

Letter 720  
**This Week In Spook Army**  
*TWISpA*  
 21 - 27 October 2018  
 2018-10-28

Dear **Jesus**,

**Sunday, 28 October 2018, 6AM.**

Because of some interesting events, this past week (21-27 October 2018) qualifies for a TWISpA Letter.

**Monday morning** at about 4AM we MMIPed Ba'al. This was from my front porch. The Lord sent Archangel Michael to join us for this event, and then to escort Ba'al to the Pit upon completion of the edict. When Ba'al appeared, I could see that he was about 8 feet tall, and really fat, presumably from all the blood of the aborted children which have been ripped from their mother's womb in the United States over the years. Performing the MMIP was uneventful, and after Michael left with Ba'al in custody, the rest of us went to town to get our morning coffee. [See this link](#) for the actual completed MMIP form.

**Tuesday morning** after leaving work, I went to a different Starbucks than I normally go for my "drive home" cup of coffee. This was due to a certain female barista who works at that particular SBX, who has apparently made it her mission to try to flirt with me at every opportunity. I won't go into greater detail, but a man can tell when a woman becomes flirtatious with him, just the same as when a woman can tell that a man is looking at her "to lust after her".

So, in essence, by going to another SBX, I was "fleeing temptation", although in this case, I was not the one being tempted, but the Lady Barista who apparently is a lonely middle-aged woman seeking male companionship.

As I drove up and into the parking slot in front of the other SBX, to what I thought was going to be a place of refuge, I saw a man slowly walking along the sidewalk just to the right of my car. I got out of my car and, as I did the man stopped, then started again when he saw me head toward the sidewalk. But then I stopped briefly to empty my POCC\* onto the pavement. When I did this, the man, all the while looking at me sideways, stopped too. When this happened I knew the man was compromised and was under the control of an evil spirit of some kind.

Then, I started again and stepped up onto the sidewalk. As I did the man looked at me and asked:

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE TIME IS?

I thought before the Lord for a split-second seeking guidance on how to respond, and, without looking at my watch, answered the man with the approximate time. At the same

time as I was giving the man my answer, I was also quickly making my way into the cafe. After receiving my beverage order, I exited and walked to my car, cup of coffee in hand, without any further incident. Nor I did see the man who asked for the time.

After getting home and going through my usual “post-work” routine, I found that, after going to bed and trying to get to sleep, I kept thinking of the earlier contact with the “chronologically challenged” man, and I knew that I was entering into direct intercession.

I have my own resources for dealing with this kind of conflict, which I found out was a spirit of witchcraft. But my intercessions also can elevate my pain levels to the point where I can't get to sleep. When this happens I usually have to call work and let them know I will be taking the day off, which is what I did this time. I don't remember how I slept, but I do know I had to recover from the elevated pain all throughout the next day.

This was Tuesday night. I had already made plans to go to Costco for a shopping trip Wednesday night, since I am already scheduled to have Wednesdays off from work due to my disability. But I thought I might be able to go in Wednesday morning if I recovered enough. Usually its less crowded at Costco first thing in the morning than in the evenings.

**Wednesday morning** I arrived at the Costco parking lot at about 9:50. The main doors were just opening, and people were already starting to enter.

As I was parking the car, which in this case was the Chrysler 300, the figure of a man got my attention. He was seated on a picnic bench in the Food Court, facing toward the parking lot, with a drinking cup in his hand.

Before I even got out of my car, I saw him look in my direction. As I left my vehicle, I saw him crane his neck a little to get a better look at me. And as I started to make my way to the main covered entrance area, the man got off the table and started walking toward me.

We got to within ten feet of each other, putting me just a few feet from the Food Court area, when he began to attempt to interrogate me about my car. I already knew he was a predator and busybody, so I made very attempt to keep to myself. As I tried to continue to walk toward the entrance, he sidestepped to block my way, so I sidestepped and was able to make it around his left without any bodily contact, and, as quickly as my lame body could walk, made my way to the main entrance and grabbed a cart. All the while the man was following after me demanding answers to his questions.

Just before I got to the carts, I turned and looked him in the eye and said:

“I SAW YOU SCOPING ME OUT”.

Then, as I got my cart and turned to push in to the store, it seemed as though the man, who by this time was just a little over 5 feet in front of me, was himself about to enter, so I politely gestured at him with my hand and arm that he could proceed me if he wanted. He returned the gesture and I passed by him as I went in. I didn't look back, but later I

discerned that it was not his intent to enter, nor do I think it likely he was even a Costco member.

While I was shopping, I had to deal with some collateral thoughts like, “what if he vandalizes the 300 while we’re in here”, and others like it. But the Lord managed to keep me calm, and angel Gabe started to explain that angel Gabriel had remained outside with the man, in order to “serve papers” to the fallen angel who was inflaming him with inappropriate interest in me and my car.

And I was assured by my angel crew that I would not see the man when I left the building, and sure enough, after we exited the Costco building, he was nowhere to be found.

I got home exhausted, since it was way past my bedtime, put the groceries away, and finally got to sleep at about noon (which is the same as midnight for me).

**Then, Thursday morning,** I went to the SBX I frequent close to my home for my last coffee of the day. I have had similar “flirting” problems off and on there also, but not to the degree as the one I described earlier.

I had already placed a mobile order for pick-up, so I waited the few minutes that it takes for the coffee to be prepared. One of the younger female baristas then placed my beverage, in this case a tall mocha in a store provided cup, on the counter. As I reached for it and was picking it up, the young lady asked me how I was doing. I have learned to seldom answer that question from people I don’t already know on account of it is almost never genuine. So I just looked at my cup and said:

“AHH, THIS IS FOR ME”,

and said “Thank You”, and went back to my table.

As I turned to go, I could tell that the barista was more than a little disappointed that I had parried away her false inquiry into my well-being. In fact she began to briefly manifest a spirit of hostility toward me. This led to some spiritual dis-comfort among the other lady baristas, and a series of louder-than-usual conversational remarks and comments ensued, as the Lord Holy Spirit began to comfort the other ladies from the vector of witchcraft opened by the young woman.

I was still tired out from my previous two conflicts, so I had not brought my computer, because I just wanted to read. I had been reading the Chronicles of Narnia for the “umpteenth” time, so I sat in one of the four padded easy chairs, which are situated with two chairs side by side facing the other two.

Not long after I started reading, I saw in spirit-space three Soldier Angels come in and sit down in the three other empty padded chairs. I briefly challenged them to “try the spirits”, then just asked angel Gabe. He said they were on our side. So I went back to my reading.

But I did notice that as they sat down, each one laid his drawn sword across his lap, ready for action at a moment's notice.

Later on Gabriel informed me that these three Soldiers had been sent from Archangel Michael's group to help with any future conflicts like the ones I had Tuesday and Wednesday mornings.

Then, **Friday night** while I was making my lunch I overheard on the TV news that the FBI had captured a lunatic man who had been mailing homemade pipe bombs to various Liberal and/or Democratic politicians. This was a relief to me, since I knew that the apprehension of this lunatic man represented a breaking of the curses of witchcraft against the upcoming elections. I had a pretty good night at work because of this.

**Saturday morning** I woke up tired and with very sore shoulders. According to the Lord, this was on account of wrestling with more spirits of witchcraft assigned to disrupt the upcoming U. S. election on 6 November 2018.

Now as I write (**Sunday**, 8PM) I am still recovering from sore shoulders again from last night's sleep. But all in all it was an interesting week.

\*POCC = Privately Owned Coffee Cup

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus