

Letter 626
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Dear **Jesus**,

Tuesday, 20 September 2017, 7AM.

I was thinking not long ago that it had been some time since we wrote a **TWISpA** Letter (This Week In Spook Army). But this last week I think might qualify for such a document.

I had originally asked for the last week of this month off from work using earned PTO (paid time off) vacation days. But the Supervisor informed me that I could either take the week of 11-15 September off, or wait until into October sometime. I opted for the September week. This gave me nine consecutive days off from work, starting with the first weekend, and ending with the second weekend.

My plan was to rest, and also to spend some quality time upgrading and using the variety of computers which You have gifted to me over the years.

I really didn't do much of anything over the first weekend. But over the course of time I started to feel like I had been poisoned. When I inquired of the Lord, He explained that I was undergoing a sort of spiritual detoxification from memories of my previous day to day exposure to hell where I work at (G6). I felt strange, and my pain levels were elevated.

The spiritual climate at (G6) has indeed improved markedly ever since angel Gabriel arrived and began the clean-out process starting in January of 2014. But my memories of the Ministry of Hell (see Letter 38 Volume 1) before his arrival are vivid and plentiful. And, this has been a process, so Heaven has been displacing Hell in stages, not all at once. This means that frequently my memory would be exasperated by the presence of evil spirits and their effect on the work environment, even while they are being removed.

But despite the poison and pain, I was able to work on my computers off and on throughout the weekend. I was waiting for Monday to arrive when I would be receiving a new SSD Drive in the mail. So I spent some time backing up important and/or critical files as needed.

Monday evening I found the drive had been delivered to my doorstep. After waking up some more, and ingesting a pain-pill, I was able to install the solid state hard drive, two 8GB memory banks, and a Wi-Fi transceiver into the 2009 Mac Pro my Father-in-Law had given me before moving to California two years ago.

I then spent the better part of the next few days reformatting drives, installing a variety of software, and moving data around.

There was one event and a some dreams I had during this week, which have already been documented in the five most recent Letters before this one.

About a month before this, I had received a postcard in the mail announcing a community recycling event. They would take anything from freezers to old TVs and electrical components. This was being sponsored by the county and the two small towns close to where I live. The day for the event was on the Saturday of the second weekend I had off as part of my vacation time.

This worked out very well, since I didn't have to work the Friday night before, and would be able to take a few items to be recycled without being too tired from work. We had two old CRT computer monitors, one old desktop computer, and an old VCR.

I had determined that it would be wise to arrive very early, at least an hour, to the start of the event, so that I could be first in line and be able to get home right away, since it would become my bedtime when they opened at 9AM.

And I was right. After waiting for thirty minutes, by the time the gates opened there were at least two dozen cars behind mine.

I went through the line, relinquishing my load of ancient electronic artifacts, and got home in time to shower, eat dinner, and go to sleep.

But that evening, after waking up, I started to feel stressed in my spirit man. And when I got out of bed, the sole of my right foot hurt so bad I could barely walk.

So, after hobbling my way to the kitchen to start the coffee maker, I begin to inquire of the Lord Holy Spirit about this new pain.

He, through my angel family, begin to inform me that while I was waiting for the recycling area to open, I was also contending with B-SOG Spirits who were part of the authority structure of the Four Governments with which I had to do at that time.

One Governing Authority is the State of Washington, which has legal authority over all the Local School Districts, including the Snoqualmie School District, on whose ground I was parked, waiting for the City of Snoqualmie Centennial Park to open adjacent to Snoqualmie Elementary School. It was in the parking lot of the City Park where the recyclers were all set up to receive the goods to be recycled.

Another Authority is the Snoqualmie School District. The Recycling Event Authorities had arranged for the Snoqualmie Elementary School parking lot to be a staging area for people like me who arrived early.

The third Authority is the City of Snoqualmie, in which the Snoqualmie School District has its headquarters, and who was the primary sponsor of the recycling event.

And the fourth Authority is King County, which is predominately responsible for refuse handling policies in un-incorporated areas of the County.

So, there we were, waiting on the Lord, on Snoqualmie School District Property, in the City of Snoqualmie, in King County, in the State of Washington.

For the 75 minutes that I waited in my truck for the Park to open, I was at relative peace, But as the time dragged on my bladder started to fill, and I knew I was going to have to enter into a higher level of self-control in order to not leave my truck and try to find a secluded spot where I could relieve myself.

So, I smoked, listened to music, read some Scripture and a book on my iPhone, and just waited on the Lord, which I do anyway, whenever I find myself having “down-time”.

But, while I was waiting, I was also Standing on Four Grounds of Authority which the Lord wanted to identify as being His Own. The Enemy B-SOG Spirits who were (unlawfully) in charge in all four Levels of Government sensed our presence and became agitated and angry, just by us being there. I avoided going into any “seeing” mode, because I just wanted to be left alone at the time.

It sure felt good to find the bathroom when we got home after that. Then I ate dinner and went to bed.

But for all of Saturday night after I got out of bed until I went to bed Sunday morning, my right foot was exceedingly sore. I hollered a little off and on throughout the day to whoever was there, and was immediately reassured that the pain would go away, and I would be back to normal for work Monday night.

And of course, that is exactly what happened.

And the B-SOGs? All removed to the Pit, to experience a different kind of “recycling”.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus