

Letter 457
The 80/20 Approach To Fat City
 2016-04-01

Dear Dan,

Monday, 28 March 2016, 7AM.

*“The Lord giveth.
 The Lord taketh away.
 The Lord giveth back again.
 Blessed be the Name of the Lord”.*

And so this writer attempts an artful paraphrase of the Patriarch Job, who, after he was afflicted by Satan with the murder of his sons and daughters, the killing of his sheep and shepherds, and the killing of his camels and their caretakers, gave Glory to God. See the Book of Job, chapter 1.

What I am about to describe doesn't seem to me to rise to this level of assault, but I think I can understand, at least in a small way, how Job might have felt.

In Letter 199 Volume 4 I write about how I lost 25 pounds in two months, and kept it off, just by counting calories and lowering my fat intake. Of course I was also riding my bicycle about 30 minutes a day 5 times a week while taking the bus to work.

I was able to keep the weight off until about the middle part of 2014, when I began to re-gain some of the weight that I lost, but in a very strange way. Please allow me to explain.

In the two-front war the Lord and I were executing, I would routinely have contact with a variety of evil spirits on the hospital front. But this also occurred while taking the bus. Still, most of the time I managed to avoid direct contact with the enemy.

Nevertheless, having to be around demons and their humans without being able to properly drive the demons away began to take its toll. Plus there was the gradual deterioration of my lower spine. These two things combined made sitting on the bus very painful. Because of this my pain level increased quite a bit for the time that I was seated on the bus. But as soon as I got on my bike and started to ride, the pain would subside, and the physical activity of riding would also mask any other pain to where I actually felt normal, like I wasn't even injured.

After Gabriel arrived to stay in January of 2014, the Lord began to make it clear that He no longer wanted me to take the bus. He said that this was more because (M) needed me to have the ability to get home after work sooner, and not have to rely on the bus system. It gave (M) comfort to know that I could get right home if she needed me for any reason.

Another reason was so that I could stop at Starbucks after work and write these letters.

This was not an easy leading to follow, because I knew the daily activity of riding my bike was an integral part of keeping off the weight I had earlier lost. And I enjoyed riding. It sort of made up for the fact that I couldn't ride a motorcycle anymore due to my physical injuries and (M)'s emotional injuries.

On the other hand, I also knew I wouldn't miss the stresses of waiting for the various bus stops, having to mount and dis-mount my bike off the folding racks, and the general negative demeanor of a few of the coach operators toward me when I was dead-heading. I could tell there was an inherent resentment by some of the drivers about this arrangement in general.

I always suspended bike/bus riding sometime in November, before the first blast of Winter, and would start back up again when the threat of snow subsided in the new year. So, in keeping with the leading of the Lord, after we got into 2014 I retired my bikes and started driving again. Over the years I was able to purchase three new bikes with the money I saved in gas.

But I knew in my heart, when the Lord made it clear that He wanted me to drive to work, that I would start to regain weight. What I didn't know was that there would be some spiritual ramification to the weight gain.

In the past my body would distribute fat evenly over my entire body, but this time it accumulated around my waist, giving me what some call "spare tires", and a "beer belly", that I didn't have before. And I now experience a tight feeling on my sides where some of the fat has accumulated.

Oddly enough I have only regained about 12 pounds of the 25 I had originally lost, so that is sort of a relief.

A few days ago I was changing my clothes after work and was observing my waistline in the mirror, lamenting with my angel family about the situation. I think it was angel Gabe who said that I could attribute about 20% of my weight/fat gain to my change in physiology, and about 80% to being an intercessor. When he said that things started to make a lot more sense.

I care about those who are overweight, from just a little to those who are considered morbidly obese. My wife falls in the latter category.

While I know all the details in my spirit mind why I have gained a "muffin-top" of fat by interceding for those who are overweight, there are a lot of spiritual interactions that would require too much explanation in detail in order to fully explain it all.

A future letter will contain the Word of God against the spirit of obesity, and the Prayer of Jesus for those who are overweight.

Suffice it to say that the 80% spiritual causality coming from Hell to bring about my unique

fat situation will be returned to sender, with any right of refusal having been rescinded by the Lord.

The other 20% I won't worry about. I re-discovered I actually like eating food. Especially pizza, ice cream, and pastries at Starbucks.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus