

Letter 204  
**The Good, The Bad, and The Downright Evil**  
2013-09-16

Dear Dan,

Today, Saturday\* 14 September, about three hours before my usual wake-up time of 7:00PM, I was awakened by a dream in which I was speaking in tongues and casting a demon out of a man. After I looked at the clock, I rolled over, closed my eyes and went back to sleep. Even though the dream did trouble me a little, I later woke up feeling pretty good. And I remembered what the Lord had said the day before about ministering to me in dreams as part of my recovery from the most recent assault from Satan.

In fact, it was when I woke up the day before, on Thursday evening (12 September 2013) that I knew I was under another attack, and all night at work, and finally the next morning while waiting at the bus stop for the bus to get home after work.

Since the first week of August, Satan had been attacking me fairly regularly with unusual stress, episodes of sudden sweating and all kinds of fear of becoming a diabetic, beginning with the vector of suggestion mentioned in [Letter 199](#). Before that I had never before thought of diabetes on a personal basis.

But it was while I was waiting for the bus Friday morning that I felt most oppressed, and wondered, like I have so often, how I would continue. I mentioned to both angels Gabe and Gabriella that I thought this was the worst attack Satan had hit me with since Harborview.

But we prayed together, sang a hymn, and I was able to get on the bus and then ride my bike home. After getting home and going to bed, toward the end of my regular sleep cycle that night, I sweat so much again that there was a large wet spot on the sheet. It was so wet it woke me up, but the Lord said that was of Him, in that He was drawing out the poisons that Satan was able to afflict my soul with, through his abuse of the medical authority vested in (P13) mentioned in Letter 199.

At this same time, the Lord brought to conclusion my most recent request for a job modification. Starting 11 October, in order to save money, (G6) is reducing the daily floor care schedule from 7 days to 5, thereby eliminating the need for Friday service. The floor care route entails up to 6 hours of continuous walking, and since I am currently assigned to the Friday floor care schedule, the reduction will eliminate my having to do so much walking. While this change does effectively reduce my own FTE position from 1.0 down to 0.8 FTE, I still maintain full medical and other benefits. This is a good thing.

The bad part is that there will be a financial detriment, but it is better than a full disability. Further, it may well be that I don't lose that much at all, as this makes me available for on-call work that may arise from time to time, for which I would make the full rate of pay anyway.

But back to the downright evil attack. I have many ideas about this, but I need to think a lot before I can write any more details. Right now I plan to do the commentaries on Volume 4 in December, and start Volume 5 in January 2014.

But I can tell that the spiritual stress that caused the sudden, severe and repeated sweating has diminished greatly.

One of the fears I experienced at the bus stop was that I might have had a coronary event. But this was in opposition to what the Lord was telling me through angels Gabe and Gabriella.

So, what was I to believe? The Voice of Victory from Heaven? Or the Voice of Fear?

The human predisposition of emphasizing a physical response to Satan's spiritual input, rather than believing the Word of God, was in this case also part of the Devil's attack.

In other words, my earthly mind wanted to explain the sweats in physical terms, rather than believe the Word of God from a spiritual source. Satan was emphasizing the former, while opposing the latter.

It then became my operational objective to believe Heaven, rather than Hell.

\*Since I work graveyard, the day I start to work on continues until I go to bed and wake up the next day. So, if I started work Friday night, to me it is still Friday until I go to bed the next day. When I wake up that evening, then, and only then, is it Saturday.

P. S. Enclosed please find a gift, a small token of my appreciation. It is a reference to a documentary video that I can find only on Netflix or in the iTunes Store. It is called "Birdmen: The Original Dream Of Flight." I would have sent it to you from Amazon, but I couldn't find it there. This video is way cool.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus