

Letter 49

The Victory Of Jesus

**"...When The Last Enemy Is Gone,
From The Dust Will Come A Song..."***

2011-12-20

Dear Dan,

In 2005, about three years after Mom went Home, Dad was diagnosed with lung cancer. He had been a one pack a day cigarette smoker since the age of thirteen.

Dad began a treatment regimen prescribed by his attending doctors that lasted until the last months of his life. Part of this was an experimental treatment of chemotherapy but had side affects, one of which was to deplete red blood cells. Every so often he would need to get a blood transfusion, after which he felt better because he was getting more oxygen.

Dad had many friends in the complex where he lived, and in the Electric Model Aircraft Indoor Flying club he co-founded. Many of them came to the house to help Dad since he was alone. But as I was his son, I came to stay with him on weekends if he needed my help. I had secured family medical leave from my employer, and had been staying at Dad's for the week prior to the following events.

On about the 16th of October 2007 I visited his doctor's office to get some paperwork signed that would give me more time off from work so I could stay at the house with Dad and be more helpful. When I was there, his primary doctor, whom I had met a year earlier when I accompanied Dad to one of his visits, came up to me, and with a lowered voice said words to the following effect;

"Your Dad has fought the good fight, has been a real trooper. But maybe now you should consider Home Hospice Care." He then went to his office to process the paperwork that would authorize Home Hospice Care.

Neither my father nor I knew exactly what Hospice Care entailed at the time. I thought it would authorize the insurance to pay for visiting nurses, therapists, etc. and miscellaneous medical equipment to help tend to my father's needs while he continued his battle against death. But Home Hospice Care is not about restoring or prolonging life, but is designed to make one feel as good as possible while they're dying.

Over the next two days various people begin to show up at the mobile home, such as nurses, social workers, and healthcare equipment deliveries, etc. By this time Dad was bed-ridden, too weak most of the time to get up except to the bathroom. But he was still lucid and knew what was going on. And I was still his son, and made every effort to do his will.

On the 19th, some time during the day, a visiting nurse was in Dad's bedroom. He was asking why he could not get another transfusion, since that always made him feel better and gave him life. She calmed him with soft words of denial, saying he could not get a transfusion. Then Dad got angry with that and something else she said and replied;

"NOT IF I CALL 911".

While I did not clearly overhear every word spoken before that phrase, I heard enough to know what my Father's will was. He desired Life and not death. Right before overhearing this verbal exchange I had been given some forms to fill out that required my signature, that would give final authorization for home hospice care. I had just begun to review the paperwork when I had overheard my father's desire to call 911.

I begin to fill out the hospice authorization form, looking carefully at each line item. For every line, I checked the box that would indicate or promote **LIFE** rather than death, thereby fulfilling my Father's will.

I gave the completed form back to the nurse. She looked at it and said that based upon my entries "you are not eligible for hospice care" (please see attached redacted copy).

At that point I asked what the options were. There was a brief discussion, after which I called 911. The paramedics arrived quickly, assessed the situation, and took Dad to the ER of Providence Hospital in Everett. I believe that my Dad would have perished that day without the call to 911.

After securing Dad's house I left and arrived at the ER. I was allowed to observe the lifesaving activities that the medical staff was performing. And I believe they did give Dad some blood, which is what gave him the oxygen and life he needed.

Satan seeks the death of others and promotes it non-stop. So it was that from the first words spoken by my father's own doctor concerning home hospice care up to the time I signed the hospice care forms, and even afterward, death was being promoted.

I remember the next day I visited Dad in the ICU. I was pondering all that had transpired and what position I should take regarding what apparently seemed to be end of life procedures. I wasn't sure about anything. Dad was still in sort of a coma from exhaustion and coming close to dying.

Then, as I was thinking about this, a hospital worker, possibly a Patient Care Technician, came up to me and consoled me by saying it would be "OK" if I authorized a discontinuation of life saving procedures.

A few minutes later another hospital worker came up to me and said something very similar. I thought about this some more, all the while feeling very stressed at dealing with an unknown experience. I found one of the ICU doctors and shared with him the Satanic thoughts I was now entertaining, that I might be willing to have the life saving equipment removed from Dad. He said that there would need to be an ethics review before that could happen. I acknowledged his statement and left for the waiting room to sort things out.

Then I realized that the two workers who suggested I "pull the plug" on Dad were speaking words put there by Satan in his attempt at killing my Dad and trying to have me complicit in the act. And I realized that the doctor's reliance on Medical Ethics prevented that. I was grateful to the Lord for intervening through the doctor.

In a day or two Dad recovered enough to be moved to a regular hospital room. And a few more days after that he had regained enough strength to walk out into the hallway down to a window to look out.

Almost a week had passed, and Dad had improved to the point of being able to move from the hospital to an assisted living facility that had full medical staff. It was not far from Providence. The facility was called **Bethany**.

Each day Dad seemed to improve a little bit. I visited him daily and even brought his special hearing-impaired phone (he was partially deaf and used a hearing aid) so he could make calls.

So it was that on Monday morning the 29th of October I visited my Dad after work at about 7:00AM. Then I went home and went to bed. I awoke that day at my usual time of around 5:30PM. It was Monday, the first of my two days off.

After my usual wake-up time in the family room with (M), some coffee and the TV, I went into my office to work at my computer. Sometime after 10PM the phone rang.

I answered to find one of my dad's flying buddies on the other end. He told me that he had gotten a call from Bethany that had informed him of Dad passing away, and he was letting me know. I thanked him and hung up.

I left home for Bethany, and when I arrived I checked in at the main desk. Then I went to my Dad's room, where his body lay, and paid my last earthly respects.

The Lord God had made a statement about Himself by allowing Satan to speak against my Dad, my family and me. By allowing these things, God said and is saying;

"I AM IN CONTROL"

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*"And he led them forth without -- unto **Bethany**,
and having lifted up his hands he did bless them,..."
Luke 24:50 YLT*

Blessings...

Romanus Theophilus

* Quote from the song "Grave Robber" by Petra.