

Letter 151
(CS1) Part 2
2012-11-05

Dear Dan,

I lived in the apartment in (L21) for about 5 months. Both the shooting of President Reagan and the break up of (CS1) me had given me quite a jolt.

But, the Lord in due time began to heal the wounds of both the President and myself.

I was working at the time in Seattle at a steel fabrication and boilermaker shop in the south part of town between 1st and 2nd avenues, and, for my age making real good money at the union job. But I was also very lonely and out of touch with life. I grew up in the woods in rural east King County, but now I was both living and working in the city, which I didn't like at all. So after considering my options, I thought about going back to work at the dairy (G7) I had worked at in high school.

(G7) was within walking distance from the house I grew up in, and the area at the time was still very rural. I thought maybe I could get a job there again and solve my urban employment and housing problems all at once, since they had housing for the dairy hands on the farm.

So one day I hopped in my bike, a Suzuki 750 at the time, and rode out to see the manager, who was the son of the owners. I told him of my situation and after a little discussion he said he would hire me back on at the next opening. It so happened that the current milkers had given notice for the end of that month, August. I was to start just after the Labor Day weekend.

Then I approached my folks to see if I could move back home while I was waiting for the house to open up at the farm. They said "OK" and about five months after moving in to the apartment I moved back out. I wanted to get out of there so bad I didn't care that I was leaving before the end of the six month probationary period after which one could get their deposit refunded. I just let them keep the money, which was \$200.00. No small sum in those days.

But, some time toward the end of my stay in the apartments in (L21), (CS1) and I begin to talk on the phone again. And just as I was readying myself to move back home at the end of August 1981, she told me that her job had selected her to be a representative on a float that they were going to have in the Festival Of Roses parade in Portland over Labor Day weekend. She had been selected to be one of the "Princesses"* on the float being sponsored by her employer (G19).

I don't remember whose idea it was, but it was agreed between us that I could come and visit her at her motel before and after the parade, and we would get together for dinner that night.

And I saw it as another opportunity for a motorcycle trip, which I loved doing. I had already ridden over much of the state by then, and in addition to our love for the Lord (CS1) and I both shared a love for motorcycles, which was yet another reason I really wanted to marry her.

So, the Friday before the weekend I rode down to Portland. At about Chehalis it started to rain so hard I couldn't see more than few feet in front of me, so I turned out at the nearest rest stop for a safety break.

After the rain let up some I proceeded to Portland and made it to the house where I was going to stay the weekend. This was home to a Christian lady and her family. She had become friends with my mom and when we lived in Portland for the first four years of my life it was where I went to be "day-cared".

On the day of the parade (CS1) had some free time beforehand and wanted me to give her a ride on my bike to see her grandparents, who also lived in Portland. I said "OK" immediately, right away, and without any hesitation at her request because the very nice thing about motorcycles is that if you have a "hot babe" on board she's right there behind you and can't get away for a while.

That evening after the parade I called her at the motel where she was staying, which actually wasn't a motel but the downtown Portland Hilton Hotel.

We met in the lobby snack bar and had coffee and dessert, and talked a long time. Then I said "goodbye", went back to the house and got ready to get back to the farm the next day to start work.

On the ride home I felt pretty good. I looked to the Lord and said to Him something like;

"Well, maybe this time we will really get past the engagement part and finally make it to the marriage part".

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus

* In the back of my mind I knew that this was also one of the ways that the Lord was using to heal (CS1) from lesbianism. One of the lies that Satan uses against those women he wants to pervert in that way is to tell them they are not attractive to men. Having (CS1) on a float, dressed in a beautiful gown in public view and perhaps even being "ogled" by a bunch of male sailors was part of the healing process the Great Physician used as an antidote to that lie.