

Letter 867
MIRACLE REPORT
Who Turned On The Christmas Tree Lights?
2020-12-09

Dear **Yeshua**,

A very remarkable thing happened...

Sunday, 6 December 2020, 4:49PM.

On Wednesday of last week, 2 December 2020, at about 3:15PM, a fir tree growing on King County Park property adjacent to my back yard blew over due to high winds in the area. It was not a very large tree, and it was showing signs of dying, not having any green fronds on its limbs.

The tree fell into my back yard, partially crushing a portion of the steel wire perimeter fence, with about the upper third portion of the tree striking and coming to rest on the flat roof covering the back deck of our house.

The impact of the Falling Tree was heard by both of our next door neighbors, and it shook the entire house.

My first reaction was to go to the back yard and see what had actually taken place. I saw that the tree had bent the edge of the steel roof, along with a section of the rain gutter. Some of the fascia board was also broken.

After going out to the back yard and ascertaining the situation, I began the process of getting the help needed to repair and pay for the damage.

I called our House Insurance Company to initiate a claim for damages, then on Thursday I started to call various contractors to get repair construction bids.

The first contractor I called was the same company who, about 20 years earlier, had performed the original installation of the (then new) steel roof.

The owner of the Roofing Company came out on Friday, performed an initial inspection, and then departed after saying he would have a proposal ready the next day.

Then, the next day (Saturday), an Inspector hired by the House Insurance Company came to look over and document the damages. He was here on location for about an hour.

The weather was clear and unseasonably warm; somewhere in the low 50s (DEGF). So after the Inspector departed, I took advantage of the rest of the day, and proceeded to cut up the tree with my (electric) chain saw.

Then, the thought occurred to me that, since it was so dry outside, I could safely get onto the roof to sweep off some of the debris which had been left by the tree, along with the build up of fir needles which continuously rain down on our property. I then determined that if it was still dry the next day, Sunday, I would make the attempt.

On Sunday after "ZOOM TV" Church, at about 2 PM, I proceeded to sweep as much of the roof as I could, using due Care and Caution, considering the safety hazards which my disabled body presents.

After spending about an hour sweeping, I became too sore and fatigued to do any more. But I was also pleased that I was able to get one whole side of the roof cleaned off. And, even though I was exceedingly sore and tired, the thought of possibly being able to finish the job on Monday gave me some Hope and Encouragement.

I came down from the roof, stowed my tools, and went back into the house through the sliding glass door which goes directly into the kitchen. I then greeted (M) who was sitting at the kitchen table, walking passed her and down to the other end of the house where the bathroom and bedrooms are, so I could get cleaned up before dinner.

Just before getting into the shower, I went back through the kitchen and poked my head into the TV Room to ask (M) if she needed the bathroom (our house has only one). She said "no", and I immediately turned around and headed back for the shower.

After getting clean and putting on some fresh clothes, I went into the kitchen to prepare dinner, which was an entirely micro-wave meal since I was too tired to do anything else.

I fed the dogs first, then I brought our dinner plates into the TV room, handed (M) hers, and sat down so we could watch The FBI Files along with our meal.

After a minute or two, I saw that the Christmas Tree Lights were on, and in the blinking mode which I typically turn them to. This was odd, because I knew I had not turned them on that day. (I had actually thought about turning on the Tree Lights first thing that morning when I was eating breakfast at about 5AM. But I refrained from doing so, thinking that I would turn the lights on later, just before (M) went into the TV room for the day. This was to save power, since the lights are solely powered by two "D" cell batteries).

So I asked my wife if she had turned the Christmas Tree Lights on*. She said "no", and further remarked that they were off when she came into the TV room. (M) further added that she thought I might have possibly turned them on.

I thought for a moment, and then became sure that I had not "absent-mindedly" turned on the tree lights. That couldn't have happened without (M) seeing me do it, because I would have had to walk right passed her sitting in her TV chair in order to turn the lights on.

Additionally, my immediate movements in our house were still fresh in my memory, and I would not have taken the time or energy to turn on the lights at that moment due to my increased fatigue and elevated pain levels from overworking my disabled body.

Was it possible that the lights came on due to a flaw in the control programming? Maybe, but unlikely. There are two control buttons. One button turns on the power, and also selects how the lights operate, either in continuous light mode, or blinking mode. The other button sets a timer to turn the lights off

automatically after a certain number of hours has passed. And it requires a fair amount of pressure to depress either of the two buttons ([click here to see photo of control box](#)).

One option was that one or both of our two small dogs, Miniature Schnauzers, had turned the lights on. But they are too short to reach up onto the table where the Christmas Tree sits. And it would have taken some time to train and teach them to be able to jump up onto the table and push the control buttons. Something which, to the best my knowledge, had never been done.

This left me with only one other viable option. Someone Else must have turned on the Christmas Tree Lights**. Someone who could move intra-dimensionally, remaining invisible to the earth-space light spectrum, and be able to push the control buttons with exceedingly great speed, all while (M) was facing the Christmas Tree, and perusing on her iPad.

I will leave to the Reader's imagination what kind of Person might have such abilities.

*It would have been nearly physically impossible for (M) to have turned the Tree Lights on herself, due to her own physical limitations.

**I have reason to believe that this is the second time the Tree Lights were turned on by Someone Else. About a week before this happened, I saw that the Christmas Tree Lights were on, but had no memory of turning them on. I dismissed that Train of Thought at the time, since I was sore, tired, and hungry, and my TV dinner was sitting on my lap demanding my undivided attention.

P. S. To read about a similar event, please see [Letter 316 Volume 5-15](#).

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus