

Letter 09k
VISION
The Goddess Spirit
 2019-04-03

Dear **Jesus**,

09, 10 October 1999.

IN THIS VISION:

Last night (*09 October 1999, laying in bed for the night, before I went to sleep*) I saw the Goddess Spirit. She was nude, attractively built, slender, about 5' 8" tall, with Breasts a man would die for. Her brunette / blond hair was made up in a bouffant style, which gave her the appearance of being taller.

"Why are you here", I demanded.

"You invited me in", she replied, while looking at me as if to say, "I'm stronger than you are, so why not submit?"

She emanated a powerful spiritual force. I began to prophecy the Word to her, thinking that it would evoke the Fear of God in her. This had no affect. She just smirked at me and continued to glare at me with a haughty look.

I looked over my shoulder to see who was behind me. There was the Lord (*Jesus*), standing and leaning up against a wall. He had His arms crossed, and was observing my activities. I knew what He was doing. I had done this same thing myself many times as a supervisor. After showing a subordinate how to do a task, I would stand back and watch them perform, taking mental note of how well the job was (*being*) accomplished.

I turned back to the evil spirit and continued to prophecy. But feelings of powerlessness began to overwhelm me. I sank to my knees and cried out to the Lord (*Holy Spirit*). Jesus came immediately and knelt beside me. He took my hand in His and together we prayed to our Father.

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This morning (*10 October 1999, in bed waking up*), I saw Michael the Archangel standing in front of the goddess. He began to drape binding chains over her shoulders, and put manacles on her wrists behind her. He did this gently, and with grace.

Next I see the evil spirit standing about 20 feet in front of me. I am stronger now, and I raise my single shot carbine rifle, take aim and am just about to fire when the Lord (*Jesus*) taps me on my shoulder.

"You using that thing again"? He says. Then he passes the Grease Gun to me. For some reason I am a little reluctant to fire, but I do. I fire a short three round burst. Then I pull and hold the trigger and "let 'er rip".

The result is too gruesome for words, but the victory is complete.
END OF VISION.

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14 October 2003

I applied my heart to know,
To search and seek out wisdom and the reason of things,
To know the wickedness of folly,
Even of foolishness and madness.
And I find more bitter than death

The woman whose heart is snares and nets,

Whose hands are fetters.

He who pleases God shall escape from her,

But the sinner shall be **trapped by her.**

Ecclesiastes 7:25-26

ct janitor

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Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus