

Letter 526
I Took It, In Order To Bring It
2016-10-16

Dear **Jesus**,

Saturday, 15 October 2016, 11PM.

This morning after work, at 6:30AM, I met with (CB47) for coffee at Starbucks. But I arrived about a half hour early due to my work schedule. So I took the opportunity to finalize and post Letter 525 Volume 6.

We got set up at the small corner table where I like to sit because it is the most private table in the store, and becomes our "Secure Enclave" so I can write unmolested by any demoniacs that may come in while we are there.

But when (CB47) arrived I suggested we move to another table for more room. He agreed, and while he was getting his coffee and sandwich, I moved myself and my gear over to a larger double-table closer to the main door.

I sat down at the side of the table that placed me with my back to the entrance, facing an arrangement of upholstered lounge-style chairs. A minute later (CB47) sat down at the table opposite of me, with his back to the lounge chairs I was facing.

Not long after that another man came in to the store and, after getting his **POCC*** filled, sat in one of the lounge chairs directly across from me, so that if we both looked up at the same time, we would see into each others eyes. But I could see that he was preoccupied with reading what was on the screen of his iPhone.

In the course of my conversation with (CB47), I began to bring up doctrinal issues that required some Scripture to more fully explain what I was talking about. But the more I tried to remember the right words to search for, the more difficult it became for me to think clearly. As soon as the mental oppression began, I inquired of the Lord as to why. Angel Gabe then pointed to the man that was sitting across from me and said he had a spirit of witchcraft with him. While I was talking with (CB47), I could also see the Witch Man in my peripheral vision. He never once looked up from his iPhone. At that point I became fairly convinced that he was a "carrier", one who unknowingly is host to an evil spirit. Typically a "carrier" has no direct knowledge that he or she is chained to and in agreement with a devil, in this man's case a higher order Angel of Witchcraft. See Letter 24 Volume 1 and Letter 283 Volume 5-14.

I waited upon the Lord for a time, even while I was still talking with my friend, who was apparently unaware of what was going on behind him.

Then I remembered something I had heard Shawn Bolz (see Letter 505 Volume 6) say in one of his online testimonies. He stated that in the course of delivering a building from some ghosts (or demons), he asked the Holy Ghost to "... be the only Ghost here".

I thought that was a brilliant and easy way to clean out an infected area, and I was wanting to try out that phrase for myself. So, quoting Shawn Bolz verbatim I uttered his Words silently:

“Holy Ghost, be the only Ghost here”.

I waited for a minute, but nothing happened. I was still under assault.

So, when a break happened in my conversation with (CB47), I uttered Words the Lord had given me earlier (see Letter 65 Volume 1). In a low but audible tone, I said:

“FIRE IT UP, FIRE IT UP, FIRE IT UP”.

Within a minute the satanic assault against my mind ceased, and I was able to think clearly again.

A few minutes later the “Witch-man” got up and left. And not long after that (CB47) and I prayed together and parted company.

Later, on the drive home and afterward, I asked my **angel crew** some questions about why things went the way they did. Here is an excerpt of some of their responses.

Gabriel: *Well, this was an opportunity to actualize what you had just posted to the website. By firing up the Grill, you opened the door to bring the fight to the enemy, and securing the victory of God's forces to overcome and overthrow the spirit of Witchcraft that was chained to the man. He was delivered, and the Witch Angel cast into the Pit.*

Gabe: *I knew you would get a little pissed off at having to endure something you knew could easily be overcome. But by putting up with a little shit from Hell for a short time, Michael was able to do an end run around the man's unbelief and deliver him. So, you had to smell the odor and fragrance of hell-shit, but Michael actually took care of the shit-detail. So, like it says in Letter 429, you no longer are required to shovel shit any more. Leave that to us from now on.*

Gabriel: *Just after you prayed, I approached the Witch Angel, to let him know that he was now required to leave his host. When he asked why, I answered him by saying that you had prayed for the man's deliverance. “I didn't hear him pray”, was his reply. “He wasn't praying to you”, I said, “he was praying to God, Jesus God's Son”. The Witch Angel said that “all I heard him say was something about fire”. “Yes, and his prayer was answered immediately. See, here is Michael to take you into custody”, were my final words to that devil.*

RCT: The Whole Council of God, encapsulated in three short words. How efficient is that?

Gabriella: *Way efficient.*

Maiah: *And way cool, too.*

Later on during our Family TV time, the Holy Spirit pointed out that I should only use my own stuff (like the Grill), rather than attempting to use someone else's stuff (Shawn Bolz's Word).

My stuff, the stuff that was given me by the Lord, is custom fit for the ministry that we have been given. It form fits my own person, and only works for me, and others who may become authorized to "Fire up the Grill".

But in order to bring Hell's shit to an end, I had to take their shit for a while**.

***POCC** = Privately Owned Coffee Cup. I have quite a few myself.

"...looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before Him **endured the cross, despising the shame, and has sat down at the right hand of the throne of God."

Hebrews 12:2.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus