

# ARMED AND DANGEROUS

**THE ULTIMATE BATTLE PLAN**  
FOR TARGETING AND DEFEATING THE ENEMY

J O H N  
R A M I R E Z



**Chosen**

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I dedicate this book to  
all the wonderful believers  
who have written to John Ramirez Ministries  
in spiritual pain.

I am standing with you all in prayer  
on the battlefield.

There is victory in Jesus Christ.

Amen.

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# Foreword

I was one of eighteen children born to witchcraft-practicing parents from Puerto Rico, so bloodshed and mayhem were common occurrences in my life. I suffered severe physical and mental abuse at their hands, at one time being declared the “Son of Satan” by my mother while she was in a spiritual trance.

When I was fifteen, my father sent me to visit my older brother in New York. I did not stay with my brother long. Instead, full of anger and rage, I chose to make it on my own. No authority figure could reach me—until I met a skinny street preacher named David Wilkerson. He disarmed me, showing me something I had never known before: relentless love.

The gospel message I was presented with during those early days has gripped my life and still grips me to this day. I am living proof that God can change any heart and that it is never too late.

John Ramirez and I met when he was attending and serving at Times Square Church in New York City. I was there

to preach when we were introduced. I found it interesting that like me, John had been raised in a witchcraft-practicing family. And John had also been declared a “Son of Satan.”

John’s life message is the destruction of the works of darkness—a message the world needs today more than ever. Our kids need to know and learn the contents of this book, *Armed and Dangerous*.

*Armed and Dangerous* is full of daily life skills that will help you disarm any work the enemy could ever think of bringing your way. These things are rarely talked about in other places, as John speaks from an insider’s perspective, having been involved in the Satanic Church. In today’s culture of spiritual battles, which is everywhere we look, the battle is at hand and it is on your doorstep. It is in the classrooms, it is in the home and it is everywhere in our culture. A battle that will require battle weapons, battle words and a battle-tested life.

I encourage you to add this book to your personal library as an available resource to prepare and equip you in spiritual warfare.

Nicky Cruz, evangelist and bestselling author

# Acknowledgments

I thank God with every breath I take for saving me, delivering me and depositing in me the Holy Spirit. Every day I open my eyes to the gift that the Holy Spirit is within me; He has kept me close throughout the years of this amazing walk. I thank God with all my heart for my second chance in life.

I want to thank God for my precious mother, Esther Martinez. At one time in our lives we were so far apart, but today, because of God's love, we are like peanut butter and jelly—we go together. My mother is seventy years old, and she said she could not be any prouder of me than she is for what God has done in my life. On her iPad, she watches every televised moment of the ministry God has given me. Thank you, Mom. You are a superstar.

I want to share my love to all the churches that have given me the opportunity to be a part of their lives and ministries. I hold you all dear to my heart, and I thank God for you.

I am grateful to Chosen Books for the opportunity to put this book together, with the help of Jesus Christ, to bless the world. I would also like to thank my two wonderful agents,



## *Acknowledgments*

Raoul and Leticia, for believing in the calling that has been placed on my life. They are visionaries and they saw the hand of God upon my life. I thank Jesus for you both.

I am grateful and thankful to my spiritual overseers, Pastors Alex and Sandra Sarraga at Champions Ministries in Orlando, Florida, for the incredible love they have for me.

I also thank God for my home church, Times Square Church. The powerful preaching blesses my spirit and keeps me on track in my walk with God.

I praise Jesus Christ for the wonderful people I am about to name. They have ministered to my life in many ways. I want to thank the partners who provide for John Ramirez Ministries with prayer and financial support. You mean the world to me. I want to extend a thank you to Denise Loffredo. She is an incredible woman of God and super anointed, and I am grateful to her for typing up this book and for running the administrative work of my ministry without skipping a beat. I thank God for you every day.

I thank Cheryl Usher for her diligent work of running my social media with excellence. I thank God for you.

I also want to extend my love and appreciation to my longtime friend, Angie Kiesling, for teaming up with me to edit this amazing book. I am so proud of her for beating the devil down in getting her victory, through Jesus Christ, of defeating cancer. You are a champion in Jesus.

There are special people who played a part in my personal and spiritual life through Christian-based TV programs and radio shows, like Shannon Davis from Omega-Man Radio, and many others. I am eternally grateful for every one of you.

And above all, I am grateful for our Master Messiah, Jesus Christ.

# Introduction

## *A Letter from Heaven*

In every generation, God raises up a person to address and confront the spiritual attacks of that time. We read in the Bible how God raised up David to deal with Goliath, God raised up Moses to deal with Pharaoh and God raised up Esther to deal with the Hitler of her generation.

I believe in my heart that the Lord Jesus Christ has raised me up to deal with the enemy and his kingdom of darkness to bring a supernatural awakening to the body of Christ in the 21st century.

### **Rude Awakening**

After years of serving the devil, I became a born-again believer in Christ—and it was the best thing that ever happened to me. I bought a big fat Bible, put index tabs on its pages and, with my marching song on, went off to church excited every week. My game plan was to take piano lessons and

join any worship team that would have me. I even bought maracas and played them in church for a while. Life was good and my future seemed bright.

Then I got the “memo from heaven,” as I have come to think of it, that my plan was not the same as God’s game plan for me. For more than two years, I felt like Jeremiah when he said that God had deceived him (see Jeremiah 20:7). The memo told me that God had called me to be a radical evangelist and that I would be His arrow in His quiver to expose and destroy the works of darkness. I would be on the frontline of spiritual warfare.

I received confirmation that God was not confused about my calling when sometime later a phone call came in from another believer. His name was Shannon Davis, and he hosted a frontline radio ministry of deliverance. Shannon asked me to be on his show to share my testimony. I thought the invitation was a one-shot deal so I agreed to it. But God was setting me up.

After the radio program, Shannon continued sending me CDs about casting out devils. He kept saying, “Dude, God has called you to the frontline of spiritual warfare deliverance.”

I thought he was crazy, a loose cannon. In my heart I was saying, *I’ve got my own plan. I’m going to play the piano and go to church*, when I could not play the piano if my life depended on it.

My awesome brother Shannon did not stop sending packages and calling me to talk about demons and spiritual warfare—not even once. Every time I received CDs from him, I would put them on top of my refrigerator with my Double Stuf Oreos. Whenever he would call and ask, “Hey, did you listen to the CDs?” I would reply, “Yeah, I’m real close to listening to them,” while saying to myself, *Yeah, right*.

I found out much later that my arms were too short to box with God. I said out loud, “Lord, come on. I did 25 years of devil worshiping, and now You’re going to put me in this battle?” I did not want anything more to do with demons. I was mad at God for a very long time after that, but I also knew that, like Jeremiah, I had a fire in my bones that would not be quenched—and that spiritual warfare was my calling.

Since 1999, I have been confronting and exposing the works of darkness and helping people around the world know the freedom paid for by Jesus’ sacrifice.

## **Offense Wins Championships**

One of the things that baffles my mind is how impotent the Church has become in the face of rampant evil. We have lost our fight. Let me give you a stark contrast to this failure: In my 25 years in the occult, I was trained to be a general, a force to be reckoned with in the spirit world to dismantle and destroy anything that threatened the kingdom of darkness.

It saddens me as a follower of Jesus that the Church has neglected its calling to be armed and dangerous. Where are the generals? We are called to wage spiritual warfare at the highest level. Because we are seated with Jesus Christ in the highest heavens, in a position of authority, we are equipped to kick in the gates of hell (see Ephesians 2:6). But we have left our posts. The Church has neglected to destroy the fiery darts of the evil one.

David said to the Lord, “Blessed be the LORD my Rock, who trains my hands for war, and my fingers for battle” (Psalm 144:1 NKJV), and also, “He makes my feet like hinds’ feet, and sets me upon my high places. He trains my hands

for battle, so that my arms can bend a bow of bronze” (Psalm 18:33–34<sup>NASB</sup>). David was saying that the Lord was teaching him *offense* so he could destroy anything in front of him that opposed his walk with God and his purpose and destiny.

You may say, *John, what is offense?* I am glad you asked. Offense is to be spiritually aggressive and consistent in opposing the fiery darts of the enemy without hesitation, without losing ground in our faith, and then pushing forward.

When I served in Satan’s kingdom, we were never taught defense. Instead, we were taught offense because whoever strikes first has the upper hand. This means whoever positions himself first in the battle will be immovable.

Let me give you an example. As it is in the natural, so it is in the spirit realm. I remember back when I was big into watching boxing on TV, and I especially remember boxer Mike Tyson. Tyson was a force to be reckoned with. He was the kind of boxer who, even before he got into the ring, had already beat you in his mind. To his thinking, he had already won the fight. So much so that when he went into the ring, many fights did not go past the first round. He would unleash fury on his opponent. He believed that offense was more powerful than defense.

## **Conquering Your Promised Land**

There is an amazing story in the Old Testament about how God displayed His awesome power by visiting ten plagues upon Pharaoh and the Egyptian army that had been keeping the Israelites captive—and His display was undeniable. God had made a promise to the Israelites that He would take them into a land flowing with milk and honey. It was called the Promised Land.

Only one problem: The land was already occupied. How amazing that God will promise you a victory, but you must go and fight for it—even though the victory is already won. It sounds like an oxymoron. Not only is God testing your faith, to see if you take Him at His word, but He wants to see if you, too, will step out in faith to accomplish the mission.

As the Israelites went out and fought for their land, their God-given territory, so it is today for believers in Jesus. Today, we as the Church have been given a promise for the cause of Christ, and we must fight for our Promised Land. We fight for our purpose, our destiny, our salvation, our families, our loved ones and even for the unbelievers in the world so they, too, can have an opportunity to make it to the cross. We are soldiers and ambassadors of an army so elite that words cannot adequately describe it. In the coming chapters, I will teach you how to fight spiritually as a part of this elite army.

God has not called us to be a Moses generation that dies in the desert, yet many churches today are dying in the wilderness of their calling. Every month, pastors by the hundreds are closing churches because the devil has worried them—and they refuse to fight back.

One thing I have learned in my life of walking with Jesus is that storms do not last. Often in the battle I feel like the woman with the issue of blood—spiritually weak at times, exhausted in a hundred ways, even tasting discouragement. But I have learned to push my way through in the power of the Holy Spirit, touch the hem of His garment and get my victory. In my crazy thinking as a young believer, I signed a vow to the Lord in 1999 that read: *I'm doing life in Jesus Christ, and I want no parole.*

I am in it to win it and I am in it for life.

When Jesus Christ wakes me up every morning, I know the devil is in trouble. I am God's secret weapon. And so are you. Let us thank Jesus together. Thank You, Jesus!

As the Church of Jesus Christ, many of us are sitting with our hands folded or wishfully thinking that the devil will go away. We may even bring our situation into pity parties—thank God this is not the case in all churches. But for the Church, it is time to take a stand. No more patty-cake with the devil.

Later in this book you will learn how to understand the patterns and cycles of the evil one against your life, and how to dismantle and destroy them.

Because we are the Church of Jesus Christ, God has called us to be spiritual snipers and bring it to the devil like he has never seen before. We have the authority and the mandate to destroy his works because “the Son of God appeared for this purpose, to destroy the works of the devil” (1 John 3:8 NASB).

Are you ready to fight?



## The Unarmed Church

The ultimate question I always ask myself is this: Why are believers in the Lord Jesus Christ taking such a pounding from the forces of darkness?

It should not be this way. In my travels around the world I have seen something that disturbs me and saddens my heart. Again and again, I see the Church in this dark condition. When Jesus Christ said at the cross, “It is finished,” He gave us the victory (see John 19:30). But what I see is a Church lying bleeding on the battlefield.

The early Church in the book of Acts was a force to be reckoned with spiritually. The Church was respected and held in high regard. Hell trembled when it heard the names of the apostles.

Jesus has given us everything we need to be victorious against the wicked schemes that the enemy and his cronies throw at us. When Jesus told Peter that the gates of hell will



not prevail against His Church, it was settled (see Matthew 16:18). Why have we, and the Church-at-large, cowered from this calling and tried to be politically and spiritually correct instead? Could it be that we are overdosing on the study of theology, or focusing too much on spirituality, yet in denial about the power that we carry in Jesus?

The apostle Paul wrote to his spiritual son Timothy about people who have “a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof,” warning him, “from such turn away” (2 Timothy 3:5). He could have been writing about many of us.

Why do we deny the power that we carry in Jesus? Why are we so afraid to talk about the devil, or expose him, or even talk about spiritual warfare? We act like we are committing blasphemy against the Holy Spirit and walk on eggshells, as if we, the Church, have committed the ultimate sin.

The devil has put that fear in the Church today. Do you really think that if you do not expose the devil or talk about spiritual warfare, the enemy will not mess with you? Think again.

Let us wake up and be the true Church of Jesus Christ: armed and dangerous.

## **Innocence Lost**

I have not always felt such a love for the Church. My complete testimony appears in *Out of the Devil's Cauldron* (Heaven and Earth Media, 2012), but it is important for you to know there was a time in my life when I hated the Church, hated God and hated anything to do with His Son, Jesus Christ.

As a strong believer today, having served Jesus Christ for many years, I often reflect on and rejoice in the goodness of the Lord—how He put the pieces of my fragmented life back together. He took a great mess and made it His masterpiece,

and He called His masterpiece evangelist John Ramirez. God always gives us beauty for ashes.

My descent into witchcraft, however, began innocently. Like any other little boy living in the South Bronx of the 1960s, I played among the rubble of burned-out buildings that decayed the beauty of the neighborhood. On one particular broken and dilapidated lot, my best friend and I loved to play “who can throw the rock the farthest,” breaking windows—and laughing out loud when we scored a hit.

One day, as my friend and I broke window after window, time passing quickly, an eerie sense overtook me. I felt a heavy presence but did not know what it was and tried to shake it off.

Suddenly, something hit my feet, and I stooped down to find a colorful necklace on the ground. I did not realize it then, but that necklace—which resembled Native American art—was my first encounter with the dark side. A short time later, the necklace, which was connected to an unspeakable evil, would steal my childhood.

Months later, I was on my way to see a witch.

## **Two Baptisms**

Given my demonic past, one thing I am so thankful to Jesus for today is my water baptism as a new believer in Him. That day more than two hundred people filled the sanctuary, and of the fifty new believers who came to be baptized, I was the last one. As I walked up on stage and was led to the baptism pool, I received the most incredible standing ovation ever—those precious saints, many who barely knew me, cheered because they knew what God had delivered me from.

Though my heart rejoiced, my mind went back to a distant day, to the unholy baptism I was subjected to as a little

boy just a few months after finding the strange necklace on the broken lot.

On that day, the scene was very different.

Instead of a church full of praising saints, I walked into a dingy apartment filled with demons.

Instead of the holy waters of baptism, I experienced an herbal bath with demonic chanting in the background.

My aunt had persuaded my mother to go for a tarot card reading, and I ended up in the crossfire. The medium singled me out as her demonic protégé, and before my mother and I knew what was happening, I was being ushered into the dark side.

My discipleship with the devil would last 25 years.

## **A Dark Deception**

No longer that innocent little boy who threw rocks at vacant windows, I had grown into a tall young man who dressed all in black (or white if the spirits called for it) and who strode through the streets of the Bronx with a proud swagger. Seeing people recognize me and hurry inside their doorways, not wanting to make eye contact with me—the devil’s son—gave me a secret thrill.

I was handpicked by the devil himself to be a high priest in the demonic realm, and the priesthood ceremony took place one night in the basement of my aunt’s house.

At five minutes to midnight, the devil showed up to collect the debt on his contract. The ritual lasted into the wee hours of the night, and the next morning, when I woke up on the basement floor, I was no longer John Ramirez.

As a general in Satan’s kingdom, I was ordered to curse and control regions, do blood rituals and basically bring hell

to earth. I was also an evangelist for the dark side, recruiting any gullible soul I could find. My favorite targets were weak Christians. That was my world.

## **Colliding with the Cross**

After years of walking in darkness so profound it would shock you, I was invited to church by a new girlfriend—and I went. To me it was a big joke. Who invites the devil’s son to church? I never imagined that God had a sense of humor and He would have the last laugh.

I continued to attend that church with her, privately deriding the experience, until an October night changed my life forever—in a larger-than-life dream that would lead me on the right path to eternity. It was a dream that God used to show me He was bigger and more powerful than anything I had served for 25 years in the world of witchcraft.

Sometimes we have to walk through the broken neighborhoods to get to the healthy neighborhood. It took a visit to hell before I could reach heaven.

After waking up from that vivid dream, I cried out to God, saying, “You *are* real and You do love me. Despite everything I said against You, how I mocked You and laughed at Your Church, how I ridiculed Christians, trying to break their faith—in spite of all this, You still love me. Jesus, I give my life to You. I will serve You instead of the demons, and You will be Lord over my life. You are the true God.”

Then I took out a piece of paper, marking the date in 1999, and wrote a vow to the Lord promising to serve Him and to be fully surrendered to His will for the rest of my life.

Jesus Christ had delivered me from witchcraft. Never again to return.