

Letter 502
Incident at Costco
 2016-08-27

Dear **Jesus**,

Friday, 26 August 2016, 12PM.

I was given the opportunity to learn a new thing the other day while shopping at Costco. This happened on Monday, 23 August, preceding a planned trip to Astoria, Oregon with my brother (CB18), which was to commence the next day. We were going together so I could show him the place where I laid our father to rest in the Columbia River two years ago (see Letters 277 - 280, Volume 5-14).

I had just finished shopping and was standing in line, thinking about the pizza I was about to order from the food court as I was waiting to pass through the security check out at the exit doors. While I was waiting, I was also aware of the various people who were standing in front of me. One was a family with a young girl who appeared to be about 7 years old, wearing shorts and a shirt.

Now, one of the things about being a 'Perceiver', or Prophet, is that it is easy for me to become aware of all the spiritual influences that are close at hand (or even not so close at hand), including those from Hell.

So it was that as I was standing, I was also contending with the various thoughts that indicate what kinds of spirits are present. One influence, which was strong, was trying to get me to lust after the young girl in front of me, essentially trying to tempt me to engage in a from of pedophilia.

Just as the line started moving, I looked down for a brief moment, which put my eyes in direct visual line with the young girls mid-section just at the center point of her legs and torso. This visual contact was co-incidental and momentary, and the thought of pizza was still predominant in my own thoughts.

But I had 'engaged the Borg' briefly just before this, and I had communicated to the evil spirit that I was not interested in what he had to say. But after my eyes shifted toward the girl, the angel responded with:

"...BUT I MADE YOU LOOK..."

With that retort I fired up the Grill (see Letter 65 Volume 1) and disabled all evil spirits who were hovering around the exit door, including him, disintegrating them all into a pool of spiritual goo onto the floor.

Afterward I asked angel Gabriel what had just taken place, because it seemed that at least for a brief instance I was succumbing to the temptation of the unclean spirit.

He said that the spirit of pedophilia was a fallen angel in charge of that type of temptation who had been stationed at the Costco doors to promote what had just occurred, and that the Lord wanted me to become aware of him so I could do what I just did. Fire up 'the Grill', thereby delivering the doors of Costco from evil.

All this happened while I was waiting in the exit line and then being checked by the security worker at the door.

But I still needed to order the pizza for pickup. I called the concession stand and was given about a thirty minute wait time. After completing my request, I pushed my cart to the car to put the things I purchased in the store away. Then I fired up a smoke and proceeded to wait upon the Lord, and the pizza.

Finally about twenty minutes had gone by, so I walked back to the food court to wait in line for my food purchase.

This also took almost twenty minutes, but finally I got the pizza and a few other things, and went back to my car.

I put the salads into the trunk, and just as I was about to reach into the cart for (M)'s pizza (and the slice I had bought for myself), a lady quickly came up to me and began a conversation.

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LADY: "Are you from around here?"

ME: "Why?"

LADY: "The radiator is broken my car, and I need mo..."

ME: "Just a minute",

I said, interrupting her in the middle of the word 'money', and then turned to put the pizza in the passengers sides of my car. After turning back to her I asked:

ME: "What's the trouble?"

LADY: "I'm trying to get to Pine-Bluff, by Redding".

That got my attention because I had just been to a Worship Service the night before with a Music Group from Bethel Church in Redding. But I figured that she and her demons were trying to scam me. The demons were using Redding as a point of familiarity to see if they could use that to get what they wanted. Money.

ME: "Put your finger on the palm of my hand";

... I said, holding up my left hand open and palm up. She complied and immediately I closed my eyes and prayed this prayer:

ME: “Father in Heaven, I pray that you will bless this lady with everything she needs to get her car fixed and complete her journey. I plead the Blood of the Lamb on her and her car. In Jesus name, Amen”.

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And even before I opened my eyes she had walked quickly away.

While I was driving out from the parking stall I saw the same lady talking to another older man, who was reaching into his pants pocket, presumably for some cash.

But I know that she and whoever rides with her in her car have now been marked for Salvation.

Thank You, **Jesus**.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus