

Letter 42
Comfort and Refuge
2011-11-28

Dear Dan,

My tenure at (G6) can best be described to date in two sections. The first is when I worked second shift from 3:00PM - 11:30PM. That schedule lasted from when I started in July 2001 through October 2003. The second section is what I now work. Third shift (graveyard), from 9:00PM-5:30AM (or some days 11:00PM-7:30AM).

Certain things happened during these times, which the Lord used to help describe what I was doing and continue to do at (G6).

One day at home I was watching TV and blipped on to channel 9. There were two authors being interviewed about a book they had jointly written. As I watched I became interested in the book. It was a true account of how a large faction of a Mafia enterprise had been demolished in New York city by an undercover cop. The title was "Takedown: The Fall Of The Last Mafia Empire". It is an amazing story of how a New York cop (one of the authors) just happened to be at "the right place at the right time" to enable him to get deep undercover into the Mafia organization, obtain the evidence needed by the DA, and nail the criminals.

I got the book from the library and read it non-stop. As I read the Lord emphasized certain portions of the book. As part of the undercover work, the cop, who was married, had to take on a new identity as that of a single guy along with an apartment of his own. And he had to do all this even though he could not divulge any of it to his wife. How similar it was to what I had just been through, and continued to go through after that.

So I was comforted to some degree because I have not wanted to be hurtful to my wife (M) in any way, yet some of the things I had to do were hurtful.

During my second shift tenure I met with a man, mentioned in Letter 41, from Wasilla, Alaska who had a prophetic ministry in the Body. One of the things he said to me was that Churches and Hospitals were the two most demon infested organizations around. I don't know about the "Churches" part, but he's gotta be right about the "Hospitals" part.

I used to take my lunch in an office that I could lock and that had its own air conditioning. One night as I was sitting there I turned and saw out of the corner of my eye a ghostly apparition. It was the form of a man dressed in what appeared to be old 18th century attire along with a top hat, all in black. Gabe said that he was "The Undertaker" and that he was running out of the building on account of being exorcized, as part of the general deliverance ministry that the Lord was doing there at the Hospital.

Another time I was cleaning in a small waiting area that had some chairs, tables, etc. There was a lady there that looked to be Oriental. She was sitting in a chair with her eyes closed and one hand held out in front of her upright as if pushing against something in the air. The Gift of Knowledge kicked in and I knew she was a Buddhist.

The Lord said that she was praying. Not to God Yahweh, but to her god Satan, against me. And the Lord said that she was not human, but that she was a fallen angel working there at the hospital. Apparently the Lord had commanded her to appear in human form so that I could learn and tell this story. I saw her a few more times, and the last time we exchanged words. I think I asked her what she was doing and she responded that she worked there. I haven't seen her since then and that was almost a decade ago.

I had two places of refuge during this time. Dennys and my little part time job at (G11). I would get off work at 11:30 at (G6), then head over to Dennys for dinner, then on to (G11) to clean.

At night when I went to work there, (G11) was empty of both other human beings and enemy spirits, at least after the first time we worked there. I knew that three times a week I had a place to go that I could call "my own". For the most part I was my own boss, which meant that the Holy Spirit was there as my Lord, and that I could be alone with God. It was a little spot of Heaven after being inside of Hell for eight hours.

It didn't matter that I spent all the money that I made there each night on the burger and coffee I had just consumed at Dennys. It was my private place, and Jesus, the Bread of Life was there with me.

In October 2003, (G6) had to downsize due to some budgetary concerns. I was "low man on the totem pole", and the only job available to me after the cutbacks was one during third shift, cleaning in (G6a). So I started working third shift (Graveyard) at (G6) and have done so to this day.

Part of that shift change at (G6) meant that I had to give up the (G11) job. I would not be able to both. True, I gained some hourly money from the third shift stipend that more than compensated for the loss of income from (G11). But what really hurt was the loss of my place of refuge. Now, I had nowhere to "hide" from the Devil. No more "safe zone". Now it was turn and fight no matter what. "Kill or be killed". A true "Graveyard", but for who? Me? Or the Devil? I'm still finding out.

Blessings...

Romanus Theophilus