

Letter 58  
**The Accusations Of Satan**  
**Part 2 - "A Mere Scrap Of Information"**  
2012-01-03

Dear Dan

In the first "spaghetti western" movie, A Fist Full Of Dollars, Joe Manco (Clint Eastwood) restates some words spoken to him by one of his adversaries. It goes something like this;

*"...in these parts, a man's life can depend on  
a mere scrap of information..."*

Jesus used two "scraps of information" from two of the audio books I had just listened to that helped guide me in this time of Satanic accusation.

The first was from one of the Peretti books. In the storyline there was a discussion within a circle of Believers on how to resist a work of Satan being perpetrated. They suggested this and that, but finally came down to working within the law and using an attorney to achieve the lawful results that the Lord wanted, believing that the Lord would work His will through the legal system.

The second "scrap of information" came from the book "Heaven Is For Real". Here is the quote:

*"At just that moment, Colton came around the corner from the living room and surprised us with a strange proclamation that I can still hear to this day. He stood at the end of the counter with his hands on his hips.*

*"Dad, Jesus used Dr. O'Holleran to help fix me,"  
he said, standing at the end of the counter with his hands on his hips.  
"You need to pay him.""*

*(Burpo, Todd; Sonja Burpo; Colton Burpo; Lynn Vincent (2010-11-02). Heaven is for Real: A Little Boy's Astounding Story of His Trip to Heaven and Back (p. 54). Thomas Nelson. Kindle Edition. )*

These two bits of data gave me the direction I needed to be able to overcome the Enemy's latest assault on me and by extension, my family.

The following day after I was prohibited from using my iPod at work I called the attorney that had represented (M) and I for my motorcycle wreck in 1995. He was still in business and remembered us well.

I explained to him that I thought I was potentially being discriminated at work because I was a disabled worker. After describing what I thought my needs were, he advised me to go to my doctor with exactly what I told him and ask for a letter detailing what I needed. I thanked him and did as he advised. After that I called my Doctor (P8) and made the earliest appointment I could.

At the appointment I gave to (P8) something I had written that delineated in detail what my Attorney had advised me to say (see attachment below). After reviewing my request, he said; "starting tomorrow I'll be

out of town for a week. If I have time I will write this letter today before I leave. If not I will write it upon my return.” (P8) stated. I thanked him and departed.

In the meantime, the Manager at (G6z) had scheduled a meeting with me and a representative from HR. It was to discuss my claim of being a disabled worker. This meeting occurred in the week between seeing my doctor, and my receipt of the ADA letter from him.

In the meeting with the HR lady I explained what my condition was and what I used to get through each day. I also made it clear that I would be getting a letter from my doctor, but that he was “out of town” until the next week, and that I would forward the letter as soon as I had it.

I could tell, however, that the enemy was stopping the ears of both the manager and the lady from HR. They both pretty much ignored what I was saying and then insisted that I adhere to the manager’s directives. The manager even went so far as to order new uniforms for me as I had lost a bunch of weight since they had originally been issued to me. I warned him he should wait, knowing that the Lord would prevail, but he did not listen.

I had my resignation all typed up, signed and sealed, in my vest pocket, and I was ready to give it to the manager in the meeting, but the Lord stayed my hand. I left the meeting dejected, and rather pissed off at the bureaucratic stupidity, but with a very subtle, very secret hint that the victory would not be lost. After leaving the meeting, I was directed by the Lord to call the HR lady promptly and let her know I wanted to appeal the decision just made to her bosses.

What I needed to do now was to be patient and wait the few more days until the return of my Physician and the receipt of his letter that would give me legal standing.

Blessings...

Romanus Theophilus