

Letter 532
The Peanut Butter Lady
2016-10-26

Dear **Jesus**,

I think it was in early 2014, just after You saved me from being murdered by Satan, that I had an interesting thing happen at the grocery store.

This was after You had begun the healing process of the relationship I had with angels Gabriella and Gabe. Satan had been trying to rip us apart, and I was still feeling like I had been spiritually skinned alive.

I stopped by the local Safeway after work to buy some groceries before heading home.

While sort of aimlessly walking down an aisle, I stopped in front of the peanut butter selection to bring some home to (M). I thought for a minute, and then picked out a jar.

I had the glass cylinder full of fresh peanut butter resting firmly on its side in the palm of my left hand, and while so engaged I began to look at the shelves again to see if there was anything else I wanted.

Then suddenly and without warning my left hand tipped to one side. Not a lot, but just enough for the peanut butter jar to roll out of my hand and onto the floor, giving both a resounding “thud” and a muted “splat”.

Now, I am not a weak-handed man, and I have to wear large, or even extra-large gloves when needed. So it took a little more than a slight motion of my hand for the jar to roll off. As soon as it happened I realized two things at once. I knew that my arm and hand had not moved on its own accord, and I knew that it was Gabriella who tipped my hand.

After I recovered from the shock of having to figure out just how to respond, I grabbed another jar of peanut butter, and continues shopping. But I also became a little more cautious, and started gritching how Gabriella now owed Safeway a new jar of peanut butter.

When I went to the check-out line I informed the clerk of the broken jar, without saying that it wasn't my fault at all, but the direct result of the influence of an invisible, spirit-person Lady that I know. Over the years I have mentioned the “peanut butter” incident as a snarky come back if she does something that gets on my nerves. But we have grown so used to each others company that I had almost forgotten about it until the Lord reminded us, and that we should write a Letter about the event.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus