

Letter 769
Hey, Where's The Mocha?
 2019-03-16

Dear **Jesus**,

Saturday, 16 March 2019, 10AM.

A very remarkable thing happened...

The other day I sent an email to the Artist Lady who I hire to draw pictures on our behalf.

Below is a redacted copy of that email, with some added detail appended below that.

(EMAIL - Wednesday, 13 March 2019, 6:30AM.)

Hi (...),

I had an interesting series of events in the past 2 weeks.

Since retirement and getting onto an "early riser schedule", I have developed the habit of going into town at 0-Dark Thirty to get our mail from the post office, and then pick up a Mocha-To-Go from SBX.

Three times now, from 2 different stores, I have gotten the Mocha Drink, but without any Espresso Coffee in it, essentially making it just hot chocolate.

This morning, I pre-ordered from my iPhone, then went through the drive-thru to pick it up. When I pulled up to the window, I asked the Barista what the normal recipe for a Mocha was, so I could understand what exactly I was supposed to be getting.

She went through a very detailed list on how to make the drink, but toward the end I had to ask her,

"What about the coffee?",

because she had forgotten to include that in her list of ingredients.

This told me that there is a new ongoing assault from HR against me by attacking the Barista's memory who make the mocha's.

This is not the first time I have gotten a demonic response from SBX workers, but it is telling on how HR operates.

This attack would only get worse if it wasn't interdicted, (like it is right now), because I have already prayed to the Lord on how to deal with it, etc.

But it does tell me how these little things from Hell can get a foothold in human relations.

I will be re-writing this email into a Letter, but I thought I would run it by you first.

Now, off to see what the Lord led you to draw.

Happy Day
—j9

Thursday, 14 March 2019, 8AM.

This morning the Barista at QFC SBX (a third store) mis-interpreted that I had ordered my mocha without whipped cream. She enunciated my drink as it was served, and said “no whip” as she gave it to me. I immediately corrected her while giving it back. She looked at the order tag to confirm whether I was right (which I was), and then added the whipped cream, but as she handed it back to me, she cackled in an unearthly laugh along with a sort of terse remark, at which I then knew that a Harassing Spirit of Witchcraft was also at work behind the counter. Angel Gabe later confirmed my suspicion. (And of course the YNHAP* was also applied).

***You’re Not Here Anymore Protocol.**

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus