

Letter 416
Booby-Trap
2015-11-15

Dear Dan,

Saturday 14 November 2015, 6AM.

The other day while at Starbucks angel Gabriel suggested that we go to QFC to look for some turkey thighs that (M) had requested that I buy. I also like to go to QFC to buy fresh salmon that they have on sale from time to time.

So, after getting done with coffee, we headed on over. Now, one thing to keep in mind is this is the same QFC where I had to contend with a night checker that would channel a demon when I went to buy stuff during the Day of 7. Anyway, some years ago QFC replaced two of their regular checkout aisles with self-service computerized checkout stations. One of these stations happens to be real close to where the “channeling” took place.

I never really liked the automated service because I thought they took away someone’s job. I also think that if I am required to handle my own groceries, I ought to get a discount. Part of what I am paying for in the cost of the groceries is the professional service from the checkout grocer. So I always go to the full-service line whenever possible.

But this time it was in the morning a little after 7AM, and they don’t start staffing the full-service aisles until 8AM. So I had to use the self-service checkout on this occasion.

Satan, in the years before he was banished, apparently laid some traps for me in various places. This was one of them.

As I was checking out, and being assisted by the very-friendly “check out overseer”, I started to become angry. I thought this was because I was tired, and having to use the self service lane.

But after leaving the store, my anger continued, and I started to get angry at Gabriel for suggesting that we go to QFC. At the same time, I checked myself, knowing that there was no reason for the anger. And on the drive home, as he and I were discussing this issue, he started to reveal that there had been an evil spirit chained to the checkout counter. This was not your average demon, but a fallen angel with a sword. And he was able to get in a stroke in at me. His sword was covered with the hellish feces of ESTRANGEMENT*, and was specifically designed to cause infection and destroy the unique relationship I have with the Faithful angels that hang out with with me. That’s why I was experiencing inordinate and inexplicable anger.

As we got into the house I started saying that the hurt I felt was “nothing that a little Star Trek couldn’t fix”. That along with a hot shower, dinner, a heating pad, and some prayer seemed to do the trick. But even as I write this I can tell there is still some resonance from the attack. Not to worry, we will be home soon for more Star Trek.

In further discussion, Gabriel revealed that in the years prior to Satan’s banishment he had laid a few booby-traps here and there in the Snoqualmie Valley and elsewhere, that were specifically assigned to me.

I just hadn't run into this one before because I don't use that check out station.

Later, after even more discussion, we concluded that some MIP (see Letter 406 Volume 5-15) would take care of the problem. Since the parent company of QFC is Krogers, we will be aiming our intercession toward them. And then we will get a map of the area and mark the rest of the boob-trap locations. Gabriel says he knows where they all are.

I have been down this road before, and have had these same feelings before, but they were from the wounds I sustained during previous personal fights with the Devil. This was from a new wound, and angels Maiah, Gabriella, and Gabe were able to help clean the wound out.

** This is exactly what the Devil was doing to angels Maiah, Gabriella, Gabe, and me in the two years leading up to the Word Against (G6) (see Letters 193 Volume 4 and 256 Volume 5-14). Their love was what was giving life to me in the years following the Day of 7. They were God's life support system in my life because I was in a spiritually hostile environment at (G6), and my own house for quite a while.*

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus