

Letter 152
(CS1) Part 3
2012-11-05

Dear Dan,

I spent about two years working at (G7). But after a while I realized I was not happy there. I really wanted to follow in the footsteps of my dad, who was a school custodian.

So, toward the end of 1982, for the second time I applied with and was hired by the school district (G1). I had worked there before, because when I came back from military training in August of 1976 and ready to start my senior year in High School, I applied there and was hired on as a substitute custodian. But I quit in May of 1979. I still was a young man and trying to find my way in the world.

And, the call of God on my life was subtly beginning to grow. The One Word that was twice spoken over me had not lain dormant.

The summer of 1979 found me with free time. I was still in the Guard, so I had a little monthly income, plus the retirement money that I had from cashing out my small retirement fund from (G1). But I spent that pretty fast on stuff (which I still seem to do to this day, which is why years ago the Lord taught me to give most of my paycheck to my wife, while keeping an allowance for myself). But that time was in the midst of the second gas crisis. Gas was being rationed, and stations were open only when they had fuel.

I did a little part time janitorial work here and there. But in the evenings I would ride to (L21) to see (CS1) at a 7-11 store where she worked part time, in addition to her full time job at (G19).

Later in the summer I learned that some of the brothers from (U1) were planning a road trip to the Smith River in northern California. Another brother, a Prophet from (U1) had a placer gold mine claim on the river and had invited these down for a month or two to help pan for gold.

The idea had occurred to me earlier in the summer of hitchhiking down to San Francisco in between Guard drills and prophesying against Homosexuality on the corner of Haight/ Ashbury streets. I had earlier read somewhere that that street corner had morphed from being the Hippie capitol to the Homosexual capitol, so I wanted to avenge the damage Satan had perpetrated on (CS1) and all other homosexuals by standing on that corner and prophesying the Word of God.

I approached the brothers to see if they had room and were willing to take me as far as they were going. They said, "OK", and on the appointed day I was counted with their number.

It took two days of traveling at about 45 MPH, which is as fast as their older station wagons and trailers stuffed with gear could travel, to make it to the Smith River and Jedediah Smith

State Park.

During that time I explained to the brother I was riding with where I was going, and without getting into too much detail told him that I was hitchhiking by faith to San Francisco to do God's will. I explained to him that I was broke (since I had already spent all my money on stuff), so I had to believe that God would provide. Later on that same brother gave me a twenty-dollar bill, which paid for the rest of my journey.

I spent the night sleeping in the park in a not very warm sleeping bag, and the next day set out on foot to hitchhike the rest of the way to San Francisco.

As I walked down the road south, I came to the bridge that goes over the Smith River. Now, I was rather depressed because all the while I was questioning whether I was in God's will, and of course being opposed by the enemy at the same time.

After crossing over the bridge, I stopped to overcome a severe depression, then I heard the Lord. He said;

“TURN AROUND AND GO HOME”.

I thought for a minute to overcome my doubt and wondering if I was hearing God or the Devil. God won the debate and I turned around and headed back north the way I came, and right away it felt as if a huge burden lifted from me. I prayed that the Lord would provide the rides that I needed to get back home. Then I walked for a while, taking rest breaks off to the side of the road from time to time.

A little later a truck happened up the road to which I stuck out my thumb. They gave me a ride a little ways up the road to a stand-alone burger store. I ate lunch, and then set out again.

I think I walked for an hour or two, then, as I was resting, laying in the grass on the side of the road, the Lord said that my “ride” was coming and for me to get out on the road again.

Within minutes a Volkswagen “beetle” happened along, and pulled over in response to my sticking out my thumb. After an initial inquiry we both found out that we were heading to the Seattle area. The driver let me in his car and up the road we went.

I then made this offer. If he wanted, I could share the driving, that way we could drive straight through the night and get to Seattle that much faster. He liked the idea.

We made a dinner stop in Grants Pass for pizza, and gas/coffee/restroom stops along the way as needed. We arrived at the 520/405 interchange in Kirkland the next morning.

During our time together we made small talk and casual conversation. I learned that he was going to Seattle to attend a funeral of a friend that had been shot. The shooting had taken place on Capitol Hill. I then remembered hearing about that shooting on the news.

He dropped me off in Kirkland, not far from where I lived at the time. I thanked him and we parted ways. Then, at that very moment I needed a restroom. There was a gas station not far away, so I walked there to see if it was open. It was closed, but I checked the restroom door anyway, and to my amazement and relief it was unlocked! Praise God!

So, the Lord provided all that I needed for that journey and proved to me that I indeed heard His voice, and that He indeed takes care of His children.

As I have been writing this letter, I began to wonder if there was indeed a connection between what I thought the Lord was sending me to do in San Francisco, and the ride I got from the guy in the VW who was going to Capitol Hill in Seattle. Both places have been described as the Homosexual Headquarters of their respective states.

And now while I am writing this letter the Lord has clued me into something. Based on the spiritual gifts He has given me that are under His control, I don't have to go anywhere to fight. All I have to do is think about the location and say;

“FIRE UP THE GRILL”.

Easy. Kind of reminds me of the Clint Eastwood movie “Firefox”. All he had to do to fire the weapons on the aircraft was to think it (in Russian). Easier still with Google Maps and satellite imagery.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus