

Letter 11  
**A Return To Work - Part I**  
*My Father's Work*  
2011-08-07

Dear Dan,

You already know of my accident and subsequent stay at Harborview in 1995. But please allow me to fill in some details of what happened after I recuperated enough to start working again.

My Dad was a school district custodian until he retired in 1996. The Lord had arranged it that when I was recovered enough to work again in November of 1997, I was hired by the same district that he had worked for, and less than a year later was hired into the vacant position that he had retired out of hardly 18 months prior.

I wouldn't have gone back to work at all except that the long term insurance agency I had from the previous job kept sending me letters indicating that they were going to cut off my monthly payments unless they kept getting updates from a doctor.

So, in early 1997, with the insurance company nipping at my heels, I began to wonder before the Lord just what I could do as far as work went. I was still weak overall, but I thought that doing janitor work might be an option. I figured that because it was physical it would be a form of physical therapy and provide some regenerative exercise.

A friend of mine owned his own janitor company. I asked him if he would let me work with him periodically to see if I could do the work. He agreed, and I found that I could do all right cleaning restrooms and pushing a vacuum.

So, I decided to try out doing heavier work as a school custodian. I applied with the district where my dad had retired from and was hired on as a substitute. I worked that way for a few months when my dad's old position opened up. I applied for that job and was hired. It was in that job I started to pray in tongues again.

But I was still in a lot of pain, and was unsure of just how long I could work at anything. Beginning with that first job after 7-15-'95 I started down the narrow path of perseverance and continue to this day.

During my tenure in my Dad's old position, my relationship with Jesus began to take on new depth and meaning. In order to explain this better I need to digress a little.

Years prior to my accident, I began to fantasize scriptural truths, such as "I will never leave you nor forsake you". For example, I would frequent restaurants during breaks from work or between jobs, leaving me without my wife's companionship. I would "pretend" that Jesus was sitting across the table from me. The thing is, He took it more realistically than I did and after time I began to realize that by being God and all, He could multi-locate His

spirit (His actual person, independent of the Holy Spirit) in just such a fashion. Then I realized that I was not fantasizing at all when I looked Him in the eye. This was real.

And so it was there at my Father's old job that I began to hear and see the Son better and with more clarity. But, I also heard the Enemy better as well.

Working as the night boss, I was responsible for the custodian that cleaned the building across the street. I remember the first day on the job my dad (he was doing interim substitute work there until his position was filled, and stayed on for a week to teach me the ropes) took me across the street to check out the other building. The custodian that worked there happened to be walking outside the building at the same time I was about to go inside (dad had preceded me by a minute or two).

The other custodian took one look at me and said:

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?”

The tone and inflection in his voice and emphasis on the word “you” was said in such a way as to be like someone seeing someone else they would rather not, and with the notion that whoever was speaking was already familiar with the other. I knew then that there was “another Force” motivating that phrase, as I had never met the custodian before. In fact, it was a direct verbal communication from the familiar (demonic) spirit assigned to the very same building where I had received the Ghostbusters balloon 13 years earlier.

Somewhere along the line while I was at that job, my wife mentioned in passing that the local school district was planning on building more schools. That got me to thinking how nice it would be to work closer to home, as the job I had at the time was a thirty mile and thirty minute commute away.

So, in September of 1999 I began looking for open positions here in the local district. I interviewed for one custodial position at a middle school, but was not selected. Then another position opened that was a full time but split equally between two buildings, 4 hours at one and 4 hours at the other. I interviewed for that position and was offered the job.

It was on my birthday, 21 October 1999 that I officially started in the new position and was looking forward to what I hoped was going to be a retirement career path.

But Jesus had planned something else for the seven months that I worked at the local district. He was about to teach me what an angel later referred to as “**aggressive free-style walking**”.

Blessings....

Romanus Theophilus