long before I yelled for Rick. Today I realize that God sent Rick to me at the perfect moment, at the very lowest point in my life—just as I was writing the suicide note. Did the heavenly father have all of that planned out? That thought blows my mind.

Rick and I began to talk a lot over the next few days. During those days, Rick gave me Bible verses to read, he prayed with me, he showed me in God's word that he forgives all and he can heal all. Because he showed me love, he really convinced me. I had never known that kind of love. I believe that it was on the fourth day after I met Rick that I hollered for him and he came right down. I said, "I'm ready, I want to give my heart to God." Then I did the unthinkable: I got down on my knees and asked God to forgive me of my sins (the same God that I had

cursed to his face when I was seven years old)! I asked that he forgive me for all the people I had hurt, and I asked him to forgive me for all of the people whose lives I had destroyed unexpectedly. What happened next I can only describe this way: The burden of sin lifted off of me. I felt clean, free, truly free for the first time in my life! I experienced something that I had never experienced before—something that I did not even know existed! I had been on plenty of drug highs in my life, but the high that Jesus gave me was infinitely beyond any high I had ever been on (and, yes, I had used every kind of drug there is). This may sound funny to some, but I actually looked down to see if I were still standing on the ground. There was so much burden, hate, and anger lifted off of my chest, that I really thought I was floating. I was laughing and crying at the same time. Rick said, "What are you laughing about?"

"I feel like I'm floating," I responded.

He told me, "It is because God has just lifted a great burden off of you. You are a brand new child, you're light as air, there is no sin in you at this moment. God took it all away!"

This is true: I actually looked down to see if I were still standing on solid ground! And this is true: God took everything away. And this is true: if God can save me after all of the things that I've done (I've destroyed people, I've hurt people, I've lived my life to hurt people), he can save anybody!

Because of the things that I've done, I couldn't live with myself without God. And I've done things worse than destroying people. Now I know that many people have a problem with this statement that there are some things worse than destroying another life. But there are. There are things that you can do to somebody and still leave them alive to remember that you're the one that did it.

I want to take this means to thank and honor the Black man who came to me and told me that God loved me: Ricky McGhee

I was 26 years old when God saved me. I've spent almost twenty years in hell. When God came and got me, he came and got my soul from the pits of hell, and gave it back to me. Now I know that I don't live a perfect life. Nobody does. Since I gave my heart and life to God, I've been baptized, but I still catch myself cussing every now-and-then. But when I do, I stop myself. I also know that it is very easy to slip back into

your old ways—and that's what Satan wants—for you to go back into your old ways.

— Satan Returns —

About two weeks after God had come into my life and changed me, I was lying on my bed one night when I had this eery feeling. I rolled over and looked and there was Satan standing in the corner of my cell in the form of a dark shadowy figure. He said to me, "Cooper, what are you doing? You were one of my best men. I thought you enjoyed your job and all the power and money you had."

I told him, "Yea, I guess I did at one time."

He said, "Don't you want it all back? I'll get you out of this prison; I'll give you more power, more money, more women; you'll have it all." When he offered those things to me, I really wanted them, and I came very close to submitting to him. I almost took him up on it. May the reader understand the full significance of this spiritual battle! However, I thought of all the people that I had hurt, and I said to him, "Satan, I rebuke you in the name of Jesus. Get out of here." He just vanished out of my sight.

— God Comes Down —

A few weeks later, I had an experience in which a light came into my cell that was so bright that it burned my eyes to look at it. At the same time, I heard a voice that the only way I know how to describe it is, it sounded like thunder was speaking to me. I was scared out of my wits! I knew it was God, and I thought it was all over. I knew I could not live in that awesome presence. I knew I would die! But I didn't. Rather, in that thunderous voice, he told me to do something that was so unbelievable that over the next fifteen days, I asked him five or six times if he were sure that he wanted me to do that. He told me to start a ministry and be a minister! I could not believe that he wanted me, a Satan worshiper for 19 years, a drug addict or 18 years, and the most evil and violent of men, to be a minister.

I said, "God, are you sure you want me to do this?" But he said, "Do as I have told you." But I couldn't believe that God wanted me to be a minister. Over the next few weeks, he told me or showed me in my dreams several times. I even asked him to show me in his word—the Holy Bible. I would hold his word in my hand, let it fall on my desk, and read whatever passage it fell open to. Every time I got the same answer.

Even after all of that, I wanted God to show me one more time, so

I asked again. And let me tell you, he answered strongly. Here's what happened: I sat down and said, "Why me, God? Are you sure you want me to do this for you?" And I added, "Show me one more time." I opened his word and right before my eyes was the story about when he made some mud with his hands and put it on the blind man's eyes, and healed him. Then a strong wind came and a voice said, "Haven't I given you new sight?" The wind turned the page in his word, and when I looked back at his word, I read, "Why do you call me Lord, Lord, and don't do the things that I tell you to do?" Then he spoke again, "Go and do what I've told you to do. Tell about me and about my power and what I have done for you. Tell where you were, and where I brought you from. Do as I have commanded."

I closed his word and said, "I will do what you want me to do, and I will never doubt you again." Since then, God has shown me just how he wants me to do it. God also showed me that he is not calling me to priestly robes, rituals, ceremonies, masses, or any of the symbols of religion. Rather he is calling me to tell his message and to love the people as he loves us.

A few days later, I started praying and asked my heavenly father how I could get all of the bad thoughts and feelings out of my head and heart. Then I again heard a thunderous voice say, "Sit and write your life story." I started, but I did not know what I was writing. It was like God was pushing my left hand (I'm left-handed) all the way through 10½ pages non-stop. Once I started, I could not stop until I had finished the 10½ pages.

— Satan Returns Again —

One night about two months after I met Rick, I was reading a book called Satan Seller about a Satanist who had come out and become a Christian minister. However, in the first part of his book he told about his old life, the lifestyle he lived while still a servant of Satan. This brought memories into my mind about all of the things that I had, the money, the power, the women I conned or seduced, and I started thinking these thoughts: "Boy, that was nice. I wonder..." It was at that moment when I let down my guard that Satan appeared again in my cell. Once again he offered me an opportunity to come back, and once again I was extremely tempted to go back. And once again I thought on my mother's face with tears that I had caused to course down her cheek.

Knowing what it would do to my mother and the people who cared about me, is what stopped me. I said to Satan, "You ain't got nothing for me. I've done had it all. I rebuke you in the name of Jesus Christ. Just go. I demand you leave me and leave my cell." He left. He knew that I had Jesus in my heart, and I wasn't going to let him back in.

In prison a person can get almost anything he wants: drugs, money, guns, knives. If you've got the money, you can even get women if you want. I knew that if I had turned back to Satan, I could have had it all right there in prison. Turning him down was not easy; the temptation was very real and very powerful.

If you are ever in such a temptation, remember the ones you hurt and remember what made you turn away from your old lifestyle and come to God in the first place. Think about what brought you to God and the pain and hurt that you had in your heart. Remember what God did for you, the love that he put in your heart. This is all you need in the hour of temptation: remembering the love that God has shown you.

Since I have been in Brushy Mountain Penitentiary, God has brought some very good Christian friends into my life. Some of the prisoners have been studying the Bible together with me, and we even sing together in the chapel service. There is a brother here named David Felts who is so close to me, that I believe he would stand beside me even to death—because he is a brother in Christ. It is just as Jesus said:

No man has greater love than this:
That he sacrifice his life for his friends.
— John 15:13

I feel sure that if someone were to attack me, David Felts would not run, but rather he would stand with me.

Another blessing that God has given me: Several times in the last few months, people have asked me questions, and I answered them by quoting a Bible verse. But I had never read that verse! I later picked up my Bible and read that verse and was astonished! Somehow God put his word in me before I read it!

There have been several attempts on my life here in the prison since I have come out of the occult. Also, I have been told by an associate that there is a \$25,000 contract on my life. I just told him, "Well, if you see any of them, just tell them to come on, they know where I'm at." I'm not afraid. I've been shot, stabbed, pronounced dead twice. I just don't fear

any more, because I know where I'll go when I die. All they can do to me is kill me. I go by what the Bible says:

Don't be afraid of a person who can kill you but after that he cannot do anything else. Rather, fear the one who can kill you and cast you into the lake of fire. — Matthew 10:28

So, I don't worry about that any more. I can look in a person's eye and tell that they are getting ready to kill me—which is a spiritual gift that the Bible calls the gift of discernment or the spirit of discernment (1st Corinthians 12:19).

Actually, I'm surprised that I'm worth \$25,000. Here in prison, you can buy a man's life for \$100. Once a boy came to me to stab me. That time one of my friends persuaded him not to, before he got to me. I know that he is part of the occult. So I know that there are people in here who are trying to kill me.

There is a way out of Satanism, but a person cannot get out on his own. He needs help from God. If a person tries to come out without God, he won't make it. I've never known anyone who came out but did not go with God. I know plenty who came out and got killed. I have never met any who came out and are still alive. There are a few, but I have never met any of them. I know one person who came out and was still alive when I was arrested. He just got tired of the killings, the rapes, the sacrifices, the sick stuff we were doing in the occult. He just couldn't take it any more. Several of us were looking for him to kill him at the time I was arrested, so I'd say he is probably dead by now.

I haven't told everything. One reason is because many people do not forgive. I know that God has forgiven me, but I'm sure that many people will not. Another reason is because I want to forget my past. Putting it on paper hurts! I know that the world could not handle some of the things about Satan and what he can and will make some people do. Also, please understand, Satanists operate in a super-secret manner. Openly they are businessmen, doctors, congressmen, preachers (even famous ones on television), and there are some in the White House! I can name names! No wonder they want to kill me and everyone who leaves their ranks. Of course they are the ones who have the big bucks. They are the ones who wear the white gloves. They pass all of their dirty work down to us.

When I served Satan, I did it all the way! I gave it all I had. But now that the Almighty God, the true King, has set me free, I am serving him the same way—even more so! I have given him and will always give

him my all, and do exactly what he tells me.

Someone asked me: When you were serving Satan, did you believe that you would go to hell? Well, I'll have to answer it this way: We believed that when we died, we would become demons. When I was about fifteen years old was the first time that I saw a demon. We were doing a sacrifice when we saw the ground open up; a demon came up out of the ground, took the sacrifice down into the ground, and disappeared. The ground closed back up. It was that simple. I have seen demon spirits many times. At the time, I didn't think it was all that spectacular. I know that many people would freak out, but when I saw it, I felt the ground rumbling, saw the demon grab the woman who had been the sacrifice, and took her right into the ground. I know that many people reading this won't believe it, but I saw it with my own eyes.

This is what the occult will do to you: I've had two beautiful wives, two beautiful daughters, another fiancée, and a step-son. Because of the occult and what they had me doing, I lost them all.

I'm sorry now for all of the things that I did, and I now know that God has forgiven me. I can't change the past, but I realize that God's forgiveness is all I need.

The main thing that I want to do with my life is to help keep kids from being drawn into the things in the world and to the Satanists. If by my telling this story, I can save one, my life has not been a waste.

Since I turned my life over to God, I have started my own ministry. The reason I started this ministry is because over the years, I've seen a lot of people who got turned away from churches because of the length of their hair, what they wore, the size of their bank account, the price of their car. That's the reason I founded Christ's Riders, on the basis of: it's not what you look like, it's not what you wear or the size of your bank account, it's not your car or what you ride. You can drive a Harley-Davidson or you can drive a Cadillac. You can live in a cardboard box, or a million-dollar mansion. That doesn't matter. All that matters is that you serve God, love God, and love your fellow man. That's all that matters.

I named my ministry Christ's Riders because many people do not like my looks—I look like a motorcycle gangster. I want to go before people and tell them that I'm riding cycles for Christ. I do not want to go before people dressed like a minister. I couldn't reach most bikers that way. If I come dressed like a biker, wearing a beard, many bikers, Satanists, gangsters, and street kids will listen to me.

Ralph B. Cooper, Jr.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

I, the editor of this book, once attended a meeting in the prison chapel in which Ralph Cooper participated. While standing before about 45 men, he said these words:

"Do you see this Black man sitting here on the front row? When I came here, I had an intense hatred for Black people, but it was a Black man who came and ministered to me when I was about to commit suicide. God has taken all of the hatred for Black people out of me."

Then he promptly gave the Black guy a good bear hug. A couple of other Black guys close by also came to him and they each got hugged. May the readers of this story not minimize the significance of this statement. May its full meaning impact your heart!

Also I would like to add the following: This story is an excellent example of what front-line evangelism is, and how to do it. In this story, the only thing Rick did was to tell Ralph that Jesus loved him, and Rick showed Ralph real love. Too many people try to do this kind of ministry by setting up an appointment, preparing for it with a one-to-three day fast, and spending several hours "exorcizing" the demon(s). Jesus never had a three-hour exorcism session. He simply spoke the word, told his disciples to simply speak the word, and his disciples simply spoke the word—and the demons left! Shouldn't we do it the same way today?

JLM

Ralph added:

To every person reading this story: remember, God forgives all sin. No matter what it is or what you have done, he still loves you and wants to save you! Please allow me to share a couple of my favorite passages from the Bible:

God loved the world so much, that he gave his only-born son, so that the ones who believe in him, may not be destroyed, but may have everlasting life. God did not send his son to the world to condemn the world, but so that the world could be saved through him. — John 3:16-17

Whatever you ask in prayer believing, you will receive.

— Matthew 21:22

So if you are tired of the way your life is, and are ready to be born again, and have every sin forgiven, please get down on your knees right now and pray. You must admit you are a sinner and repent—turn away from sin. Ask God to forgive your sin and unbelief and save you by his grace. Now receive him into your heart and ask him to wash you clean with the blood of Jesus Christ, and then thank him for saving you. AMEN!

MAY GOD BLESS YOU!

"Your brother in Christ"

Ralph Cooper, Jr.

Published by Brother James