

Letter 219
End Game - Part 4
Face to Face
2013-10-19

Dear Dan,

While I had quite a number of thoughts and ideas float through my head during the Day Of Victory, there was a limited amount of time for me to actually act on any one of them, so I was constantly inquiring of the Lord on how to use the time effectively.

One of the things I did right away was to audio record Letter 214. Then we listened to it as often as possible at work. Later on the Lord gave more audio to accompany God's Word, which is interspersed and posted on the V4-LTD 214 page of the website.

By the time the 8th rolled around, I pretty much had the idea that the Lord wanted us, Gabe, Gabriella and I to go out to the backyard and offer up the Prophetic Prayer He had given us in the presence of the Lord, His Angels, and the Accuser Of The Brethren.

As I was preparing to obey the Lord, I assembled some tools. The iPod Nano of course. My coat because it was cold. Then I thought for a minute, and I remembered the Sword Dance I had performed so long ago at Lincoln Park on Easter Sunday in 1995. So I grabbed the sword from its place in my office, not knowing at all what I was going to do with it.

We walked carefully out to the back yard, partly because of the dark, partly because of all the tree limbs laying on the ground from the most recent wind storms.

Coming to about three feet in front of where the Devil was seated, we stopped. I was a little nervous, but since the prayer had already been recorded, my worry settled into peace.

Then, I took the sword, and with two shoves pushed it into the ground just in front of me, so that it stood in its own. I lit up a smoke, an American Spirit, and fired up the iPod on the audio Version of Letter 214 - The Word Of God Against Satan.

To my immediate right was angel Gabe. To my immediate left was angel Gabriella. Angels Mark and Luke were a little behind us. Angel Maiah had preceded Michael to the Grid Coordinates to make preparations. Michael was standing to our front and a little our right.

But another angel had appeared in the backyard for the prayer. He was standing to our front and a little to our left. Gabe said it was Gabriel, the brother of Gabriella. Apparently God wanted him to witness this event as well. At this point I don't remember seeing any of the Ablative Armor Angels.

As the music of the Letter started, I closed my eyes to pray. But I put my left hand on the hilt of the sword to steady myself so I could stand for the duration of the prayer without having to move.

I don't remember hearing anything but the audio of the Prayer. But almost immediately after we began to pray, I felt Gabriella put her hand on top of mine, resting on the hilt of the sword. Gabe had his hand on my right hand. And then I knew there was a much larger story being written. I knew, at least to a very small degree, that the Faithful Angels have a vested interest in how things play out here on Earth, especially since they witnessed many of their angelic brothers and sisters fall from Heaven and are in the process of going to hell with their god. The memories of the Faithful also need to be healed.

Together we prayed, agreeing with The Word of God Against Satan.

When the Song was over, we prepared to return to the house. But just after I pulled the sword out of the ground, a thought occurred to me, and I held the sword out in front of Satan's face. Without any other emotion other than a sort of "matter-of-factness", I said to the Devil as I looked him in the eye;

"I GOT THIS FROM MY DAD".

We turned to go, but he muttered something negative in return.

As we left I repeated again;

"I GOT THIS FROM MY DAD".

I still listen to this prayer, and even as I have been writing this letter at Starbucks, I had to turn it on again. Even though the Devil himself is out of the picture for a time, his resources are still active, and continue to do their father's will, even without his immediate support.

Even so, I can tell the war effort is much easier now without them being able to have their prayers answered, at least not in the same way as they have been for millennia.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus