

Letter 429
Hell's Last Gasp
—AND—
The End of Dung Detail
2015-12-24

Dear Dan,

Wednesday, 23 December 2015, 6AM.

In Letter 388, dated 30 August 2015, I write about Jesus' prayer for me and the Word of God Against "Uday & Qusay".

This Word is specific to the Pacific Northwest, and is 100% effective regarding witchcraft. I felt a pretty good peace for over two months, and I thought, like I did after Letters 214 and 224, that I had nothing further to worry about. Sadly, I couldn't have been further from the truth.

After about the first part of this month I started experiencing a phenomena I was already familiar with. This reminded me a lot of the witchcraft I had suffered from The Bugler & Co., described in Letter 266. One night after work, after getting in my truck and driving for home on the freeway, I yawned unexpectedly and then started to get really sleepy, almost to the point of my having to pull over and take a nap. I made it home safely, but I had to roll my window down a lot to get real cold, and I had to fight to keep my eyes open. The same thing happened again two or three times each week since then, only each time the occurrence got closer and closer to (G6). But I also learned that I could resist this and the last time it happened I hardly noticed it. After I inquired of the Lord about this He gave me the following answer.

It turns out that "Uday & Qusay" found a loophole in my prayer (which was left there intentionally by the Lord*), in that I did not ask to have any re-incursion prevented. They absolutely did vacate all their resources, but they discovered that they could send in other resources that had never before been assigned to the Pacific Northwest. So some "sleeper agents" were sent in to act as snipers, stationed along the freeway, shooting bursts of "sleep-heaviness" toward me while I drove home.

And then, both last week and this, "Uday & Qusay" were able to sneak some out-of-region demons in with a cabling contractor that is working in (G6a). The demons were assigned to become part of the cabling crew as familiar spirits in order to hassle me, and also to try to introduce an ongoing presence in the hospital by becoming attached to the new equipment that was being installed. But the enemy was restrained and prevented from establishing any new permanent presence in the hospital.

And then this happened. When I got to work last night, I walked into the break room to make myself a hot beverage. Two other male co-workers were in the room and talking about cars and stuff. Then one of the workers, a young man who I already knew was a channeler of familiar spirits, started to ask me what kind of car I drove. While I knew in my spirit that there was something amiss, my brain was not awake yet, so I started to answer, reluctantly, about my aging Chevy S-10 pickup truck. At first I only said I had an older vehicle which I had purchased new in 1999. He prodded me further to see what make/model it was, etc. So, in an attempt at politeness, I offered up that I drove an S-10 truck. He spoke a few more words, saying that he drove a Toyota Tacoma, then he turned to leave. As the young man was exiting the room he said over his shoulder with a gleeful tone: "and now I have an S-10", and I knew that he was channeling one of the demons that had been filling the room. After I finished mixing my hot cider, I left the room.

I spent the rest of the night being angry at having been ambushed, wondering why it happened in the first place, and trying to get cleaned up from being “slimed” by a room full of demons with their vomit and feces. This means that I felt like dung all night long **until I clocked out.**

Thursday, 24 December 2015, 6AM.

Last night at work was totally different from yesterday. There were no new demons to speak of, and the ones that were there with the cabling crew had been encapsulated in a sprayed on coating of grace, mercy, and love. They left me alone. Other than my immediate supervisor using a mildly derisive word to describe myself and a co-worker, life was pretty good in relative terms. Because the answer to the eviction order prayer of Letter 388 is being enforced by the Lord, His angels were authorized to evict any new comers from out of town. And now there were very few of those.

Over the work shift last night angel Gabe began to explain in more detail what happened to the demonic hoard that had been allowed to infiltrate into the break room the night before.

According to angel Gabe, as soon as the channeling co-worker and I left the break room, all the demons in the room were “grilled” by an angel crew into a spiritual goo, and then transported back to wherever they came from with a new message. The message was that if they or any of their buddies try coming into the Northwest again, this is what will happen. They will get “grilled, goo-ed, and removed”.

So it seems that they got the memo by last night. Gabe said that when “Uday & Qusay” got their walking papers from Letter 388, they told all their people that they were being withdrawn from the Northwest for “our own strategic purposes”, not that they had been cast out, and the “snipers” and familiar spirit demons that had been sent back in here had no knowledge of who we are, and how things are, here in the Pacific Northwest. Because of this I think it likely that the new word on the “demonic street” in other parts of the Nation is to “stay away” from here.

I am more confident now than ever that “dung detail” for me will cease for good no later than the end of this year, and maybe even by this Christmas.

Amen.

*The loophole was left as a ploy by the Lord to get “Uday & Qusay” to do exactly what they did, so that later on the message could be sent to the rest of the “demonic nation”. Come here to the Pacific Northwest and you will regret it.

== = P. S.

Thursday 31 December 2015, 6AM.

Last Sunday we attended Church services at (U20). I like to get there about thirty minutes early so that I can sit in a back row that I find ergonomically more comfortable than any other location. But this puts us behind the entry aisle where people coming into main sanctuary walk through to get to their seats. So we can see everyone that comes in the main entrance. There is one elder that has taken an interest in me ever since I went to elder prayer last year in about November of 2014. Every once in a while he says, “Hi”, and asks how I am doing. But a few times he sat down in an empty chair next to me and was asking how I was doing. I thought he was getting a little too familiar. Even though I had divulged my physical injuries at the prayer session, as far as I was concerned, that should have been the end of it. But this last Sunday

he asked how I was doing, and I said something like “fine”. **He wasn't satisfied with my answer**, so he asked in a more forceful tone “How are **YOU** doing?”

I don't remember my exact answer, but while I was responding out loud to him, I began to feel the presence of an evil spirit of haughtiness, and at the same time I was saying silently to my angels that I was “**getting stepped on**”, and I felt like it after he left. I won't get into all the psycho-analytical aspects of what happened, but I could tell by the smug expression on his face that he thought he had gotten the upper hand in some sort of a conflict.

Fortunately I was able to ignore what he had done to my spirit for the rest of the service. But as we drove home, I appropriated the Spook Army AVTOS protocols listed in Matthew 5:43-48.

Later, after we got home and I went to bed, I slept like crap, and I woke up feeling like dung. Then angel Gabriel began to explain what had transpired. It turns out the elder had a small but potent demon that had become lodged inside his body. It had gained entrance into his spirit many years before from an emotional wound that had not been cared for and healed properly. Then the wound closed and essentially trapped the demon inside his body. While I was sleeping, Jesus removed the demon from the elder, and began the healing process so that he will not become re-infected.

It took a little time for me to get over the feelings of being crapped on by a demonic spirit through another human. But angel Gabriel assured me that the Matthew 5:34-38 protocols had been effective in delivering the elder from demonic incursion. This also had a healing effect on the entire Church denomination, since he is an Elder within that Church.

Thursday, 31 December 2015, 6AM.

This morning at 5:30AM I went to my truck after work like normal to leave for home. I put the key into the driver's side door lock like I always do, and turned the key to the right to unlock the door. But I could tell that something was different because I didn't feel any resistance of the lock being actuated when I turned the key. And as I opened the door, the dome light failed to turn on.

At first I thought maybe I had forgotten to lock the doors, but then as I began to peer into the semi-darkness I could see that the center console storage door had been opened, and that much of the contents was strewn on the passenger seat. It was funny in that I was in complete peace all the time that I was discerning that my truck had been broken into and valuables rifled through.

The other funny thing is that I could not find anything missing. It appeared as if nothing had been taken, just moved around while the would-be thief was looking for whatever. I guess he/she just wasn't interested in a bunch of junk. Later I thanked the Lord that nothing had been taken or broken. The thief must have used a slim-jim to open the door. They also pushed the button that disabled the dome light, which told me they had some prior experience in breaking into cars.

Once again angel Gabriel came to my informative rescue. He explained how this was arranged by the Lord so that later I could pray for the thief, using the same Matthew 5:34-38 protocols that I pray for in situations like this. The thief will be saved.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus