

Letter 212  
**Winning On A Prayer**  
2013-09-30

Dear Dan,

Late Sunday morning 30 September 2013 I was having difficulty getting to sleep. Earlier at 10:00AM I felt good enough to watch the opening kick-off of the Texans v. the Seahawks football game. I wasn't worried about not watching the entire game on TV because I had one of my Macs set up to automatically record the radio broadcast off of the internet.

I was looking forward to spending some quality audio football time on my iPod while at work Monday night. But I had purposed to at least watch the opening kick-off on TV, and then start the oft times lengthy process I sometimes take to wind down and hit the sack.

So, after the kick-off I spent some time doing laundry, eating some soup, and laying down. But I also had to pay multiple visits to the bathroom. This was because earlier in the day Satan had sucker-punched me in my abdomen, and whenever he is able to do that I immediately start to get sick in my gut, and I know that within a short period of time all the contents of my intestines will start to be evacuated over a one or two hour period.

But Jesus had already sent healing instructions to angel Gabe. And, since this has been an ongoing occurrence over many, many years, Gabe and I had already gotten a routine down on what to do.

On this Sunday occasion, (CB8) was visiting us for the weekend. He is a die-hard football fan, and had brought up his own beer supply for the game. We had ordered pizza the night before, so he was set. (M) had to leave at ten to go to a birthday party with some of her lady friends, which made (CB8) very happy to have the TV and the family room all to himself after I went to bed.

I finally fell asleep for about an hour. Before this I had wandered through the family room out to the garage to put some clothes into the dryer. The 'Hawks were down by 14 points. I was still sick and getting sleepy from my high-powered sleeping meds. So I just looked at the score, nodded to (CB8) and went to bed.

Some time later I woke up again, which to me was in the middle of the night. I wandered into the kitchen to get a drink, and then poked my head into the family room to say "hi" to (CB8) and to check the score. There was about 5 minutes left in the game and the score was 20 to 20, and I said to (CB8), "I bet this is going to overtime". Then I started to ask (CB8) if he knew of any team that had gone undefeated all season and then win the Super Bowl. "No" he answered. "But there was a team that was undefeated all the way to the Super Bowl and lost. It was the Miami Dolphins." *(Later on he corrected himself by saying that the Dolphins won the Super Bowl that year).*

We talked a little more, but I really had to get back to bed. Then I stopped for a minute while some thoughts occurred in my head. Thoughts like "I'm tired of all the anti-Seahawk bias that has gone on for years." And even a more subtle thought that went, "... all the way and win the Super Bowl? Why not!"

So I said to (CB8), "Let's pray", and I led in prayer by asking;

“DEAR LORD, PLEASE LET THE SEAHAWKS WIN.  
IN JESUS’ NAME, AMEN.”

And (CB8) agreed with a hearty “Amen” also. Then I went back to bed and was asleep in less than two minutes.

I don’t know how long I slept, but when I woke up I went back into the family room to find (M), who had returned from brunch, and (CB8) in conversation. The TV was turned off, and I hadn’t a clue what time it was, being still bleary and groggy from sleep. I looked at (CB8) who was facing me and said;

“Well?”

“23-20” he replied.

“Who!” I almost shouted at him.

“Seahawks 23-20”, he and (M) said almost in unison.

I turned and stumbled out of the family room to the bathroom, where I spent some time processing what had just taken place.

There is more to tell that occurred on this Sunday. But that will require another letter.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus