

Letter 37  
**FREEDOM**  
**A New Beginning**  
2011-11-03

Dear Dan,

In May of 2000 I resigned my position at (G2) after just seven months of employment. I did not want to quit, but I hurt so bad I could not force myself to continue any longer.

It also was evident that the tasks the Lord wanted to accomplish through and with me there were completed, so I was not in disobedience to His will by resigning.

I also knew this. That once I left the job I would have more freedom in Christ than at any other time in my life up to that point. This freedom was confirmed by something I saw while driving down the road to town from my house. I looked up and saw an older style bus coming my way. The reader board above the front windows displayed the following Word:

“FREEDOM”

I was given the entire summer off by the Lord to follow Him and be healed from the battles I had just endured, and also from the continuing injuries that I had sustained on 7-15-95.

It was a wonderful time. We took many day trips together just driving around. And I spent a lot of time going to Church at (U3). But I also knew that I couldn't just sit around waiting to win the lottery or something. Even though (M) and I had the income from the annuity, it wasn't enough to live on for very long. So I began to think about what to do next.

I took a part time job for two weeks delivering pizza. It was fun, and we actually performed some demonic deliverance at a few houses we delivered pizza to. While driving pizza the Lord gave me another objective sign regarding angel Gabe.

One of the other drivers was a Christian, and in the first few days of my employment was assigned to teach me how to run the routes. On the third day, while we were driving a route in my truck, we were talking about church related matters when he begin to say how he was feeling the presence of the Lord, like he did in Church. He said it was so strong that he could hardly take it, like there was “some angel” in the truck with us. (Yup).

But driving pizza wasn't for me. I quit that job and tried another position at a place called (G4). I lasted there only two weeks since I could not sit for more than thirty minutes at a desk job, nor was it safe for me to work in the warehouse as I could easily stumble on pallets or fall off of a forklift.

That was in July 2000. In late August 2000 I went to (G3), applied for a job as a substitute custodian and was hired.

Taking the summer off and being away from non-stop battles allowed my back to heal. Thank God I have not had the same pain since, although others have taken its place over the years.

At the end of August just before the start of school I took a few days to go to the land of my Fathers in Oregon. This was the Clatskanie / Astoria / Seaside area. We visited the Astor Column, and the Battery Russell, and the very last of the remains of the Peter Iredale, a ship that ran aground off the coast of Oregon decades ago.

While at the ocean I was thinking about how much fun it would be to drive my truck along the sandy beach. At the Peter Iredale site there was a cutout access way in the bluff where vehicles could enter and exit the beach.

As I was sitting in my truck in the parking lot the Lord said something like, "Go ahead. Have some fun". So, still a little fearful of not being able to get back out of the beach area because of the loose sand on the access way, I drove down the short hill and onto the beach area. I did drive around a little, and then started up the hill to leave.

Now, the sand in this area was very loose, and there were many ruts from other vehicle's tires. And I did get stuck. "OK Lord, now what?" I might have thought.

So, I prayed to ask God for help and what to do. Then I tried calling AAA. The cell coverage there was spotty and my attempt at that didn't work. I tried asking other people there for shovels etc. No one had a shovel.

Then I saw something really strange. A Nissan pickup towing a flatbed cargo trailer came driving up the beach. But on the trailer there were two or three sheets of glass. These were full size, 4x8 sheets with some kind of etched design on them. The driver had his window rolled down and said to me; "don't worry, my brother is coming with a chain".

Not long after that another pickup arrived. The driver got out and asked if he could help. I said that I was stuck. He said that he had a chain and would hook it up and pull me free. So, after attaching the chain to the under-carriage of my truck he pulled me free of the loose sand. Then he said that if I drove down the beach for a mile or so I would find a concrete driveway to exit the beach from.

"OK", I said. I thanked them both and drove down a mile or so to find exactly what they said I would find.

It was a funny thing about that chain under my truck. There was no hook or shackle on the end of the chain with which to fix it to anything, nor was there any place underneath my truck where he put the chain to make it fast, at least by any conventional mechanical means. How he attached the chain to my truck remains a mystery.

Of course later Gabe said the guy with the glass sheets was angel Mark and the guy with the truck and chain was angel Luke.

And I did have fun. I drove for more than a mile along the beach, even over a few minor dunes. Way cool. And thank God I didn't get stuck again. A day later I went back home and got ready to start the new job.

For the one school year that I worked at (G3) I can say that my workdays were free from demonic assaults. I don't remember one instance of running into a demoniac while there.

But it was not the Lord's will that I remain there. I sure wanted to. I interviewed for at least twelve full time positions but always came in number two. A substitute custodian gets no benefits and is paid less, so a full time position is what is usually aspired to by most substitutes.

Toward the end of the 2000/2001 school year and into the summer I started to think about finding another job, mainly for benefits. I knew because of my own physical condition and that of my wife's we would need medical insurance coverage in order to not lose our house to medical payments.

So, I looked on the local newspaper website and found a position opening at (G6). I figured that I would have a better shot at getting a full time position with benefits at a healthcare employer as anywhere. I applied for the open position in July of 2001, and was hired on the 17th of that month.

It wasn't clear to me then, but I was about to discover a more clear understanding of the meaning of the Scripture where it says:

“... AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT...”

Blessings ...

Romanus Theophilus