

Letter 35  
**The Day Of 7 - Part 13**  
**"Aggressive Freestyle Walking"**  
2011-10-29

Dear Dan,

Thinking back I can remember many instances throughout the Day Of 7 of the Lord sending messages of comfort, confirmation, and instruction in small, granular amounts just by having me hear a mere "scrap of information" here and there.

One time while I was out walking, I came to the place where the trail behind my house intersects with the road. There was a swing-gate there at the time to keep unofficial vehicles from entering the trail. The gate was made of galvanized heavy gage square hollow steel, with a lateral height of at least four feet.

It was in the early evening so that the light was sort of dim, but one could still see well enough to discern activity.

Suddenly a young man came walking rapidly past me and said something. I turned to better hear what he said. Then I saw him take one step ONTO the gate with one foot. I immediately thought how unusual that looked since the gate was way too high for a person of normal size just to step up or to be able to get a foot on the gate without at least jumping up first, rather than taking what looked like a normal step. This guy was only a little taller than me.

While he was stepping onto and then down on the other side of the gate, he looked back at me and asked if I had ever heard of "aggressive freestyle walking" and that one needed to wear studded shoes or shoes with spikes or something like that. He didn't stop but just kept on going.

The whole exchange seemed weird and out of place, but it occurred at a time when my whole life seemed weird and out of place.

After some thought I realized the Lord was saying that I needed to be aggressive in my walk in His freedom. That is what a lot of the current spiritual war is about. Freedom to be in Christ, and "he who the Son sets free is free indeed".

Another time I was out walking in the evening twilight on the trail, and I came upon several young people. One had a gas can. I made a friendly inquiry as to what they were doing. They said, "Our brother is out of gas". Later on I knew they were angels talking about me. I was the one that was out of gas.

On another walk I passed a group of young people. I was smoking a cigarette, and one of them, a young man that was dressed like a punk rocker, asked what brand I was smoking. I showed him my pack of smokes, which happened to be More Menthol. He took one look and

said, "Hey man, those things will kill you". I looked back at him and said,

"I'm already dead. How can you kill a dead man?"

The angel just smiled, patted me on me shoulder and kept on going.

Another time I was walking and all of a sudden a horse and rider came up out of the brush onto the trail. I asked the rider what kind of horse he had.

"Tennessee Walker" he replied and rode on.

I think my attitude after that was something like; Alright already, Lord! I get it! I get it!

Blessings...

Romanus Theophilus