

Letter 675
Operation: Lady Freedom
2018-04-09

Dear **Jesus**,

Sunday, 8 April 2018.

This last Friday I took the Toyota Avalon to the Auto Shop for its first lubrication service since taking possession of it in October of last year. For that many miles, the oil was not too dirty.

After arriving at the shop and turning in the car, I sat down in the customer service lobby at a round table that had two chairs on opposite sides. I had brought one of my laptops to work on, so I got that set up and was in the process of computing when a Lady walked up toward the table and signaled to me if it was OK if she used the vacant chair. I nodded in the affirmative, and went back to my computer.

But just before she got situated with her own electronic device, I took one of my earbuds out of my ear and, offering a smile, said to her:

“BEFORE YOU GET STARTED, PLEASE LET ME WISH YOU A HAPPY FRIDAY”.

She looked up and returned with: “Yes, its a Friday”.

Then we both settled down to whatever each of us was doing.

Not long after that I noticed that she started to fidget a lot at her laptop computer, and began wiping both arms with her hands, as if to brush away some sort of soil. I knew then she was under demonic assault, so I fired up The Grid on her, and kept at it until she calmed down. By doing this, I interposed myself as an intercessor into her life.

Not long after that, the Shop Technician came up to me and said that my service was taking longer than usual because the Lubrication Technician had accidentally broke the engine oil cap, and they had to send out for a new one.

I said “OK”, and went back to my computing.

About another 40 minutes passed when the Service Technician returned and said my car was finished. I gathered up my stuff and went to the Service Desk to pay and check out. While I was doing that, the same Lady came up to me and said, “Here’s your jacket”, while laying it on the counter next to me.

I looked at her and said “thank you”. I had gotten up and left in hanging on the back of the chair I was sitting in. When I saw her countenance, I knew the assault had been terminate, and an element of Peace had returned to her.

But after I got home and finally settled down for bed, I discovered later that there was more to this than just some simple Grid Work.

I had great difficulty getting to sleep, and as I lay fidgeting, I began to realize the place of intercession the Lord Holy Sprit had positioned us in, and that there were aspects of Witchcraft involved in the Lady's life which we were opposing.

After I finally did get to sleep, I woke up feeling like crap, and I knew my suspicions of Witchcraft were true. But, throughout the day, my Angel Family did what they normally do, and helped me recover from this latest mission.

And I know the Lady will be Delivered and Saved. Amen.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus