

Letter 137a
Holy War, Holy Peace
 2016-08-13

Dear Dan,

Friday, 12 August 2016, 1PM.

"The 2012 Benghazi attack took place on the evening of September 11, 2012, when Islamic militants attacked the American diplomatic compound in Benghazi, Libya, killing U.S. Ambassador J. Christopher Stevens and U.S. Foreign Service Information Management Officer Sean Smith.[7] Stevens was the first U.S. Ambassador killed in the line of duty since 1979.[8] The attack has also been referred to as the Battle of Benghazi.[9].

Several hours later, a second assault targeted a different compound about one mile away, killing CIA contractors Tyrone S. Woods and Glen Doherty.[10][11] Ten others were also injured in the attacks."

From WIKIPEDIA.COM

Last night we watched the movie **13 Hours: The Secret Soldiers of Benghazi** (2016), which was about the attack described in the Wikipedia entry quoted above.

After the movie, while I was in bed getting ready to get to sleep, the Lord began to impress upon me to write about an event that is related to what I described in Letter 137 Volume 3.

On 11 September 2012, on the very day that I walked into a conference room at (G6) where a fellow Muslim co-worker was praying to Allah (see Letter 137 Volume 3), there was a pre-meditated assault on covert U. S. Consulate Facilities in Benghazi, Libya.

Over two years later, in early 2015 the Lord led me to offer a Gift of Peace to the same Muslim man. Please allow me to explain.

My Dad for a time in my grade school years was a treasure hunter. He acquired various metal detectors and would go out in the mornings to school yards and playgrounds and do what he called "coin-shooting", using the metal detector to search for anything metallic that others had dropped, but mostly he hoped to find coins.

He even co-founded a club that was called the Northwest Ghost Towners, the members of which had a special letter of authorization from the Head of the King County Parks department allowing members to search and carefully dig in the grounds. Since I was the founders son, I also had a letter of authorization.

Dad was also a "horse-trader" and knew a good deal when he saw one. Mostly he traded for cars, but he also would trade with his treasure hunting buddies from time to time.

I'm not sure how he obtained it, but he had in his possession a unique artifact. It seemed rather old, sort of like an antique. It was a knife, but not just any knife. It had an ivory

handle, a curved blade, and curious markings on both sides of the blade.

When I was in the eighth grade I took an arts class that included wood and leather working. I asked Dad if I could make a leather sheath for the blade. He liked the idea, and let me have the knife so I could get the accurate measurements. This was before the rigid fearfulness ("zero tolerance") of the present day public schools, so I was able to take the knife with me to class and trace the outline of the blade onto paper that would become the template from which I would cut the leather sheet to fit.

I completed the sheath in one quarter, but for some reason I never finished stitching up the last remaining seam. So I put it in a drawer where it stayed until my Dad passed away. The knife and sheath then became part of my inheritance package.

Here are some photos of the knife. Click on these links. [Photo-1](#). [Photo-2](#). [Photo-3](#).

One day in late 2014 I got the idea that I would like to have the writing interpreted on the knife. By that time I had concluded the inscription on the blade was most likely Arabic.

So, one day I took the knife to work to show to the same man that was praying to Allah on 9-11-2012. He was able to read and interpret the writing, and said that it was saying words that expressed thanks to Allah for food. He said it would be similar to me, a Christian, giving thanks at meal time.

Then he offered to buy the knife from me. I said I would give it some thought.

Later, the Lord Holy Spirit led me to offer the knife and sheath as a gift. My young Muslim friend accepted, and on the appointed day I took the knife to work and gave it to my co-worker.

This did two things in the spirit world.

It returned an Islamic artifact to its rightful place, a Muslim, and it built a bridge of friendship between me and the younger Muslim man.

These two things helped to diffuse the Spirit of Animosity that naturally exists between Islam and the rest of the world, especially the U.S. and Israel. This also prevented any further temptation to my co-worker to fully engage with his religion and become violent at his work place.

It was this Spirit of Animosity that was controlling my co-worker and much of the rest of the Islamic world on 11 September 2012. To date I have not seen my friend praying to Allah since that time.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus