

Letter 56  
**The Hand of Satan**  
2012-01-03

Dear Dan,

Toward the end of 2009, (G6) decided once again to re-structure the workflow of the department I am in. This time it affected every job in the department.

They put every job out to bid in-department. Each employee was allowed to apply for three picks of the jobs they wanted with seniority being one of the deciding factors. The effective date of the new job assignments was to be 1 January 2010.

Because I was low in seniority, I did not get any of my picks. The only job left that was a full time position and still on third shift was called (Z-2). It was a conglomerate of a patchwork of areas to clean with alternating days off, and different starting times, in order to fill in on other people's days off. That's the job I ended up with.

It entailed working in three different departments and some common area work. The departments are (G6a, G6c, and G6d). So I begin what was to become the most challenging part of my tenure to date at (G6), both physically and spiritually.

I had learned some time in the Spring of 2010, through one of his podcasts, that Steve Gregg would be in the Seattle area for most of the summer. In addition to his radio talk show he hosts and teaches a course about the Kingdom of God, and the upcoming summer he would be physically present at a YWAM base outside of Monroe called Pneuma Springs.

He indicated on his show that visitors would be welcome to the meetings on Thursday nights, as they would be open to the public. I thought it would be neat to attend one of the meetings and meet Mr. Gregg in person. The meetings were to run from June through the summer to the end of August, so I purposed to attend a session, as my schedule would allow.

Two things occurred at work about this time that come to mind.

One day in early July I was at work, standing outside at a makeshift smoking area getting ready to start the shift. I was scheduled to work in (G6d) with a starting time of 11:00PM. While I was sitting outside pondering about and looking forward to going to Pneuma Springs, I had a new spiritual experience. I felt the pressure of an angry spirit come up to me and "get in my face", pressing right up against my chest. I knew my immediate response was to resist, so I did. But I had never before felt such a pronounced presence of an evil spirit. It was very wroth and angry.

I didn't know if it was a demon, a fallen angel, or Satan. I really didn't care. Operationally I did what Scripture says to do. "Submit myself therefore unto God. Resist the devil and he will flee."

This next thing happened within a day or two of the first and very likely preceded it.

I had occasion to go into the parking garage just below (G6d). My going into the garage was “engineered” by the Lord, Who had Gabe make sure that I “accidentally dropped” a bio-hazard bag into the laundry chute that emptied into a cart in a room below in the parking garage. So I had to go where I have no usual or routine reason to go and retrieve the bag.

Two things happened at once in the garage. First, I felt the presence of an evil spirit, not like the one in the description above, this was less pronounced, and not “in my face”, but I knew there was an evil presence in the garage. At the same time I noticed a bumper sticker on a car with words that blasphemed God in no uncertain terms.

These things were the Lord’s revealing to me Satan’s resources that would be used in what was to become a full court press of the Devil to remove me from my place of employment at (G6).

Blessings...

Romanus Theophilus