

Letter 13  
**How I Got to Harborview In The First Place**  
**Part 1 – My Dream Job**  
2011-08-21

Dear Dan,

It seems appropriate now that I should recount the events that preceded and led me to become injured and subsequently staying at Harborview Hospital, and then becoming a disabled worker.

July 15th 1995 was a bright, sunny summer Saturday perfect for motorcycle riding. In mid-morning I had ridden up to Monroe to see a friend and Brother. Riding back was great, and it was what I needed to settle my mind and spirit after what had transpired in the preceding weeks and days leading up to that point.

In the years from 1990-1993 I was part owner of a small business, a corporation that specialized in floor care and janitorial services. Nearly all of our work was generated from pre-existing accounts from the previous purchase of a small janitorial company and a yellow pages ad. One of the calls that came through in about 1991 was from a small high-tech bio-medical manufacturing company in (L3) named (G8) that needed some floor care. I worked up the bid and presented it to the buyer, but did not get any return call.

About a year later I got a call from the same company but from another person. I resubmitted the same bid for floor care and got the job. This involved an initial strip/re-finish and a monthly maintenance plan. It was good money. At the same time I discerned that their daily janitorial service was performed by a solo in-house employee, leaving them without any back-up substitute in the event that employee was absent. I suggested to my contact that my company could be available to perform substitute-cleaning services if called.

So it was that within a month or so the regular janitor received an ankle injury in a car accident and would be off of work for a month. We were called in and performed the daily cleaning along with the monthly floor maintenance contract.

Then some time later their janitor quit or was fired. Once again we were called to fill in. In the meantime my contact, (P6), who was the facilities manager, sought to hire my company to take care of the entire cleaning package. We negotiated a contract and my company began full-time service.

In the mean time, my partner and I had parted ways business-wise, leaving me as the sole owner of the corporation. After the split I had two janitorial accounts and all the floor accounts. We had earlier hired an employee, (CB13), to work the janitorial route at (G8) and who stayed on for a while after the split.

I sold the floor care side of the business to (CB13) and his wife, and kept the two janitor accounts, one of which was (G8). By this time I was wishing I was no longer self-employed, and was missing the benefits of working for a large company such as vacation and sick leave time, etc.

When I learned that (G8) was in the process of expanding and building a new headquarters in (L23), I approached (P6) with a proposal. I suggested that I be hired on as head of maintenance and help to build

the maintenance department from the ground up, as at this point they had no real maintenance department. (P6) said that he had been thinking the same thing, and later in October of 1993 I was officially hired on at (G8) as their Maintenance Supervisor.

The Lord gave to me at this job an opportunity to use every thing I had learned previously as a School Custodian, Business Owner, and US Army Non-Commissioned Officer. I was allowed to build from the ground up all aspects of facilities maintenance as well as supervise various outside contractors. I was in charge of the state of the art security system and programmed all the secure access cards of the employees, as well as managing the physical keys to all the doors. I wrote job descriptions and interviewed prospective employees. It was for me, a high-school drop-out with no college, Vocational Heaven on Earth. I was part of a great team, excellent boss, and good paying, cutting edge, high-tech company that was also good to its employees.

In 1992, while I was still a contractor at (G8), I had occasion to do some work at the (L23) building that they were preparing to move into. It was a shell at that time with only two functioning restrooms upstairs. On one of the days I was there to clean, the Lord directed me to go upstairs, stand in the middle of the open room and proclaim His Kingdom. I did this two or three times.

So it was then, in the summer of 1992 that, unbeknownst to me, the Lord was laying a foundation of "Kingdom Come" which would become critical three years later.

Blessings...