

Letter 548
Covert Ops; And For Good Reason...
2016-11-30

Dear **Jesus**,

Monday, 28 November 2016, 5AM.

It occurs to me from time to time while I consider my Letters to You that some who will read these writings may consider the degree of obfuscation and misdirection I have taken in encrypting places and real names to be somewhat misguided, and perhaps even paranoid.

And, in unrelated thoughts, recently I have wondered if securing the places and names of people that I write about is still needed, what with kicking Satan's ass and sending his two lieutenants to the Pit.

But when those thoughts arose, the Lord Holy Spirit reminded me there is still a war going on, and that the Satanic Chorus of Accusation is still at large and screeching slanderous thoughts to any who might listen. The Lord's point is that if I started to reveal names and places, writing about them "in the clear", they could come under false accusation by evil accusers, thereby corrupting the thoughts of some of the readers of these Letters.

To help prove this point, the Lord reminded me of a socially engineered attack by Satan against my wife which took place in 1998. This event was in my memory when I started to write the Letters in 2011, and most likely played a part in the decision I made to encrypt. Please allow me to explain.

In Letter 85 Volume 2 I write about how (M) had to have a radical hysterectomy. When the symptoms first appeared, we thought it was just a stomach ache. But as the evening wore on, it became clear that something more serious was taking place.

I took her to the hospital emergency room of the medical network where (M)'s doctor practiced. She was admitted, and had emergency surgery that night.

(M) spent about a week at that particular hospital, where I visited her each day.

One day at the end of one of my visits to see (M) I had occasion to exit the hospital at a place that had an admissions desk. Some admissions clerks were working behind the desk. They seemed to be helping a mother who had a young boy with her. I remember the child was tethered to his mom with some kind of strap. This was effective in preventing the youngster from wandering too far from his mom.

It wasn't my intention to overhear, but as I was walking into and through the seating area toward the exit doors, I could hear this mother causing a fair amount of verbal commotion, talking loudly and making various demands. It was apparent to me that the lady was in some kind of distress. Part of the detail that I overheard was that she was short of the funds

needed to stay at the hospital overnight facility with her son. She was arguing with the admissions people about her ability to pay the added expense.

One of the details I overheard that got my attention was that the lady was a psych patient from Alaska, who was on public assistance, and had been referred to a clinic in the hospital for mental health treatment.

When the lady went back to her seat, I approached the workers behind the counter, a man and woman if I remember, to make an offer. This was because a Scripture had come to mind about giving to others and helping the widow and orphan.

I told them that if I could remain anonymous, I would be willing to help make up the monetary difference in the lady's financial shortfall.

I think this came to about \$300.00. I had the extra money, so I thought this might be an applicable moment. I used a credit card and paid, secretly I thought, for the lady and her son to get whatever upgrade she had been asking for.

But this is where it gets strange.

When the lady found out from the admissions people that someone had paid for her room upgrade, said told them she wanted to say "thank you" to that person for helping her, so she socially engineered (conned, actually) the clerks behind the admissions desk to find out from my credit card transaction receipt what my name was, that I had a family member (my wife) admitted as a patient, and what room number she was staying in.

A little while after I left for the day, the lady in distress (actually demonized) found my wife's room, walked in and began asking her about me. This took (M) by surprise, as I had not had a chance to tell her about any of this. It kind of scared her too, but she was able to get the crazy lady out of her room somehow, I think by pressing the nurse call button.

The next day, when (M) told me what happened, I went to the admissions desk and sort of "chewed them out" for divulging my private information and revealing the presence of my wife.

That was as far as I went, because I didn't want to bring discredit to the work of the Lord in any way.

I have experienced other things similar to this, where I have had demoniacs say things that I knew were aimed at me. Probing questions and statements designed to find occasion to bring accusation based on my response.

So, I have to agree with the Holy Spirit on this one. The Letters shall remain Covert, and for Good Reason.

Safety and Security.

Amen.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus