

Letter 876e  
**A. D. 2020 Comments**  
**Part 5**  
*A Place of Rest and Freedom*  
2021-02-06

Dear **Yeshua**,

**Friday, 1 January 2021, 7:29AM.**

In March of 2020, most businesses and public gathering places were shut down by government edict. And for 30 days all Washington State residents were ordered to remain at home. But this had little or no effect on my wife (M) and me as we were already “shut down” due to our own disabilities, and that we are both retired from active employment.

So, staying at home was nothing new to us. That’s what we did most of the time anyway. In fact, in 2019, (M) left the house no more than four different times, and has left the house only twice since February 2020, both times for doctor appointments.

In February (M) visited the salon which she frequented for pedicures and hair cuts. But after that her pedicurist was forced to retire due to the closures. So, toenail trimming detail has become my job.

On any given day, (M)’s activities consist of getting up from her bed, moving to the bathroom, then to the kitchen where she sits and takes her pills, then to the TV/Family room where she sits in her TV chair until her bedtime, which is anywhere from 10 to 12 hours later.

Other than an occasional trip to the bathroom throughout the day, this is the extent of (M)’s physical mobility. This means I must do all the shopping, cooking, laundry, (house cleaning is non-existent), and required caregiving for the both of us.

The last time (M) and I did anything together outside of our house (other than to a doctor’s visit) was in 2019 when I accompanied her to a birthday luncheon with some of her friends.

Nevertheless I am grateful, because God has been kind to (M) in keeping her company with angels that surround her and help her out. I don’t think she’s aware of her Helper Angels, but I am.

One of the ways the Lord comforted me in 2020 was to show me a place that I could enjoy some solitude and hear sounds which reminded me of the ocean.

Sometime in the late Spring of 2020 I took a drive up to Snoqualmie Pass. This was so I could look at the mountain sky and see different things. The idea also occurred to me to pack a lunch and my folding chair so I could sit outside and enjoy the mountain air.

Upon arrival to the Pass area, I discovered that, with the business closures, and the lack of winter-time activities, it was something akin to a “ghost town”. But for me it was Pure Heaven.

My first two outings were across the street from a ski slope at a vacant parking lot of what looked like a storage building for snow plows. But on my third outing the thought occurred to me to drive a little a further on.

Hardly a mile eastward is another ski slope. But it is also home to a large parking lot with a steep slope down to the freeway. During the winter snow-pack, this slope is used by inner-tubers. Both the parking area and slope are apparently on State Department of Transportation public property\*\*\*, so the parking and usage are free.

But in the off-season, the parking lot, which I think is about the size of at least four football fields, is quite vacant.

On this trip I drove onto the vehicle parking area and stopped as close as I could to the edge of the downward slope, leaving enough room for me to set up my folding chair. I had brought a small lunch with me, and a beverage.

As I sat in the warm sun and enjoyed the solitude with my eyes closed. As I considered the summer heat and the calming breezes which picked up up from time to time, I experienced something strangely familiar. It was what sounded like the rushing noise of ocean surf waves coming in and out.

The sound that I was hearing was being produced by a combination of engine noise wind and from the vehicles on the freeway as they sped along the freeway. The only things that were missing was the smell of salt-air, and the melancholy cry of seagulls.

Another way the Lord helped me overcome "lockdown" boredom was in this manner. The shooting range where I am a member got shut down in March, and didn't re-open until June. Yet the desire to target practice, which came from the Lord, was strong. So, I went to the local hardware store and purchased a wrist-rocket slingshot and used that for target practice instead.

This actually worked well, and I got pretty good at placing the small, clay beads close to where I thought I was aiming at.

Another thing which happened in 2020, and is still going on, was an ammunition shortage. What with all the BLM/ANTIFA riots and violence over the summer, many folks purchased their own firearms for the very first time.

This sudden demand put an inordinate amount of stress on the national supply of the most popular rifle and handgun rounds, so that ammo suppliers which had been both economical and reliable in 2019 began to run out. At the local gun shop which I frequent, I used to be able to purchase a box of fifty .38 Special (remanufactured) rounds for \$20.00 cash. Now the only place I can find them is on the internet for over \$1.00 a round. Same for .357 Magnums.

Also, sometime during the lockdown I took a trip up to the property we own. This is 4.8 acres of undeveloped land north of Carnation, Washington. I brought with me my CO2 pellet gun, and was able to do a little target practice while I was there.

And so the Lord found ways to give me respite and freedom, even during the (in my opinion) illegal statewide house arrest which occurred in the State of Washington in 2020.

\*\*\*I am not 100% sure about the exact disposition of the property ownership. I am 100% sure about the free usage.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus