

Letter 777
TERMINAL SIGN
The Weird Lady
2019-04-17

Dear **Jesus**,

Thursday, 11 April 2019, 8PM.

A very remarkable thing happened...

Earlier today at about 10AM I took (M) to a clinic to have some sleep therapy equipment fitted.

Upon dropping her off at the main entrance, (M) said that she would meet me on the second floor, where she remembered the sleep clinic being located. I parked the car (real close to the main entrance, thank you Lord), and then took the elevator to the second floor, where I found (M) sitting on a bench seat.

But as I looked around, we both began to realize that the clinic was apparently located on the third floor. I left (M) on the bench on the second floor to confirm our assessment, and after ascending to the third floor, returned to (M) to bring her back up to the third floor, where I had found the actual location.

As we got off the elevator, we turned to our right to go around the corner to where the sleep clinic was located. This put me into direct eye-shot of a receptionist desk in different medical clinic which was dead ahead. At the desk was a receptionist looking intently in the direction of the elevator lobby area where we were at, and for the briefest of moments our eyes met in a gaze of familiarly, one which I remembered and recognized.

I turned my eyes quickly away to look to the corridor to our right, as (M) and I continued to walk to and enter the Sleep Therapy Clinic where her appointment was at.

(M) got checked in, and we then both sat in the chairs waiting for the next available technician.

After we got seated, I remembered a sign in the elevator lobby that had gotten my attention. As part of my personal "wait-for-the-doctor-boredom-effect" anti-boredom protocol, I decided to walk the few short steps back into the elevator lobby to read a sign which had gotten my attention earlier at my first trip to the third floor.

By now, I had forgotten about the eye contact I had made with the receptionist in the other clinic less than nine minutes before.

I walked over to the sign, which was sitting on a table between two lobby chairs. As I was standing there reading, the receptionist in the other clinic got up from her desk and walked

out into the Lobby, heading for and at me at a very fast pace. In fact, I it appeared she was charging out at me in order to accost me or something.

The receptionist lady stopped just short of running into me, and then began to speak rather rapidly that she likes to watch the coats that people wear as they walk through the Lobby, and then expressed an interest in my Scott E-Vest.

I started to answer her, but then just as suddenly she changed the subject to the K-House lapel pin that I have on my vest. She said it looked like the Rotary Club insignia.

I then began to explain to her that it had a Bible reference inscribed on it, Acts 17:11, and that it referred to a Scripture which teaches that one can avoid being deceived by studying the Scripture.

Then, I began to inform her of my opinion of the poor signage in the building, and that it could be improved, saying that there were “disabled people who need to come here”, my premise being that more clear signage would make way-finding easier for those who have difficulties getting around.

She responded by saying that she preferred to say that “dis-abled” people were “other-abled” people. (By saying this, the receptionist was revealing the nature of at least two of the spirits that motivated her to charge out at me, “Political Correctness”, and that disability should be considered “normal”, rather than something to be healed from).

With that, I quickly left her before she could say any more, or put her hands on my person. But this whole thing reminded me of another time that a complete stranger brought up my lapel pin (see Letter 747 Volume 9). It also reminds me of a recent event which is documented in Letter 720 Volume 8.

Later on toward the end of my wife’s appointment with the Respiratory Care Therapist, he was saying words meant to reassure us that we had talked about all that needed to be talked about, and then he said that:

“WELL, WE GOT EVERYTHING DONE. THE WAR’S OVER. WE CAN GO.”

As soon as I heard him use those metaphors, I immediately began to wonder if it wasn’t angel Gabriel who was prophesying through him at that moment.

After departing, I inquired of the Lord Holy Spirit as to what had transpired. He answered through angel Gabe, saying that there had indeed been a war.

The Weird Lady who came at me was being moved by a Fallen Angel from HR, who had been assigned to watch the comings and goings of the other people in and out of the facility on that floor.

As soon as the Fallen Angel moved the Receptionist out to me and discovered I wasn't alone, her relationship with the lady worker and the clinic she was employed by was terminated, and she was sent to the Pit.

In that regard, there had been a war, and it was over by the time my wife's appointment was finished. AVTOS all the way Kingdom Troops!

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus