

Letter 23
The Day Of 7
Part 1 - Revelation 18:1-3
2011-10-03

Dear Dan,

I started the new job at (G2) being in a lot of pain. This was October of 1999, and Jesus was with me in Spirit always. I resigned in May of 2000 having worked there for a total of seven months. I did not want to resign, but I developed such a severe muscular pain in my lower back, on top of the nerve pain and compartment syndrome pains in my left leg, that I just quit. I was not thinking straight, because if I had I would have asked for a medical leave of absence to find out what was wrong and get it fixed.

The Lord used the seven months I worked at (G2) to make fast our relationship in His Love and Grace. In spite of the severe pains, and even in the midst of them He was there. Incidentally the new job was very similar to the one I had just left in that I was working at an office for the first half of the shift, then going to an elementary school for the second half of the shift.

In the movie "The Matrix", which was released in the US on 31 March 1999 (IMDB.COM), but I did not see until later on video, there is a scene where Neo is just learning how to fight. He is plugged into a computer-learning module and given various battle simulations to overcome and achieve. That's how it was with me at the Elementary School at (G2). I was "plugged in" somehow in the Spirit and learning new things quickly. Jesus' presence brought me comfort, but He delegated the instruction of battle to His angel, Gabe.

The following account concerns how the Lord began to reveal to me angels in my life in general and Gabe in particular.

My wife's younger sister has four sons and two daughters, and when they would come to Washington from (L3) for the holidays we would have each nephew and niece that wanted to come over to spend a night or two. So it was that the youngest nephew, whose first name is Gabriel, but is called Gabe, was at our house for a few nights the week before Christmas 1999.

In order for me to go any further with this account, I need to bring up some back-story of what may seem like an unrelated event.

A few months earlier there had been a news report of a murder that had taken place in (L1). A man, (P2) had taken the lives of his wife and children. Then he had tried, unsuccessfully, to take his own life in jail. For some reason the Lord had highlighted these events to me at the time.

On one particular evening the week before Christmas, I was attacked by evil spirits. I knew

by the Lord then that they were the same gang that were successful in getting (P2) to murder his family (see enclosed). It was very much like the oppression that I had experienced at (G8), but with a directive. They were trying with all their might to motivate me using this thought: "kill your wife".

My response was two fold. One; I was angry, and two; I knew I had to get away from the house fast. So, still being calm, I told (M) that I was taking my young nephew Gabe to (G10) to play video games and maybe get a snack.

After we ate, we went into the small store adjacent to the restaurant. I found something I wanted to purchase, and as I went to the counter to pay, I had my right hand in my coat pocket, gripping a "Jesus Loves You" pen. It was my intent to give the pen to the clerk at the counter, but only if I could get what I had come to call a "clean shot". This would involve looking the person in the eye and saying "this is for you" while giving them the pen. This action was designed to penetrate past any demons that might be on board and get the Gospel Message, the Seed, planted deep into the soul. The Growth of the Knowledge of Jesus' Love for an individual does more damage to the Enemy's camp than any other Word. But because of the inherent distractions happening around the counter and the clerk, I was not able to get a clean shot, so the pen stayed in my pocket.

We turned and headed for the exit with me a little in front of my nephew. I was disappointed by not getting a clean shot in with a Jesus Loves You pen. At that very moment, for no earthly reason I felt my nephew pat me on the back. I knew I was being comforted because of the demonic assault at home, and my own disappointment for not being able to proclaim the Gospel. But my nephew-in-law had no knowledge of what had just transpired both at home and at the counter with the checkout clerk. Yet his action was perfectly timed.

Later on Gabe (the angel) would use that event to identify himself. And that's when I started calling him Gabe. He said he was not Gabriel, but one of his cousins. Fair enough. Once he articulated his full name, which started with "Gabe..." but the rest sounded like gibberish to me, so we settled on just "Gabe". Easy.

The pat on the back gave me a distraction to think about that overcame the most recent memory of the murderous spirits that had just invaded my house. So when we got back home, I was either not aware of them, or they had left.

This occurred just before Christmas 1999. But it got even more interesting, or worse, depending on how you look at it, in the months to follow. But I'll get to that in the next letter(s)...

Blessings....