

Letter 454  
**They Came From Afar**  
2016-03-20

Dear Dan,

**Sunday, 20 March 2016, 10PM.**

Over the past few weeks I was mentally preparing to write you a letter stating I could tell that pretty much all forms of witchcraft against me have ceased completely, until this happened.

Last Thursday evening I was at work in the parking garage having a smoke. The American Spirits that I like usually last for between 10 and 12 minutes, so I can tell when my break is over when the tobacco is almost gone.

I was down to about the last minute or so when a man carrying a duffle bag came up to me and started asking questions.

At first I didn't understand what he was saying, because of his somewhat thick Bulgarian or Croatian accent. But after I began to question him back, he started to articulate his words more clearly.

After his first few sentences I thought he might be a doctor, because he kept saying something about needing to get to a patient.

I asked where his ID badge was, then said rather forcefully that I couldn't let him in without an ID badge.

After a few more exchanges it became more clear that he was a guest looking for a patient room, and that he was a family member going to spend the night. He showed me a post-it with a room number and parking garage written on it.

That began to satisfy me that he wasn't a manipulative transient just wanting to get in to the building to find a place to sleep, or worse.

I escorted him all the way to the floor and the nurses station to finally confirm that he was legitimate.

But all throughout the rest of the night I suffered the usual spiritual and emotional trauma that I do when I get into an unexpected wrestling match with a fallen angel of witchcraft.

This includes getting angry, and at the same time trying not to blame angel Gabriel for not protecting me from a hyper-dimensional contact with a satanic resource.

Of course after I calmed down a little Gabriel started to explain what happened. He confirmed that the man was from a foreign country, and that Uday and Qusay saw an

opportunity to send along with the man a little “care package” for me.

It was while I was saying that I wouldn't let the man in without an ID badge that, at the same time, I was wrestling with, and overcoming, a Prince of Witchcraft from whatever area of Europe the man came from originally.

But the man was also delivered at the same time, and the spirit of witchcraft fled back to his original European assignment, never to return here to the US.

Well, that's one way to perform a deliverance. I think I was more pissed off at having my smoke interrupted than anything. But I still felt like crap for most of the night. Funny thing though. I didn't suffer from the extreme fatigue syndrome that I used to experience after one of these fights. Maybe I just got stronger. Or maybe they just got weaker. Or maybe both.

Everything is cool now. But I need a nap. A storm blew through, and I had to wake up a little early to make a phone call.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus