

Letter 322
Battle Damage Assessment
2015-03-08

Dear Dan,

As I write this, my memory of what I am about to describe is a little fuzzy on some of the details. But others I remember clearly, and of course some information may be added by my angels.

This began Thursday night at work, 26 Feb 2015. We were doing our usual routine of a combination of working, praying, praising, prophesying, and perceiving. But I must have perceived a little too much because I started getting sick. At the time I wasn't too sure why, but what I have been told was that I had been under a lot of stress from all the fighting we have been engaged in since 1 Jan 2015. There may have been some cumulative effect added to the sickness.

But I also knew this was mostly from interceding for the Pentecostal Church. We had developed some audio prayers for that purpose, especially for the Churches of and in California. So we had been listening off and on to them as the Lord led.

After we got home Friday morning I had difficulty getting to sleep. My guts were still sore from evacuating "resonant evil" from my innermost being, along with the contents of my intestines. Then my lower torso started to burn. This happens when I intercede against hell, and do not move from the position we have been placed in. My spirit feels the pressure from the other side, and after a while my physical legs start to burn as they feel the affects of the hatred from the enemy. But I usually don't feel this until after I lay down in bed to sleep.

Finally after taking all the natural medications I had, and receiving as much Spiritual Medication the Lord would allow, I got to sleep at about 3:30PM. But I had to wake up at about 6:30PM to get ready for work.

But in the hours before 3:30, I did doze a little, and just before falling asleep I felt the Holy Spirit put His hands on my lower torso and make an adjustment. This was, according to angel Gabriel, because the pressure from hell was so great that my spirit got twisted a little, and needed to be "re-seated", or re-aligned in my physical body.

I made it to work feeling like shit from all that plus being sleep deprived. But with help from Coke and my A-Team, we survived. I seem to remember even doing a little shopping after work.

That Saturday morning after work, 28 Feb 2015, after I went to bed I slept about ten hours, waking up at about 10:30PM. As I write this, Gabriel now remarks that this was a pretty gnarly event, even rising to the level of when Satan was trying go yank my spirit out of my body (see Letter 204 - Volume 4).

I have recovered from that, but remembering the events in order to write them down has made me tired enough to take a nap. So that is where I am heading.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus