

Letter 616  
**Elevator Exorcism**  
2017-08-18

Dear **Yeshua**,

**Tuesday, 15 August 2017, 7AM.**

Last year at this time I was staying at home from (G6) where I work, recovering from spine surgery. During my almost three month convalescence, some drastic changes were made within a sub-department that supports the surgical suites that I clean. This was a turnover of all of the employees and ultimately the manager. I was not aware of any of this until I returned to work in the middle of September of last year. It was then that I saw the signs of some new activity and new faces who I had not seen before.

But I noticed that most of the new employees, some of whom I see on a semi-regular basis, were compromised in their work attitude and ethic.

Some seemed to almost hate being there. Usually those kind of attitudes will attract demonic spirits. So for the past year I have been carefully perceiving the spirit-space of the personnel who I see from this department.

One individual I would see late in the shift, anywhere from 3 to 5 AM. He would be sitting in a break room, with only the low-level lighting on, and a rather strange, almost sinister look in his eyes.

Usually I ignore the demoniacs themselves in the work-place, unless the Lord Holy Spirit makes it our business to get involved. This morning on the way to put my work cart away, we got involved.

I waited briefly for the elevator to arrive to take me and my work carts up to the third floor where my janitor closet is. When the door opened I saw the sinister man standing in the elevator. He was going upstairs, so I got in with him and waited for the doors to close. Up until now we had never exchanged words at all.

This elevator is not very fast, and it took a little over a minute from the time the doors closed to when they opened on the floor above. While he and I were standing in the closed space together, he asked me a question;

“HOW’S YOUR DAY GOING”?

Now, at that point I was tired and really didn’t want to get into a conversation, so I responded with my boiler plate answer, the one I had to come up with over the years because just about every grocery store clerk and telephone customer service agent asked the exact same question.

I said:

“I DON’T KEEP TRACK OF SUCH THINGS”.

With that he muttered something that I didn’t understand.

Then, getting mildly irate, I decided to get a little radical and proceeded to explain to him how he sounded like all the store clerks and customer courtesy people on the phone who ask the exact same question all the time.

Then he, not being happy with my answer and a little put-off by my scolding, just as the elevator doors were opening, asked another question:

“HOW’S YOUR FAMILY?”

Then I pushed my carts out of the elevator, with him behind me, and while doing so I noticed two or three others waiting for the elevator to go down, along with another man who was already heading for the door to exit the room the elevator stopped at.

When the Sinister Man asked that question, I knew then that he had at least one familiar spirit with him. After thinking for a second or two, in the presence of those witnesses in the room, I responded with:

“GOD IS MY FATHER, AND HE’S DOING **REAL** GOOD”.

**Friday, 18 August 2017, 8PM.**

I stayed home today from work so I could have a three day weekend, and focus on doing some writing. But on the day after the elevator exorcism another related thing happened.

I was in a hallway doing some cleaning when suddenly I heard another male worker start to swear loudly. I quickly went around the corner of the hallway to his location and saw that he had accidentally rolled a rather heavy work cart into the back of his ankle, right onto his achilles tendon. This had both hurt and taken him by surprise, resulting in his loud vocal outburst.

I asked him if he was OK, and he said “yes”. I further assessed the situation, then said to him that it needed some ice. I then left the scene inquiring of the Lord on what to do next.

Now, it is important to note that this was the same man who was one of the witnesses to the event the day before described above, the one who was exiting the room, as I was entering and proclaiming God to be my Father.

After I left the Lord led me to go get some ice and then to find this man and give it to him. He thanked me for my kindness, and then we parted company.

Afterward, angel Gabriel began to explain what had just transpired, and why.

He said that the Sinister Man had three familiar spirits “in-board”, and that for some time they had been plotting on how to set up their own network. These demons were so strongly entrenched in the Sinister Man that the regular staff of angels assigned to removing familiar spirits from (G6), (see [Letter 415](#)), were having difficulty and had asked the Lord Holy Spirit for some help. So He answered their prayer by sending angel Gabriel and me to render aid and assistance.

Anyway, it was while we were all in the elevator together that Gabriel put the “squeeze” on the three Familiar Spirits inside the Sinister Man, thereby giving “Supergirl and The Fantastic Five” the “clean shot” they needed in order to “bind, gag, and bag” the three familiars. This rendered them inert, while still leaving them in the sinister man’s body, since he is not yet ready for complete deliverance.

The other man who had his heel slightly injured by the cart had been gradually falling under the evil Spell of Familiarity of the Sinister Man. It was the sudden pain and my subsequent offer of kindness which the Holy Spirit used to begin to de-resonate the spell, thereby delivering him from any further influence.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus