

Letter 468
**The Witness Protection Program
 and
 Diplomatic Immunity**
 2016-05-05

Dear Dan,

Witness Security Program

The U.S. Marshals Service provides for the security, health and safety of government witnesses, and their immediate dependents, whose lives are in danger as a result of their testimony against

drug traffickers, terrorists, organized crime members and other major criminals.

(<http://www.usmarshals.gov/witsec/>)

About three years ago I started getting some of my routine prescriptions at a local pharmacy. I had been there before for one-time prescriptions, while using a mail-order service for daily and other maintenance type medicines. But changes in drug laws made it more convenient for me to transfer one of my ongoing prescriptions to the local drug store.

One day, while I was filling a prescription, the pharmacist asked for my street address. I balked a little at this because I try to keep my street address out of the hands of mail marketers, so I had a habit of giving only my PO box number. But the policy of the DEA is to have the street address on file for those who have prescriptions for scheduled drugs. So, after I gave her my street address with a some mild protest, she asked:

ARE YOU IN THE WITNESS PROTECTION PROGRAM?

I chuckled a little and said “no”, after which she and I proceeded to end both our conversation and transaction.

A few months ago angel Gabe started to remind me of this exchange. I hadn’t really forgotten it because it was such an unusual question to be asked by someone in the course of doing routine business. But Gabe has been reminding me of it until now because the Lord wanted this event documented in a Letter.

This reminds me of the time I met angels Michael and Gabriel who were disguised as two Police Officers (see Letter 286 Volume 5-15). Apparently they had been given the task of protecting me and the witness that I carry. And I am not even finished witnessing!

Which brings me to the other part of this letter.

Diplomatic immunity is a form of legal immunity that ensures diplomats are given safe passage and are considered not susceptible to lawsuit or prosecution under the host country's laws,

although they can still be expelled.

(https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Diplomatic_immunity)

Toward the end of 2014, when I was still driving the S-10 to work on a regular basis, for some reason I started to drive fast. This was not normal for me because ever since my motorcycle wreck I had become a very fastidious driver. On the freeway I would set my cruise control at exactly the speed limit, and back off at any sign of traffic or rain.

But for some reason toward the end of 2014 I started to accelerate in speed. Of course, back when I rode motorcycles this would have been normal. I always pushed into “ticket-zone” when I thought it was safe to do so on a bike. But even back then I seldom went over the speed limit in a car or truck.

So the notion of going “fast” in a four-wheeled vehicle had become very foreign to me. Even so, when this strange desire began, road conditions permitting, I started getting into the 75+ MPH range for the first time since July of 1995.

Then in February of 2015 (M) and I purchased the Chrysler 300 with the Hemi V-8, and well; I did write about the fact that 80 is at top dead center of the speedometer. I will leave the reader to guess what that means. When this started happening toward the end of 2014 in the S-10, and I started to drive in excess of the posted speed limit, these words began to go through my mind:

YOU HAVE DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY.

While I was pondering this early in 2015 and commuting in the 300 another strange event happened. (M) and I were driving home on I-90 on a weekend evening. Traffic was sparse, but we came up on a group of cars that seemed to be slowing down for some reason. We were able to pass the lot of them only to find two of the same model car still in front of us. I don't know their exact make, but they seemed to be a matched set, and they were street-racing each other. Each car was in its own lane next to the other and would slow way down together in tandem, then punch it.

But as we came up behind the two cars something odd occurred. They moved apart from each other, leaving the middle lane between them open, and they slowed down enough to let us pass between them in the open lane, even though they could have easily outrun our 300, Hemi V-8 notwithstanding. I got a better look when we drove between the two cars. They seemed to be either Acuras or Hondas, the kind of car road racers like to mod-out for street-drifting.

When we passed through the two street racers, I heard again:

YOU HAVE DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY.

Still not long after this I was on my way to work moving along a my new speed of over 70 and came upon a **State Patrol** car moving ahead of me in the same direction. I started to

slow down, but I passed the Trooper as I was still decelerating from 80. I thought for sure I was going to get nailed. But there was no response at all from the police car.

After that I thought to myself;

“Boy, I really DO have diplomatic immunity”.

Since then I take advantage of this new arrangement when it's safe to do so. But I don't push it. The Lord has said I have Grace up to 80, and maybe a little more from time to time. Even so, I drive safely, not recklessly.

There are many reasons for this level of grace and immunity. One is so I can prophesy the Grace of the Lost Anointing of the 1980's. Another is so I can regain my confidence at operating a vehicle at speed, which I had lost after many years of not handling a motorcycle on the road. Motorcycling was the way I danced before the Lord. It was something I was really good at, enjoyed, and miss a whole lot.

One of the first trips (M) and I took by car after my accident was to visit the (C1)'s in (L29), the pastor couple that had officiated at our wedding ceremony.

On the trip across Puget Sound on the Ferry, I was out on one of the flying decks to feel the wind. A man came up beside me and we talked a little. When we docked and were disembarking, I saw that I was following the same man and a lady passenger in the car he was driving. Then I looked at the license plate, and I saw the car was licensed to a United States Medal of Honor recipient.

And at that moment the Lord very quietly showed me that I was also a Medal of Honor recipient because of my actions in saving (CS1) from what Satan had planned for her in prison.

It seems as though this might be true, since all of my angel family agree. They are after all, witnesses of my own life.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus