

Letter 150  
**(CS1) Part 1**  
2012-11-05

Dear Dan,

Not long after I moved away from home and moved in with (CB1), I think sometime in 1978 or 1979, I overheard him talking on the phone to someone. This was not “eavesdropping” since the phone was in the kitchen part of the single wide mobile home, and I was sitting about ten feet away in the living room.

I heard him say to the other party at the other end of the line words to the effect that said:

“As Christians each of us has the potential to commit any sin”.

That “mere scrap of information” was a Word that the Lord used to make it possible for me to enter into a relationship with (CS1).

I stated in one of the earlier letters that I used to be quite legalistic in my Christian walk. But that would be putting it mildly.

In Junior High school I turned another kid in to a teacher, for a \$5.00 reward, for stealing parts out of the wood shop to make a pot pipe. At that point I was the “narco” man, er kid. I never took drugs or alcohol, and I looked down my nose at those that did. My closest friend all through school, from kindergarten up to tenth grade was a Mormon. We never talked religion, but we got along so well because he and I didn’t do any of the things that the other kids did, like drugs, alcohol, act rowdy, or later on after puberty become fornicators. And we were in Junior High and High School at the height of the “sexual revolution”.

All throughout school I was “Mr. Clean”. Of course my motivations were different than my friend’s. I knew Scripture, and I knew that most of the things that the other kids were doing in school were wrong. And I just didn’t want to sin at all. So I didn’t have much regard for kids that did drugs or went to parties, etc.

This same attitude went with me after high school and migrated toward just about every kind of sin in the world, including homosexuality. Some how up to that point I missed the teachings in Scripture about Mercy, Forbearance, and Long-suffering. I tended toward the Judgment aspect. Hell, fire and brimstone.

My most urgent prayer when I left home was to find a wife. In fact, that was why I left home, because it says in Scripture;

“A man shall leave his father and mother, and cleave unto his own wife.”

So I figured that in order to find a wife to whom I could cleave the first thing I ought to do was leave home. So I moved out from the home of my youth to (CB1)’s place.

Not long after I overheard the most important “scrap of information”, (CB1) and I visited a couple Mr. & Mrs. (C1) in (L20) who had previously been part of the Jesus People church (U1). In fact they had been part of the Body there during and after high school and got married while still attending Church there.

I already knew the wife of the couple (C1), before they married, from attending (U1), and had heard from her of her then fiancé who was away at Bible College, because after I turned sixteen and started driving I used to take (then Miss C1) home sometimes after the meetings when she didn't have access to a car.

During the visit in (L20) I commented to (Mrs. C1) that I was looking for a wife and if she would be so kind as to keep me informed if she had any ideas; i.e. knew any single women. Of course I had no knowledge then that the Lord had already answered my request before I even made it. A young woman (CS1) had just moved out of (C1)'s (L20) house to her own place in (L21). She had lived with them for some time.

But (CS1) was not alone. She had a son of about one year old. Some time earlier, at a house party in Eastern Washington, (CS1) had become intoxicated and went to sleep. When she awoke she knew a man had violated her. As the baby grew in her womb the Lord begin to draw her back to the Redmond area where she grew up. So it was that on a day appointed by God at a softball game at a park near (L10), both the (C1)'s and (CS1) were to meet.

At the game the Lord spoke to (Mrs. C1) and moved her to draw near to (CS1). After speaking to her and finding out about her predicament, the Lord again moved Mrs. (C1) to ask (CS1) to move in with them, so that (CS1) would have a safe place to live and bring her baby to birth.

(CS1) had earlier attended (U1) a few times. But many young people came and went through those Holy doors over the years so that it was possible for various people to have attended for a while and still not know one another. It was always a very dynamic sort of Church.

But that common union in Christ that we shared, having both attended (U1) but at different times, and the fact that (CS1) had attended the same high school that I did, was what really got me to thinking that (CS1) was “the one”, the mate that the Lord had appointed for me to be with as man and wife to be together in His work in the world.

Now, this is where that “scrap of information comes in”. The Lord used that data in my memory to teach me of my own sinfulness, and that I was not beyond or above anyone else in depravity, even if I didn't think or practice it.

Because before (CS1) was raped, she had been a practicing lesbian. And it was through the tragedy of the rape and subsequent birth and upbringing of her son that the Lord began the process of delivering (CS1) from the curse of “the reprobate mind”.

But, I was still young and immature emotionally. And I was authoritarian in my treatment of women. So after the period of time that we dated, and even got engaged, we broke up.

Not to be dissuaded, I continued to pursue (CS1). She softened some and we started dating again, off and on. But we had broken up again when I moved in to the Redmond house with (CB1) and (CS2). I don't remember exactly how, but after that (CS1) and I started talking on the phone again. I went and visited her at her house in (L21), and we decided that we should try again to date.

Not long after that I decided to rent my own apartment in (L21) so that I could be closer to (CS1). So I looked for and found a small apartment in an older complex.

This was new territory for me because up to that time I had always rented a room in a house that had other people living in it. Now I was truly going to be on my own.

Two things happened on the day that I went to the manager's office to sign the rent papers and get the keys to the unit. On that very day, Monday, March 31st 1981...

1. President Reagan was shot.
2. (CS1) told me she didn't want to be engaged anymore.

And I spent the next five months wondering what had just happened.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus