

Letter 380
**The Prayer Of Jesus
 For Pulling Down Strongholds
 In, Of, and Throughout
 The Pacific Northwest**
 2015-08-04

Dear Dan,

4 August 2015.

Beginning Monday 27 July 2015 and each night thereafter through Thursday 30 July, I had nightly phone conversations with (CB41) from MFH Church. These would occur while I was working in the first two hours of my work shift. I called him with my cell phone and an earbud so my hands were free. We prayed for some burdens the Lord has given him to pray for, and we also discussed some of the Letters To Daniel.

But after the first call on Monday, and after each call the rest of the week, my muscles and joints would become progressively more sore throughout the night. After inquiring of the Lord, He informed me that I was getting sore like this because while (CB41) and I were talking, the Lord and I were piercing strongholds of division between the Churches in the Pacific Northwest. Our prayers to God and dialogue with (CB41) were penetrating and dissecting the demonic bodies mentioned in Letter 361. But this produced a fair amount of opposition that I had to wrestle against for the remainder of the work shift after each phone call, hence the sore muscles and joints. Friday night, by directive of the Lord, we didn't talk on the phone, which gave my spirit a chance to heal, and now Tuesday morning as I write the muscle soreness and joint stiffness is gone.

But Saturday night 1 August 2015 we did come under attack from the Powers that superintend the Strongholds of Division. The attack didn't last long, but it did open the door for us to "Hotly Pursue" them by means of the following prayer. Here then is the The Prayer Of Jesus For Pulling Down Strongholds In, Of, And Throughout The Pacific Northwest.

"Our Father in Heaven, please consider our prayers and supplications to tear down and remove Strongholds of Division in, of, and throughout the Churches of the Pacific Northwest. For it is written that;

The Book of Second Corinthians, Chapter 10, Verse 1 through 6.

The Spiritual War.

Now I, Paul, myself am pleading with you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ—who in presence am lowly among you, but being absent am bold toward you. But I beg you that when I am present I may not be bold with that confidence by which I intend to be bold against some, who think of us as if we walked according to the flesh. For though we walk in the flesh, we do not war according to the flesh. For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal but mighty in God for pulling down strongholds, casting down arguments and every high thing that exalts itself against the knowledge of God, bringing every thought into

captivity to the obedience of Christ, and being ready to punish all disobedience when your obedience is fulfilled.

The Book Of Nahum, Chapter 3, verses 1 through 19.

The Woe of Nineveh.

Woe to the bloody city!
 It is all full of lies and robbery.
 Its victim never departs.
 The noise of a whip
 And the noise of rattling wheels,
 Of galloping horses,
 Of clattering chariots!
 Horsemen charge with bright sword and glittering spear.
 There is a multitude of slain,
 A great number of bodies,
 Countless corpses—
 They stumble over the corpses—

**Because of the multitude of harlotries of the seductive harlot,
 The mistress of sorceries,
 Who sells nations through her harlotries,
 And families through her sorceries.**

“Behold, I am against you,” says the Lord of hosts;

“I will lift your skirts over your face,
 I will show the nations your nakedness,
 And the kingdoms your shame.
 I will cast abominable filth upon you,
 Make you vile,
 And make you a spectacle.
 It shall come to pass that all who look upon you
 Will flee from you, and say,
 ‘Nineveh is laid waste!
 Who will bemoan her?’
 Where shall I seek comforters for you?”
 Are you better than No Amon
 That was situated by the River,
 That had the waters around her,
 Whose rampart was the sea,
 Whose wall was the sea?
 Ethiopia and Egypt were her strength,
 And it was boundless;
 Put and Lubim were your helpers.
 Yet she was carried away,

She went into captivity;
 Her young children also were dashed to pieces
 At the head of every street;
 They cast lots for her honorable men,
 And all her great men were bound in chains.
 You also will be drunk;
 You will be hidden;
 You also will seek refuge from the enemy.
 All your strongholds are fig trees with ripened figs:
 If they are shaken,
 They fall into the mouth of the eater.
 Surely, your people in your midst are women!
 The gates of your land are wide open for your enemies;
 Fire shall devour the bars of your gates.
 Draw your water for the siege!
 Fortify your strongholds!
 Go into the clay and tread the mortar!
 Make strong the brick kiln!
 There the fire will devour you,
 The sword will cut you off;
 It will eat you up like a locust.
 Make yourself many—like the locust!
 Make yourself many— like the swarming locusts!

You have multiplied your merchants more than the stars of heaven.

The locust plunders and flies away.
 Your commanders are like swarming locusts,
 And your generals like great grasshoppers,
 Which camp in the hedges on a cold day;
 When the sun rises they flee away,
 And the place where they are is not known.
 Your shepherds slumber, O king of Assyria;
 Your nobles rest in the dust.
 Your people are scattered on the mountains,
 And no one gathers them.
 Your injury has no healing,
 Your wound is severe.
 All who hear news of you
 Will clap their hands over you,
 For upon whom has not your wickedness passed continually?

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus