

Letter 14
How I Got to Harborview In The First Place
Part 2 – The News That Changed My World
2011-08-23

Dear Dan,

During my tenure at (G8) from October '93 through 14 July 1995, I enjoyed my work tremendously, but for some reason I would become depressed almost every Friday on my way home and have to fight to overcome it. This was not a severe depression, but it didn't make any sense, since I didn't have anything to be depressed over. I would think about all the maintenance needs at my house, and it seemed like too big a job, even though I was a maintenance supervisor at my job and was trained and experienced in hands-on building maintenance work.

Routinely I would think; "I just need to turn the corner..." using the football term to describe to myself what I thought needed to happen to overcome the depression.

I think that was one of the reasons the Lord led me in early 1994 to look for and purchase a new motorcycle. My wife (M) and I took off one weekend morning and drove to three dealerships. Yamaha, Suzuki, and Honda.

We looked at Yamaha but left the store unimpressed. Then I test road a Suzuki, said "thank you" and left. All of my previous new bikes had been Suzukis, so I guess I was kind of bored with that brand. Then we went to the Honda dealership. I saw a new red 1994 Magna, test rode it, and knew it was a good fit. We made the purchase, and "down the road I went".

One weekend I took off eastward on I-90 and ended up at Vantage. I road across the Columbia River and pulled off at the lookout/rest area up above. I remember as I looked across the horizon to the west that there seemed to be a "calm before the storm". I really didn't know that I was having a "spiritual" experience at the time, but that's what it was. I knew and felt that war was coming, and it was not carnal.

In early 1995 Satan attacked. It came in this form. While I was at work, I would begin to feel a pressure above my head that was sort of suffocating. I didn't know what this was. I would start to feel so bad that I would hide in an electrical closet and sit on a case of towels, trying to figure out why I felt this way, because I did not have a clue.

My only response was to think that I wanted to be around Christians in my daily work, since part of this attack (easy to see it now from perspective) was to try to dislodge me from my good job, working in a worldly environment according to Scripture. So Satan would try to make it seem that I should not be working "in the world".

It was while this was going on that something else happened.

Early in July of 1995 I had gone up to the local truck stop on a Saturday morning to get some breakfast, but also to look at the movie times in a newspaper. My wife and I wanted to see "Batman" in the theater.

As I was walking toward the table to get seated I spied a used paper lying on a counter. I grabbed it, and then waited for my first cup of coffee to arrive.

As I read the front page I saw a name I knew from my past, a young Christian lady (CS1) whom I had previous romantic inclinations toward when I was single. The news account was about (Z3), in which someone had been killed in an auto accident, deemed to be (CS1)'s fault. You have that story in your possession in the "Red Folder", of which I continue to be grateful for your custodianship.

During the next two weeks I went into a state of intercessory prayer that I had never been in before. I really didn't even know enough to call it intercessory prayer. I just knew I needed to help someone in distress.

At this same time, while at work and dealing with the ongoing oppression (remember, I did not know what this was at that time, I just knew I felt really bad for no sane reason) I begin to hear words in my thoughts. Not "voices" like crazy people, but subtle thoughts that said, "cut the rope (my name)", and along with these words came a vision or memory of a movie. It was a scene from a Clint Eastwood film called "The Eiger Sanction". In this scene, Eastwood - Dr. Hemlock, is hanging on a rope from a cliff edge, and his friend (played by George Kennedy, who was the person Hemlock was supposed to kill, hence the "sanction") was throwing another rope to him and saying, "cut the rope above you Jon".

Now of course I know the voices were angels speaking the Lord's message, and that was their message, but at that time I wasn't sure what the source was. I suspected that it just might be the Lord, and so it proved to be, even though the message seemed to be prompting me to cave in to the push from Satan to quit the job.

So I "cut the rope" and tendered my resignation from (G8). This was about two weeks prior to the 15th of July. I had made the effective date toward the end of the month.

On the 7th of July, a Friday, I went out to a field where I liked to pray. It was on that day that I learned that the sentence was passed down by the judge to our Sister (CS1), with her incarceration to commence a week later on Friday the 14th at King County jail, with later transfer to the Women's Prison in Purdy, Washington. I probed the Spirit Realm (not really knowing that's what I was doing) and perceived that all that could be done had been done.

Sometime between then and the 14th I even took a personal day off from work and went to and up the Space Needle. I was both led and compelled to do so. It was there that the Lord showed me that all the prayers I had prayed were effective and even caused much collateral damage to the enemy's camp.

On that day, Friday the 14th of July, I went to the field where I liked to pray. But here's what was interesting. Within the two weeks prior which I been praying, I had also been given authority over hosts of Angels, to direct their placements. I ordered an Honor Guard along the route from King County jail to Purdy, and I ordered re-enforcements to be sent to the Prison in Purdy to stay and provide protection.

This was all new to me. I had never before felt so powerful or authoritative. And because I learn by doing, it never occurred to me then to pray for MY OWN PROTECTION!

So, the next day, on the 15th of July 1995, when I was out riding my Magna, "Magnafying" the Lord, Satan was allowed to take advantage of my negligence, the story of which is already outlined in the tome "Incident At Harborview" and the poem "Seven Fifteen '95"

Here's where yet another miracle comes into play. During the first week of being hospitalized at Harborview, I somehow managed to find enough strength to call my boss (P6) at (G8). I asked him if I could verbally rescind my resignation which I had tendered almost two weeks earlier. He said he would get back to me.

After (P6) had a meeting with some higher ups, (M) called me and let me know that my resignation had been rescinded. WOW. That meant I could stay on the company books and be eligible for long-term disability insurance coverage that I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW I HAD! This policy paid me for over 2 years until the Lord was ready for me to go back to work.

Dan, I believe it was the prayers that the Lord had me pray as a contractor, BEFORE I had even a notion of being hired as an employee, that laid the foundation of GOOD WILL, a feature of the Kingdom of God, that moved (G8) to keep me on as an employee, even though they could have just as easily let me go.

And so His word is accomplished and comes to pass throughout the land, for so it is written:

*"And we know that all things work together for good to those who love God,
to those who are the called according to His purpose. "
Romans 8:28 NKJ*

Praise ye the Lord forever.

Blessings...