

Letter 22a
The Man In The Red Jacket
2023-10-08

Dear **Yeshua**,

Sunday, 8 October 2023, 11:49AM.

A very remarkable thing happened...

The [Lord Holy Spirit](#) is reminding me of an event which took place not long after I went back to work in November of 1997, after recovering enough from my motorcycle wreck to do so.

My wife (M) and I had gone to a popular Fish 'n' Chips cafe called Skipper's, located in (L5). After we were done with our meal and started to leave, I noticed a wadded up paper napkin to my right, laying on the floor adjacent to my path of egress. Since there was a trash can right next to the exit door, I (painfully) stooped over and picked up the trash, intending to put it in the waste can on my way out the door.

As I raised back up, my eyes came into the direct line of sight with that of another man, wearing a red jacket. He was standing about 12 feet in front of me, behind a half-height divider-wall, to the left of my path of exit, with the trash can and doorway to his left and my right.

As I continued to walk slowly toward the door, the man-in-the-red-jacket left his place and started to walk in my direction. He seemed to be aiming for the condiment bar I had just past, which was now behind me about 10 feet. As we walked by one another, his red jacket brushed slightly against my red jacket, making the low "whooshing" noise which that produces. I kept moving, put the napkin in the trash can, and followed my wife out the door.

Post Event Analysis Says That: There are more than a few details that I witnessed that day which stayed in my memory ever since.

The first item was that I noticed the man was wearing a red jacket which appeared identical, or almost identical, to the one I was wearing.

The second was that his overall appearance reminded me of (P6), who was the Facilities Supervisor and my immediate boss at the business with which I was employed at the time of my bike wreck. The man's facial structure was almost identical to (P6)'s, along with his height and weight.

But something else I remember was the gaze of the man. As soon as I looked him in his eyes, I saw very Strong Determination and Focus of Purpose. And as we passed one another, while his jacket touched mine, I could sense an even stronger Spirit of Compassion emanating from him.

At the same time of this occurrence, I had an on-line relationship with a small Church in a different State, and would occasionally exchange mailed letters with the Pastoral Staff. In one of the letters I remember commenting about this event, and wrote that I suspected that the “man” I saw might be one of my [guardian angels](#).

Turns out I was right, as later on the [Lord](#) confirmed my suspicion, and identified the man as [angel Gabe](#).

This is why I could sense the compassion coming from him, since that was part of the message the Lord was sending to me at that time. There is more I could say, which I may do at some future date.

Blessings,

R. C. Theophilus