

Letter 39  
**Inside The Gates Of Hell Part 2**  
**My First Memory**  
2011-11-16

Dear Dan,

My first memory at (G6) where I now work is not pleasant, but once again is quite revelatory of the things I have been involved in regarding serving Jesus.

I was born in Portland, Oregon and spent the first four years of my life there. But my dad got real sick with hepatitis, to the point where my parents had to sell their house and business and move up to Kirkland, Washington to live with my mom's mother and grandmother.

My dad got well, found a job detailing cars in West Seattle, and with some money from the house and business sale in Portland my parents bought 2.5 acres in East King County that became the family home where my brothers and I grew up.

I think I was between four and five years old. My mom had become concerned for my health because every so often there would be some blood in my stool when I would use the bathroom.

So my mom made an appointment with a doctor who practiced at (G6). My mom brought me to the clinic and into the exam room. Then I was made to lay face down on a table, while my pants were lowered. The doctor performed a rectal exam with his gloved finger and then pushed in a suppository.

This whole process was to me painful, confusing and humiliating.

My mom was being a good, caring mom, and the doctor was being a good, professional doctor. But to this 4 or 5-year-old kid it was rape.

Days later, while we were at my Grandma's in Kirkland, I went out onto the front lawn to play, and was lying on the grass on my belly when I started to remember the exam. Then I began to "act out" what had taken place at the clinic at (G6). I pulled down my pants part way, took a blade of grass and pretended it was a suppository, trying to push it into my rectum and at the same time saying out loud: "No, I don't want a suppository, I don't want a suppository".

At just that moment my mom opened the front door of the house and asked, "what are you doing?" I immediately stopped and said, "just playing" or something like that.

I now believe that it was my mom coming out of the front door at that moment in time that prevented me from becoming demon possessed, for it was the unintended trauma at (G6) that caused a fissure in my soul that would have allowed demons to enter me at that point. And they were the ones who were directing the role-play. But the simple distraction of the authority of my Mom prevented that.

I was reluctant to relay this part of my testimony, but it may serve to help others that have been in like situation.

And it is with some irony that I remember the event, seeing that I now work at the place where this occurred. Kind of like Moses going back to Egypt to work as a slave with his fellow Jews.

P.S. Satan was using that trauma, along with my aunt's use of her Ouija board, (the one I discovered in the coat closet) to gain entry into my life. But the Lord prevailed in saving me from an evil fate. All this occurred at about the same time that I heard the Devil's laughter.

Blessings...

Romanus Theophilus