

Letter 383
Recipe For Deliverance
2015-08-22

Dear Dan,

Thursday 20 August 2015.

There is a male co-worker in my department that I talk with in passing at least once a week. He clocks out a little after I arrive to work. We are on a cordial basis, and even exchange friendly insults once in a while.

He likes to cook, and one time showed me a picture on his phone of a meat dish he had prepared earlier. It was some sort of oxtail roast. I commented to him that it looked real good, and he said that someday he would bring some to work to let me sample.

That “someday” came earlier this week. He showed me a grocery bag with a container in it with some of his oxtail with rice dish. I took the bag and plastic server gladly, but as he was giving it to me, he asked;

“ARE YOU ALLERGIC TO PEANUT BUTTER?”

I stopped for a moment, trying to think of a humorous response. None came to mind, and just as I was about to say “no”, he said that it was a Thai dish and that it had some peanut butter in it.

So with that settled (or so I thought), we said our “see ya later”, and I went upstairs to change, stow my personal gear, and get my cleaning carts. I also put the bag with the oxtail into the communal fridge for my later eating enjoyment. I am not allergic to any sort of food,

I already had my lunch packed and with me, since I was not expecting any additional food at work, so I thought I would take my friend’s gracious offering home with me when I left at end of shift.

But at about 2:30AM I was feeling a little hungry, so I decided to go up to the lunchroom and at least sample a little of the oxtail. I had never eaten that part of the cow before, and this would also be a welcome distraction from the “2 to 4 depression syndrome” that I normally have to contend with.

I warmed some in a paper cup in the microwave, and as I sat down to eat I started to wonder if I was going to like the food, and whether the meat would taste too “gamey”.

I didn’t realize it at first as I forced myself to eat, but a curse had been laid on the food, carried by a demonic spirit, that was attempting to corrupt my dining experience. This demonic curse came when my friend asked if I was allergic to peanut butter.

About a half hour later, shortly after 3AM, I started feeling the precursor symptoms of

anaphylactic shock. A tingling and numbness began to be present around my lips and on my face. And I immediately went into “resistance mode”, saying that I wasn’t going to take any sort of allergic reaction to the food.

I then went back to work, all along inquiring of the Lord what should be done next, if anything. As I went into another area, an idea occurred to me, and I acted on it immediately.

I thought for a minute what kind of spirit might be able to do this, and I remembered that this had to do with being allergic to food. So I ordered the Spirit of Food Allergies to appear before me. He did, and I ordered him to lay facedown on the floor with his hands behind his back, and not to utter a word.

Then I commanded the evil spirit to take back the curse he had put on the food, which had then transferred over to me as I ate it.

With that, he got on his feet, swiped his right hand at my face, and took back the demonic carrier of the curse.

I then said to demon that he could;

“LEAVE NOW OR GET TRASHED*. YOUR CHOICE.”

And with that he fled.

It took about an hour, but all the symptoms went away completely. The next day I ate some more of the oxtail, after we had prayed for both the food and my coworker. It tasted much better, and I suffered no symptoms. Tonight I will most likely finish it off.

Later on I asked angel Gabriel if we were going to invoke the “Hot Pursuit” option and go after any more of the demons in my co-worker’s life. He remarked that we had already taken care of that with the prayer over the food and my co-worker, to which I thought something like;

“THAT WAS A PIECE OF CAKE”.

*“Getting Trashed” to an evil spirit is what happens when we ask the Lord to FORGIVE and BLESS them. They hate the forgiveness of God, and interpret His blessings as poison. Since there usually isn’t a herd of swine at hand for them to be cast into, well, that’s the best choice I can think of on the spot.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus