

Letter 305
My First Christmas With The Real Angel Gabriel
2014-12-27

Dear Dan,

Well, you might be wondering what Christmas was like this year with angel Moroni and the Phony Gabriel.

Not bad, really. Not bad that is, until I started to get pissed off at the Mormon Christmas presentation that (P9) and her family shared with the rest of us before opening presents Christmas morning. And this year they enlisted my father in law to participate in a reading with quotes that sounded like they were from the Book Of Mormon. And of course the opening and closing prayers to the fallen angel they call "Heavenly Father".

After I retired downstairs to the bedroom to sleep, I asked (the real) angel Gabriel if he wouldn't mind going Home to get some medicine to help me sleep. He was there and back again in about two minutes.

I woke up at about 7:30PM to my iPad alarm feeling OK. I went upstairs to find a fair amount of leftover Christmas dinner of which I had breakfast, and made some instant coffee.

A lady friend of the family was there as usual, and after a while we played a game of trivia. But later in the evening, as she was getting ready to leave, (P9) said that she shouldn't go without first getting a "treatment". It turned out that her husband (P9a) had brought his folding "treatment" table on which he practices his unique form of "witch-doctory". (P9) went into the piano room and brought it into the living room.

I knew then I had to get up and leave the room, or I would start to really get irate. The Lord had been telling me all night to "stand down" and not get into any fights. So we went outside to the backyard where I lit up a smoke and sought the face of the Lord. Then Jesus came and comforted me and my angels, who were probably getting a little close to the end of their resources by that time.

Earlier that morning while we were driving up to (L7), while I was contemplating what sort of battles might ensue once we got there, Gabriel began telling me to take it easy, because "everything was all taken care of." I believed him, but after arriving and having to endure the "Masonic inspired ritualistic Moroni induced blather", my emotions started to get the better of me.

After finishing with the "emergency smoke signal", we went back into the house through the downstairs door. (P9) was there putting something into the refrigerator. We exchanged greetings, but as she was putting something into the fridge, she started asking me if I wanted a treatment from (P9a). I said "No". She paid no attention to my answer and kept going on with words like, "he can help you with your pain", etc. I said "no" again and said

that (P(a) couldn't help me at all.

"Well", she replied, "you can't lose anything to try".

"Except my freedom", I said in return.

She stopped at that, turned and looked at me with a puzzled look on her face and said in a questioning tone; "Freedom?"

"Yeah", I replied. Then in answer to the puzzlement on her face, I added these words; "My freedom to say "No"".

She smiled at that but said no more, going back upstairs.

Somewhere during Christmas Day and night, I don't remember when, I started to get sick, and once again Gabriel put his hand on my stomach and prevented it.

On the drive home I was analyzing these things, and began to wonder to my crew if the Sacramento Prince of Witchcraft by any chance had anything to do with (P9). Angel Gabe said that the Sacramento Prince was not attached directly to (P9), but to the Mormon Stake to which she and her family are associated. Unfortunately, the verbal abuse she suffered from (P9a) and his demons has resulted in one demon of witchcraft getting "in-board", into her body.

As I write this at Starbucks, I am finally calming down. This took one cup of coffee, listening to tunes, and being ministered to by the presence of the Holy Spirit.

But in the Night Before Christmas, before we left (L1) for (L7) on Christmas morning, the Lord led me via iTunes to a music group called ApologetiX. They seem to be the "Weird Al Yankovic" of Christian music, writing Christian lyrics to popular rock songs. Way cool. And the Kingdom Lyrics are very good.

I immediately took some of my Christmas gift money and downloaded one of their albums. They really helped to take the edge off of my anger against all things Mormon. Thank you Jesus.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus