

Letter 41
9/11
2011-11-23
([see drawing here](#))

Dear Dan,

I was asleep when the phone rang. It was the morning of the 11th of September 2001, and I was barely two months into my lengthy tenure at the hospital (G6).

The School Custodial Supervisor at (G3) had my home phone number, and I was still on call do some substitute custodial work. I had remained on the books as a sub even though I had already started working full time at (G6).

In July I had informed the Supervisor that I had taken a position with (G6), but that I would like to be available to do some sub work from time to time, working around my full time schedule at (G6). He agreed, so throughout the rest of the summer I worked half-day shifts at various schools and support buildings within the district. The very last job that I did for (G3) was applying floor finish to the Multi-Purpose room at the elementary school (G3b) just before the start of school, right before the Labor Day weekend.

I never resigned my position at (G3), I just stopped getting called after the last job was finished.

But I still had a lingering hope that I could still be hired full-time at (G3). That's why when the phone rang that morning I first thought I was being called for a job.

Instead, it was a friend and fellow Christian that was on the other end of the line when I answered.

"Romanus", he said. "Turn on the TV". "The World Trade Center is under attack"

I turned on the TV to see the first tower on fire and people jumping off the roof. Then I saw the second plane hit the second tower. I said "goodbye" to my friend, hung up the phone, and turned to angels Gabe and Gabriella, who were in the bedroom when I woke up and asked; "did you know about this?" because I figured it was some kind of judgement or something. We then watched and prayed as we saw the fires and subsequent collapse of the two towers.

I don't remember much after that except that I had to go to work that day. So that's what I did.

The next day, on 9/12, my wife (M) received an email with a drawing attached. It was a pencil sketch by a young boy who saw the Truth. I have kept a copy of it and a copy of that is attached to this letter ([click on link above](#)). It is Jesus receiving the souls of all that were His on 9/11.

About a week later, just 30 minutes or so before I had to leave for work, I was walking on the trail behind my house trying to sort out everything. I was depressed from not getting called by (G3) for work, and depressed over the World Trade Center attacks.

While I was on the bridge looking at the river something happened that I had only read about in fictitious writings , and I always thought it was hyperbole.

I FELT on my back, someone looking at me from behind, from down the trail. I turned and saw no one.

I turned back to the river to look and listen to the white noise, and felt the same feeling again. Again I looked behind me down the trail and saw no one. So I went back to looking at and listening to the river.

Within a few seconds a Lady came walking along the trail from where I just looked. I knew it was not humanly possible for someone to walk, even run, within eye shot of where I had just looked to where I was in that short amount of time. But I was in no condition to try to figure it out. I just wanted to not be depressed.

She came up to me and we started talking. The she said she could tell I was feeling down, and spoke other words of comfort. We talked a little more, then before parting company she patted me on my shoulder and said:

“CHIN UP, FELLA”

Of course later on angel Gabe confirmed something I thought might be the case. He said that the Lady was the Holy Spirit “in person” that met me there.

Over the weeks and months that followed I begin to get sort of an idea that my work at (G6) and the subsequent U. S. wars after 9/11 were linked in some way. I will make an attempt to describe that in future letters.

Blessings...

Romanus Theophilus