

Letter 38
Inside The Gates Of Hell Part 1
The Spirit Of Death
2011-11-06

Dear Dan,

I was still working at (G3) when one of my brothers (CB19) told me that he was going to quit his part time job working for (G5). He worked as a janitor and cleaned two small clinics situated next to each other called (G11). So I contacted his supervisor, chatted for a while and was hired over the phone to take his place.

This was a very small job, three times a week for only one hour and fifteen minutes, or 45 minutes in each office. But I was there alone at night with the Lord and it was a little money. I liked it and was very grateful for it. It paid for my burgers and coffee at Dennys.

I had that part time job and the one at (G3) when I was hired at (G6). I actually worked all three jobs until just before the 2001/02 school year started. But at the end of the summer it made sense that I work only two jobs, full time at (G6) and part time at (G11).

But not getting hired full time at (G3) was a great loss to me. My father retired as a school custodian, and I had met my wife while a school custodian, and it was a career I was happy doing and loved.

So I cannot say I was not dismayed for losing two jobs that I really wanted to stay at. But I knew, even though I did not feel it, that these things were not beyond the Lord's will. I just didn't know what His will was in detail. I knew that I needed to provide for my wife and household. That's basic Christianity 101.

But I did have this. Toward the end of the summer I was subbing at a school named (G3a) when I came across the online add for the job at (G6). One day at work while I was thinking about if I should pursue the opening at (G6) I inquired of Jesus as to whether He wanted me to apply. He showed me a job application form with large letters superimposed across the front, as if from a big rubber stamp. The word formed by the letters was:

"APPROVED"

That comforted me. A Rock Solid directive on how to proceed. So I went through the process of interviewing and being hired to work at (G6), and continue to work there to this day.

One night on a day off from work, just weeks after I had been hired at (G6), I was driving from (G10) to my home when something horrible happen. I was just thinking about what my future might be like at (G6) when suddenly all of the life in my soul drained away. The best way I can describe this is to allude to a scene in a movie. It is "Dune", and there is a scene in Dune where the evil Baron Harkonnen is with his nephew Feyd, played by the rock star Sting. At the time Feyd exits the steam bath, a young man was brought into the room for the Baron's pleasure. The young man has a plug installed in his chest that will drain all of his blood out if it's pulled. In the movie the Baron gloats for a moment over the young man, then pulls the plug and watches him bleed out to death.

I felt the life drain out of me in the same way, spiritually, just by thinking about my future at (G6). It was very bad, but it only lasted for a little while, and I knew from past experience that the Lord was there with Life, and that more abundantly to overcome the spirit of Death that I had just encountered.

A few months into the job I had a dream. I dreamed that I was on my way to work at (G6). I arrive with a rifle and the intent of shooting everyone there. But, since I don't believe in hurting people, I had loaded the rifle with blanks.

After going through the hospital shooting all the staff with blanks, I started to exit the building when I spotted a cane and an old man. I picked up the cane and beat the old man to death. Then I found a gurney, pushed it out onto the driveway, and laid down on it waiting for the police to arrive since I had just committed murder. End of dream.

And so was the beginning of my long tenure at (G6). A little while ago (M) accurately observed that my time at (G6) was the longest I had worked at one place. And of course she was right.

With this new series of letters I will recount the Work of Jesus in the Kingdom of Hell at (G6) and elsewhere up to this point.

Blessings...

Romanus Theophilus