

Eavesdropping on *Lucifer*



**A STORY EVERY
CHRISTIAN SHOULD HEAR**

Donald B. Stenberg

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on Lucifer

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Carpenter's Son Publishing

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*You look like an angel
Walk like an angel
Talk like an angel
But I got wise
You're the devil in disguise*

FROM A SONG BY ELVIS PRESLEY

Preface

Having spent half of my adult life in public office and half as a practicing lawyer, writing a fictional book about the devil and his evil work is not something that I ever planned to do—or even thought of doing. I have no formal training as a theologian.

But the words of the book flowed into my mind somehow, and I wrote them down. True, I had to do some research on the details of history and science that you will come across as you read the book. But the basic idea for use of those facts simply came to me.

The history of the support for religion by the government and the courts in the United States will surprise some who are not familiar with it. In the book *Lucifer*, “the Boss” explains how that dramatically changed. Likewise, some of the scientific evidence of creation and the flood will come as a surprise to many, because the media chooses not to tell that story.

The book begins with a meeting between the Boss and Jonathan, his would-be apprentice. The Boss explains to Jonathan the tools he has used to corrupt modern-day culture.

When the Boss sends Jonathan out to put those tools into practice, he encounters Angelica, who has been sent to do good and oppose evil. There is an underlying theme of salvation through the Son of God.

The book is easy to read, entertaining, and thought-provoking. I hope that you will enjoy it and take away a deeper understanding of good and evil.

DONALD B. STENBERG

About the Author

Donald B. Stenberg has an undergraduate degree in physics with minors in chemistry and mathematics from the University of Nebraska–Lincoln where he was inducted into the national scholastic honorary Phi Beta Kappa. He received a juris doctorate degree with honors from Harvard Law School and a master's degree in business administration from Harvard Business School.

In addition to his private law practice, Mr. Stenberg was elected to and served three terms as Nebraska's Attorney General and two terms as Nebraska's State Treasurer. He has argued several cases in the Supreme Court of the United States, including the *Stenberg v. Carhart* case, in which he defended Nebraska's law banning partial-birth abortion.

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Chapter 1

)) There Is No Devil

Jonathan knocked nervously on the Boss's door.

"Come in. Come in."

Jonathan entered the Boss's study with a mixture of anticipation and fear. The Boss waved him into a chair and continued writing on a pad on his desk.

Jonathan took the opportunity to look around the Boss's study. He had never been here before but had heard some of the stories from those who had.

Just as he had been told, the study was full of a collection of antiquities—a replica of a golden calf, a bronze statue of Molech, tools from a medieval torture chamber, the sword used to execute John the Baptist, a charred post used in the execution of Joan of Arc, and many other items Jonathan couldn't identify. Jonathan's gaze swept back to the Boss, and he looked at him carefully as the Boss continued to write.

He was a handsome man with dark black hair, square

chin and a high forehead. His appearance was that of a man of about fifty years old, slim, in good health, and apparently excellent physical condition. *Dressed in a suit and tie, he could have easily passed for a banker, a lawyer, a businessman, or even a man of the cloth,* Jonathan thought.

Just then, the Boss looked up at Jonathan and stared at him intently.

“I understand that you graduated at the top of your class at the Academy, Jonathan.”

“Yes, sir,” said Jonathan, beaming with pride.

“Do you know why you are here?” asked the Boss.

“Not exactly, sir.”

“Well, I am in need of a new apprentice. I have heard good reports about you, and I wanted to see if you might be the right person for the job. To start with, I have a few questions for you.”

“Yes, sir,” said Jonathan excitedly.

“Tell me, then, what do we want people to think the devil looks like,” asked the Boss with a pleasant smile.

“Well, sir, at the Academy we were taught that we should treat that as a silly question. It is a silly question because the devil does not exist. No intelligent, rational person can possibly believe such a fairy tale. It is nothing but an old superstition. It came from the imagination of uneducated men who lived centuries ago. In those days parents would keep their children in line by telling them that if they didn’t obey their parents the devil would—”

“Yes, excellent answer,” said the Boss.

“And why do we want people to believe that the devil

does not exist?” asked the Boss.

“Because if they don’t believe there is a devil, it will be easier to lead them into our way of thinking. Their guard will be down,” Jonathan said, just as he had been taught at the Academy.

“Correct,” said the Boss.

“Sir, may I ask you a question?”

“Certainly,” smiled the Boss.

“Where did the idea come from that the devil is all red and has horns and a pointed tail and a pitchfork?” Jonathan asked.

“That’s a great question,” the Boss said, laughing. “Several millennia ago I did make a few appearances looking just as you described. The reason I did it is this: while our primary objective is to convince people that there is no devil, there will always be some doubters. Some people who think that maybe there is a devil.

“For them, we want them to think the devil is all red and has horns and all the rest. Then when they are talking to a handsome, friendly man or a beautiful, sensual woman the idea that they are talking to the devil will never enter their minds.

“Let’s face it, Jonathan. If a human met someone with horns and a long tail and all that, they would be scared to death. There is no way we could be effective looking like that. They would run away. They wouldn’t believe a word we said.”

“I get it, Boss,” Jonathan said. “Sir, at the Academy we studied how successful you have been at convincing people

that there is no such thing as the devil.”

“Yes, it’s one of my greatest accomplishments. And it has not been easy to convince people of that while at the same time encouraging and facilitating war, murder, abortion, adultery, robberies, drug overdoses, and all the rest.”

“Yes, sir. At the Academy we studied your methods of convincing people that there is no devil,” Jonathan said proudly.

“I’m glad you brought that up. Tell me what you were taught,” the Boss replied.

“We were taught that the most powerful tool we have for this purpose is ridicule. And if that doesn’t work in a particular case, then we appeal to reason and logic.”

“Can you give me a specific example of the use of these tools from your in-service training?” asked the Boss.

“Yes, sir. I was on a college campus as a student. One night several of us were talking, and one guy said his parents warned him not to let the devil tempt him into evil things at college like drug use, or cheating on exams, or premarital sex.

“So, I immediately put my training into practice. I started by laughing at him, and several of the other students joined in. Then I said, ‘Randy, you can’t be serious. This is the twenty-first century. No intelligent, educated person believes there really is a devil. You don’t really believe that, do you?’” Then our conversation continued like this:

“Well, my parents taught me that there is, but I have always had doubts about it.”

“That’s a good start,” I said. “Think about it, Randy. Have

you ever seen the devil?”

“No.”

“Do you know anyone who says he saw the devil?”

“Well, no.”

“How about your parents? Did they ever tell you that they saw the devil?”

“No.”

“Hey guys, anyone here ever seen the devil?”

They all laughed. Randy turned red.

“Okay. Okay. I don’t think there is a real devil as such, but bad things do happen to people,” Randy said.

“Well, yeah,” I said, “but that’s not proof that there is a devil. In fact, if anything, maybe that’s proof that there is no God, since a good God wouldn’t let bad things happen.”

“Excellent,” interjected the Boss. “You handled that very well. In fact, you hit on a very important point. Not only do we want people to believe there is no devil, we want them to believe that there is no God.”

“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir,” Jonathan replied.

“We need to discuss that in much more detail later, but first I have an assignment for you. As you have been taught, even most preachers almost never mention the devil anymore. They talk about sin and all that, but our efforts at ridicule by the news media, thought leaders, professors of religion, and others have been so successful that even preachers shy away from talking about the devil.

“However, it has come to my attention that there is a fire-and-brimstone preacher in a small church in Metropolis. We cannot let this continue. Others may be encouraged to

start talking about the devil and what he does. This is a very dangerous threat to our success.

“Your assignment is to go put a stop to this. As you know, you cannot kill him. You must use our tools of deception and deceit to destroy him. He is a very pious man, and I can tell you that some of our best methods—sex, financial greed, and lust for power have already been tried and have failed in this case.

“Now go. And do not come back until you can report that you have been successful.” With that, the Boss pointed to the door, and Jonathan withdrew with a look of concern on his face.