

Letter 261
Incident at Harborview
2014-07-05

The following story, which began on the 15th of July 1995, is a true account of the affliction that the Enemy perpetrated upon my person, and how the Lord commandeered that affliction and is turning the results into a victory.

This story is not finished, but will continue until ...

“... HIS ENEMIES ARE MADE HIS FOOTSTOOL.”
Hebrews 10:13

Now, please permit your attention be drawn to the specifics which make up this story.

I was riding my 1994 Honda MAGNA motorcycle, heading home Saturday in the late morning after paying a visit to a Brother's house who lived outside of Monroe. It was almost noon when I began the ascent up the road to (.....). Upon reaching the crest of the hill I came into line-of-sight with the intersection of two parking lots, one on either side of the road. I distinctly saw two vehicles stopped and waiting to leave the left parking lot. The first was a white vehicle, the second a dark vehicle. I saw the white vehicle move out, turn into my lane and drive off. I saw the second, dark vehicle cross the lane nearest him and then into the center left-turn lane and stop, apparently waiting for me to pass before crossing into the opposite parking lot. But he pulled out a little too soon, and I took a hit broadside.

As soon as I saw the vehicle enter the middle turn-lane crossways, I lost sight of Reality.

I was blinded somehow, mentally (*spiritually*) and physically. But I could still hear what was going on. I heard the brakes of my bike squeal, but I don't remember putting them on. I also don't remember veering to the right to avoid a collision, but I did.

Then just at the point of impact my eyes were opened and I saw the front right corner of the vehicle's bumper hit the front wheel of my bike.

At that point I knew it was "my time".

I shouted:

"LORD JESUS!",

and closed my eyes, knowing that I was in the Lord's hands. I believe that at this point His angels were in control of my bike, because I was not.

There was a lady waiting in the Main (South) parking lot that witnessed the whole thing. She was also a motorcyclist. After the impact my bike slowed and veered into the lot, heading right towards her. She had to move to get out of the way.

As my bike slowed to a stop, I rolled off when it tipped over onto its right side, while at the same time thinking that I didn't have time to hit the kill switch. I ended up laying on my back, knees bent and elbows

on the ground with my hands raised up toward Heaven. I continued to keep my eyes closed, but I could hear what was going on. Even though I was partly in shock, I was at peace. Then I began to bark out orders to whoever was around me. "Call so and so", I said. "Please call my wife, she's at (.....)" I ordered to whoever was there.

At this point my story takes two paths, one physical and the other spiritual. For most of the physical details see the poem (below), which the Lord gave to me entitled Seven Fifteen ('95).

I will now recount the spiritual journey I took into the Land of Insanity, where Satan tried to destroy me. The following events are things that happened primarily in my mind over a period of days. In order to differentiate between Reality and Insanity for the purpose of this writing, any event that occurs in Reality within this time frame *will be in Italics, like this.*

The story now continues...

Prologue

Harborview Hospital, located in King County in the State of Washington, was opened around 1930. It serves as the regional trauma center for three States, and houses the King County morgue. It is also the County Public Hospital where indigents and those without medical insurance can come for treatment.

The hospital facility is owned by King County and managed and staffed by the University of Washington School of Medicine. Across the street is the Harborview facility that treats alcoholics, drug users, people with mental dis-orders and the insane. I was a resident in the orthopedic ward for about 2 and 1/2 weeks beginning on 15 July 1995, due to serious injuries I received in a motorcycle wreck.

For the record I repented of my sins and received the Lord Jesus as my Savior when I was seven years old, was baptized in the Holy Spirit when I was fourteen, and I have walked with God always. It is significant to note that I have never taken illegal drugs in my life.

(Real Life Narrative: The first attack came in the form of an improperly installed catheter tube. The end of the tube that was supposed to be inside my bladder was only partially in place. This constricted the catheter and allowed only a very small amount of urine to flow through. Over the next few days I began to bloat. Every time I told the nurse that the catheter wasn't working and that I couldn't urinate she would look at the tube, observe a small amount of urine in it and tell me that that it was working fine. I think I was like this for two or three days. It was when I was sent for to have a CT scan that the technician was able to see the mis-installed tube on the scope. She made the right adjustment and ... well, how do you spell relief? I spell it P.E.E. I hope you never have to go through this. It is one of the worst things to have to go and not be able to no matter how hard you try. It was also one of the hottest summers on record, and I was in a part of the original Hospital without air conditioning. I sweat so much that I think the nurses must have gotten tired of me asking for dry sheets.)

The following Dreams and/or Visions took place over a five-day period (22-26 July 1995).

Dream #1. (The Authority)

I was floating or hovering and being chased by demons. The demons represented themselves in the form of people. I knew they were demons by virtue of the evil feelings I received and the fear evoked by them. I was chased through a field, then a housing development in a suburb. They finally caught up with me and took me prisoner. I felt terror not knowing what they might do to me. I was taken to some sort of Medical

Clinic. Not a Hospital or Doctor's office, but more like a walk-in Aid Station one might find on a public beach. Just then a Medical Technician appeared. I knew this by virtue of the uniform he wore and the Insignia of Medical Authority on his shoulders. This brought me some comfort in that I knew all authority came from God. The Medic asked me how I was doing and what was wrong. Then he indicated that I should submit to the treatment I was being subjected to. (End of Dream).

Dream #2. (The Conspiracy Part 1)

(Real Life Narrative: A Brother from Church had a life-size cardboard figure of Captain Picard (Star Trek-The Next Generation), the type used for movie promotionals. He had gotten the Tuesday Night Group to sign it (they all knew that my wife and I were both avid Trekkies) as a sort of a "get well" card. Another Brother brought it to me when he came to visit. By this time I had already started to loose grip on Reality, so when I first saw the "Picard Card" I became fearful. It was only after I saw all of the signatures of my Brothers and Sisters written all over the picture of Picard that my attitude toward the figure changed. I was then comforted by it rather than frightened, because I knew that hands filled with the Spirit of God had touched it.)

A group of demons were conspiring to kill me. They took the form of the two other patients sharing my room and one of the nurses assigned to my treatment. They had decided to take me out into a desolate area suitable for an execution. I was put into the back of a pickup truck (with a canopy). Because of my physical weakness I was unable to resist or make an attempt to escape. As we began to travel something strange happened. The figure of Picard followed behind about 10'. If we slowed down, He slowed down. If we sped up, He sped up, always staying about ten feet behind. I began to realize that the figure of Captain Picard **represented my Father in Heaven.**

(at this point the dreams turn into a vision)

Vision #1. (The Conspiracy Part 2)

Somehow I became aware that no matter what happened, as long as I kept my eyes on my **Captain Father** nothing could harm me. It then became my goal to keep my eyes on the Captain and stay awake until Morning came, **knowing** that the power of the demons would be broken.

As we began the journey toward my destruction the demons became aware that the Captain was following us and that my eyes were on Him. It then became their goal to try and wear me out and get me to fall asleep before Morning, or to weaken me so that I could no longer pay attention to my Father, or to obscure His Face, or anything that would make it difficult for me to see Him.

The demons drove through all kinds of places looking for a good spot to execute me. We traveled along mountain logging roads, through city ghettos, on country lanes, through rich areas and poor. Every time the scenery changed I looked and prayed for any sign of Morning.

"PLEASE LORD, LET THE MORNING COME" ...

... I would pray. But the night continued.

I remember one particular road had mud-puddles. Every time we hit one it would splatter my Father's Face so that I could no longer see Him clearly. When this happened I would blink my eyes several times until the muddy water washed away. The demons tried to hit every mud-puddle possible, but every time they did I just blinked my eyes until I could see Father clearly again.

(Real Life Narrative: at some point one of my nurses came in to my room and saw me staring as hard as I could at "Cpt. Picard". She asked why I kept looking at him and I responded with something like "because he reminds me of my Father.") Every once in a while we would stop as the demons got out of the cab of the pick-up to check out the area. And every time we stopped I opened my eyes as wide as possible and stared as hard as I could at my Father, believing that my life would be over if for one instance I let my guard down. One time we stopped at what was apparently a theatre of some kind. Captain Father was at one side of the stage. He was joined by the Son (represented by Commander Riker) and the *(Lord)* Holy Spirit (represented by Data). They asked Captain Father if He needed any assistance, to which He replied that He didn't, but that what was going on **was between Him and me**. The Son and Spirit hung around for a little while, then left the scene.

The demons still thought they could wait me out. They tried to put fear into me just to see me squirm. When Fear came I started saying "Father, Father, Father", over and over like a chant or mantra. **(Then the Holy Spirit injected Truth directly into my dream. I was given the knowledge that chanting my Father's Name over and over did not make Him any more powerful than He already is, and that just plain "Father" would do.** *(No, to say any more than just "Father" is an attempt at adding human effort and strength to Some One who alone is called Almighty)).*

I could hear the demons arguing in the front of the truck. Things were getting urgent because Morning was fast approaching. They agreed to find a place to stop and take whatever steps were needed to kill me. At last they pulled into what seemed to be an open-air horse arena. They stopped with the back end of the truck facing into the arena. This made it so the demons could keep an eye on me while they were sitting on the bleachers under the roof of the arena.

I could feel my strength starting to fade, but I continued the struggle to stay awake. When I kept my eyes on Father I would feel strength return. But there was always this Gnawing Fear in the back of my mind along with Curiosity that wanted me to try to find out just what the demons were up to.

Thinking that somehow I could better protect myself if I knew what the demons were going to do next, I would look away from Father to observe their activity. And when I did I became weak and sleepy and I could sense the excitement level of the demons increase. Every time I looked back to the Father and my strength returned, a phone would ring somewhere and one of the demons would answer it. I could tell that the phone call was coming from a Demon Supervisor and that the one answering the call was being chewed out on account of my looking back to the Father and regaining my strength.

Even though I was strengthened in my heart each time I gazed upon Captain Father, *my body was close to exhaustion and I was finding it hard to stay awake.* The demons were beside themselves with anticipation in the hope of my falling into their Oblivion.

But God had other ideas. Just as I could no longer keep my eyes open, I noticed the Blue Twilight of Dawn just before Morning. And as I drifted off to sleep, **the Sun rose above the mountains with Morning in His wings, and the power of the demons was shattered.** (End of Dream/Vision)

Dream #3. (The Angels)

(Real Life Narrative: This dream was the only comforting one of the group. I think that the Lord wanted to make sure I had something to hope for. In any event, it was nice)

I was aware that Angels from God were directing my travel. I couldn't see them, but I heard them singing. They were singing in unison, both masculine and feminine voices in the style of a swing choir. A real up-

beat melody and tune. It was made known to me that we were flying over the Olympic Peninsula. I think it was close to Sequim, Wa. but in an undeveloped area. Then I saw what appeared to be a small strip mall. It was newly built with a fresh asphalt parking lot. The shops had just opened for business and some of the doors were propped open to let in the mid-morning sun. My heart rejoiced at the thought of the shop keepers going about their business, enjoying their work and the fruit of their labors. I was also happy at the thought of the possible expansion and new jobs that would bring to the area. I wanted so badly to "drop down" and join in the productivity but I knew I couldn't on account of my condition. We flew over some other areas that were under construction, then I was taken back to my hospital bed. (End of Dream)

Dream #4. (Part One, Wire and Threads)

(Real Life Narrative: As I lay in my hospital bed, I became aware of the) television. There was some sort of infomercial on. As I watched I learned that it was about a new Marketing Technology that would ensure positive sales and increasing profits. This new marketing scheme was dependent on a technology developed by a tribe of a peculiar race of people from South America. The odd thing about the people of this tribe was in their physical build. They were not so tall, but extremely slender in frame, so much so that they were referred to as "stick people". I knew in my heart that they were a Tribe wholly given over to Satan worship and that every one of them was demonically influenced or possessed.

A Tribal Representative and a Major Media Network Marketing Executive were being interviewed together on the infomercial. The Executive was explaining how his Network had licensed the New Technology from the Tribe and how much he thought business would grow because of this arrangement.

As I watched, I learned all about this Technology and how it worked. Fibers had been discovered that when implanted within the human body would respond to physiological changes. The fibers also emitted a low level radio signal that fluctuated commensurately with the physiological changes within the host. These changes could be monitored and tracked on a specially equipped receiver. Essentially, once the fibers were placed within the human body, they became a "bio-feedback" transmitter unique to each host. Let's say that Host A goes into Store B. Store B is equipped with the special receiver. The Store Manager would be able to observe on his monitor the biofeedback readings of Host A as they were shopping. Whenever Host A would see something particularly attractive their unique biofeedback signal from the fibers would register at the receiver. After a period of time, a Consumer Profile could be established based on the feedback readings and analysis. Then the Store Manager would be able to tailor his stock and pricing to match the mood of Host A, who would then be all but forced by his own physiological makeup to make a purchase. In fact, the sale would be inevitable as the item and price would be attuned directly to the host's Purchasing Profile. This would give unlimited selling power to whoever had this technology.

One of the facts mentioned on the infomercial was that the first generation fibers would dissolve over a period of time in the body and become useless. A new generation of fibers was ready for testing that would be made out of a type of steel that would not dissolve, nor could they be cut or removed once implanted. **A consumer implanted with second generation fiber-wire would be a commercial slave for the rest of his/her life.**

As I watched this show, I began to realize that there had to be human hosts that would perform the Beta Testing, either voluntarily or involuntarily. Then I realized that was precisely what was going on in the hospital I was in. Only we were not volunteers. The fibers were being secretly implanted into a patient whenever they had a surgery or other procedure.

One of the ways the fibers could be introduced into a host was by "growing" the fibers into the skin. A patient (being restrained) would have to lay in bed while the fiber-wires would be worked through their skin and into the body. Once in the blood stream they would lodge in various places and began transmitting. I realized then that I had to get out of the hospital fast before being infected with the fiber-wires.

(Real Life Narrative: with all the strength I could muster, I sat up, un-strapped my leg brace, removed all of the tubes connected to my body I could find, then got out of bed. Getting away from that place was the only thing on my mind. As I headed toward the door one of the nurses saw me and tried to stop me. I yelled at her not to touch me. She tried to block me physically, but I was too weak to force my way past her. My leg gave out and I fell, face up on the floor. I lay there, naked, with my upper body protruding through the threshold of the door to my room out into the hallway. Lying on the floor, too weak to do anything else, I demanded that the Police be called. I thought that at least they might be trustworthy enough to hear my story and provide me with safety. Then I saw one of the Doctors bending over me. He was asking me what was wrong. I tried to explain to him about the marketing conspiracy, but he just smiled and said there was no such thing. At that point I knew he was one of "them". Then I realized that I just didn't have the strength to fight any more. There was nothing I could do but await my fate at the hands of my enemies. Too weak to remain fully awake, in the half-conscious state I was in I felt myself being lifted, then placed on a stretcher. I was vaguely aware of the manacles placed on my hands and feet. Then, chained to my bed, I could do nothing else but to await whatever doom my captors had in mind.)

Dream #4 (Part Two, The Tower)

(Chained to my bed) I was lifted through an opening of the ceiling into a room. The bed was turned on end and attached to the wall, with me upright and facing out. The attendants crawled back down through the trap door and closed the lid.

Alone, I began to wonder why I was brought here and left like this. Then I became aware that this was a "death room", where the hospital would send patients to die through neglect (no food or water). How convenient a method of getting rid of troublemakers. In the ceiling, well insulated from noise there was no chance of people working below to hear a dying patient begging for food, or hear their cry for water. I was brought here to die (murdered would be more accurate).

Some how I was able to work myself free of the manacles. I crawled up the bed and onto the ledge that was supporting it. Then I noticed that there were doorways at either side of the room at the same level as the bed. I went through one and noticed that I was in a room with windows looking outwards. I could see by looking out that I was at the base of a tower. I explored further and found a set of stairs. Then I heard a sound of commotion behind me. I was apparently discovered missing. My anxiety increased as I hurried to find a way of escape. Running into a corridor my hand brushed up against something cold and metallic. In the dim light of the room I could see the silhouette of a familiar object. I picked it up to make sure. Yes! An Army .45 caliber sub-machine gun (also known to soldiers as a "grease gun" due to its short barrel and extendible shoulder butt).

And a full clip (*magazine*)!

Fear and anxiety gave way to feelings of power and vengeance as I put the shoulder strap around my head. I thought to myself that if I couldn't escape, then I would "take out" as many of the Enemy with me as I could before I died.

Equipped though I was, escape was still on the forefront of my mind. I continued through another doorway, then another set of stairs. Another room. Another door. More stairs. I heard footsteps right behind me. I turned and fired a couple of bursts. I caught a glimpse of a human figure stopping short and raising their hands up to their face and a bright crimson color coming from between their fingers.

Not waiting to find out if I hit anyone else, I continued. The footsteps had stopped. Moments later someone started shouting. I continued to ascend as far up the tower as I could. I finally came to the upper most room, which had a low, attic style of ceiling. Looking out the window, I could see that I was at the top of the tower. Glancing upward, I observed the slope of the roof, and standing on the top of the roof was a fairly tall radio tower. I realized it was the transceiver tower for the experimental Biofeedback wire-threads.

Again, voices and shouting were coming up the stairs to where I was. I figured that I would go out in a blaze of gun-smoke and glory. I began to fire as soon as I saw the first person. They all fell back. I kept firing until I thought the clip was empty.

What?! The clip continued to feed bullets into the chamber as I continued to fire.

I kept shooting down the stairs until I must have hit a load-bearing truss of the tower, because suddenly there was a loud creak, then the sound of breaking boards all around me. All of my shooting had apparently weakened a part of the superstructure of the tower sufficiently to begin its collapse.

"Good", I thought, as debris started to fall around me and the floor I was standing on buckled. The whole tower began its final toppling descent toward destruction.

My last thought was, "I will die in battle, and my enemies and their ability to control others will be destroyed with me". (End of Dream)

*Then Samson said, "Let me die with the Philistines!"
And he pushed with all his might,
and the temple fell on the lords and
all the people who were in it.
So the dead that he killed at his death
were more than he had killed in his life.
Judges 16:30*

Dream # 5, (Satellite Dish Mandate)

Incorporated with the above was another distinct dream, as follows...

Aliens had landed on Earth, taken over the country in which I lived and had set up a puppet government. The new "government" mandated that all citizens were required to have a Satellite Dish hooked up to their TV sets. Not having a dish or even neglecting to hook one up to a TV was a capital offense. The technology behind the Satellite Dish Network allowed duplex communication and enabled the "government" to influence and control each citizen's life. An underground band of rebels had sprung up, but the "government" responded with "Hit Squads" to hunt down and kill the dissenters. (End of dream)

(Real Life Narrative: at the end of the first part of dream #4, I actually did get out of bed. Since the "dream" was reality to me, I was acting out in (earth-space) real life what was going through my head at the time.

One of the nurses tried to get me back into bed, and I fell after we struggled. The impact jarred and moved a fraction of a millimeter one of the screws that held my hip hardware in place. After I was subdued, I was manacled and chained to my hospital bed and moved into a smaller room down the hallway. Being isolated from people, and removed from the daily sound of outside construction and nightly helicopter noise, I got what I needed most; a good night's sleep. I was chained up like this for almost a day. After being sedated and calmed through drugs the nurses took the chains off me. Later I was moved back into a regular 3-person room. Months after being released from Harborview on my final visit to my hip surgeon, he replied how good my hip socket looked. He made no mention about any of the screws being out of place.)

END OF DREAMS AND VISIONS.

Epilogue

Over the next four months (August - November) I made several day trips back to the hospital to see my surgeon for routine check ups. It was during this time that the Lord began to impress upon me that He wanted to change the spiritual climate at Harborview. In November He gave to me a poem that more or less outlined his intentions. I forwarded this poem to the Hospital Chaplain, as well as to a Local Body within the city (I live many miles outside the city limits in an un-incorporated part of the county). It was on one of my last checkup visits to the hospital that I got the distinct impression that there were indeed "Armies of Angels" accompanying me (see poem "Harborview Hospital").

On the last check-up visit my surgeon determined that I would require further surgery to remove calcified tissue that had formed around my hip joint (referred to as surgery #4 in the poem Seven Fifteen (95)). The operation was scheduled for early February of 1996.

This time I spent five days in the hospital, and I could already tell that there was a difference. First off the catheter into my bladder was properly installed (whew!). That alone was a major blessing. Then one of the nurses that remembered me from before remarked that I was totally different. (It was easy for them to remember on account of all the commotion that I caused when I went nuts and got out of bed during my first stay at the hospital).

Now here is the interesting part; in one of the dreams a demon that was conspiring to kill me had taken on the form and appearance of this same nurse, along with another demon who had taken on the form of one of my roommates, whom the nurse had been flirting with. Even though I was half nuts at the time **I was able to share the Lord** with my roommate before he checked out. In any event, this nurse treated me a lot better this time, and I was able to share the Gospel with her before I left.

Another thing happened that to me was quite profound. While I was in the Hospital the first time, my entire Church (I am part of a small Home-Fellowship of about 15-20 people) came over to visit me on Sunday right after the morning service, the day after my accident. Even though I was out of it mentally, I was strengthened by their presence. The man in the bed across from me (not the one whose demon was in my dream) was also blessed, and remarked how he wished he had friends like I did that would come and visit him. Months later, my Pastor and his Wife were downtown and ran into the same man. He remembered my name and asked how I was doing. I took that "chance meeting" as a sign from the Lord that my struggles had not been in vain, but had been used to bless others and help to expand the Kingdom of Heaven.

The "Grease Gun"

Way back when I was in the Army National Guard one of my MOSs (Military Occupational Specialty) was Driver. In fact, for a short time I was the Commanding Officer's Driver in Charlie Company. Drivers were customarily issued one of two weapons; an Army semi-automatic .45 pistol or a .45 caliber sub-machine gun, depending upon field conditions or perhaps the mood of the Armorer.

The .45 sub-machine gun is rather unique. It is not shiny or pretty to look at, and it is small in form and humble in appearance, but comes with a lot of fire power. Its body was made of dull, non-reflective pressed steel. It has a simple firing mechanism, with a trigger assembly, bolt, and magazine. The dust cover on the right side of the bolt housing acts as the safety when in the closed position. The barrel is quite short, and it has a pistol grip with an extendible shoulder butt made of heavy gauge steel rod. Memory fails me, but I think the magazine holds either forty or fifty rounds of ammo. Because of this configuration, its Army slang nomenclature is "GREASE GUN".

The .45 Sub Machine gun was issued to APC (Armored Personnel Carrier) drivers. Since I drove the C.O.'s APC when we went to the Yakima Firing Center, I was issued this machine gun.

But first I had to qualify with the weapon before it would be issued to me to use. So off we went to the small arms range for training. We were taught to fire using short, three round bursts. This was so because the barrel had a tendency to want to kick upwards due to the strong recoil.

Now the point...

GREASE is a form of CONCENTRATED OIL. And Oil is representational of the Anointing of the Holy Spirit. GREASE liquefies and becomes like oil when it is heated or under pressure. This of course is by design, so that lubrication, or ANOINTING can be made where oil would be impractical or impossible.

I have had one dream and a few visions in which I was issued a GREASE GUN. In all cases the MAGAZINE contained an UNLIMITED SUPPLY of ammunition. Because of this feature any target could be hit with whatever level of INTENSITY required to destroy it.

So I suggest that the GREASE GUN is to those who are issued, a CONCENTRATED, UNLIMITED ANOINTING of the Most Holy Spirit with INTENSITY enough to destroy ANY target to which it is continuously aimed. The subdued appearance and simplicity of operation represent HUMILITY and HONESTY, which are two manifestations of Love by which the Spirit operates.

Because of the amount of fire power this weapon represents, care must be taken to keep the barrel LEVEL and aimed at the target, otherwise, due to the RECOIL effect, the tendency is for the BARREL to drift upwards and point toward Heaven.

Amen.

Seven Fifteen (95)

Fifteen days into Seven,
I wished I'd died and gone to Heaven.
MAGNAfying the Lord that Day,
God's sovereignty was coming my way.

Four wheels sent from Above.
All the better to show God's Love
And Power over the Evil one,
And to glorify God's own Son.

The Jeep decided to cross the road
To beat the on-coming traffic load.
My bike and I were in the lead
But to my presence he paid no heed.

Two wheels made the attempt
At stopping short of getting bent.
Failing that I head for the front
Of the Wagon rig that bore no brunt.

A quick and agile move to the right
Gave a chance of safe clearance in sight.
Alas, NO! Front wheel met bumper,
Giving this biker quite a thumper.

On the ground I laid not alone,
But surrounded by God's very own
Angelic hosts of warring might,
Which demons flee at that awesome sight.

Sound of sirens marked the arrival
Of Police and EMT's. Their tools of survival
Brought to my side for their assistance.
"Don't cut my jacket"! They disregarded my insistence.

Hoisted up on the Medic's tram
I was carried into the Emergency Van.
Two Med-techs prepared for the racing ride.
I was strapped in; with them at my side.

My spirit sensed God's presence near,
His Spirit put my faith in gear.
With eyes closed and right hand raised
Unto Heaven, God's glory praised;

"This Day is Blessed", I prayed aloud,
Then resigned myself to the Medical crowd.
I lowered my arm and went to sleep
Praying the Lord "My soul to keep".

The first stop was at Overlake,
Various X-ray pictures there to take,
Determining the injury's full extent
To my left leg, from hip to toe it went.

A pelvic fracture fix they could not do
So I was sent to the Experts at Harborview.
My good and faithful Wife waited in the lobby
Of the emergency room for her injured Hubby.

With screws, steel plates and titanium pins
My lower leg and knee were repaired therein.
Six days later during surgery number three
They performed the rest of the repairs above the knee.

In addition to all the broken bone
Many nerves were severed, reducing muscle tone.
Thus affecting the quality of walking stride,
Not to mention my ability to ride.

Certain areas of my skin were also affected,
The neuro-signals from input being rejected
And no longer transmitted to the brain.
Feelings such as hot, cold, pleasure or pain.

Then there's the issue of my body's regeneration
And healing by means of muscle calcification.
For this strange tissue turned to bone
Surgery number four was supposed to atone.

* * *

But now... **A Word from the Great Physician.**
He is the Son of God, not some two-bit magician.
He created Heaven above and Earth below,
His Kingdom and Body continue to grow.

Now, Hear what the Lord God has to say...
His Glory and Power revealed tHis Way:

"I will remove the screws, metal rods and plates.
I will mend the bones and do whatever it takes
To make your body as good as new,"
(*An even better job than performed at Harborview*).

"I will heal the damaged nerves in a flash,
And replace the muscle removed by the slash
Of the scalpel used in surgery four,
The calcified tissue will appear no more."

"I will erase the scars for a living testimony
Of God's Love for My Medical Community.
By this means I will reveal the Son of God,
As a Witness for those that walk Earth's sod."

"And not to mention moving loads of cash
Into My servant's private stash
From the offending party's insurance loot,
Just another way to show God's Son Absolute."

"Oh, and just in case you think I'm gonna wait
To perform this miracle on the Resurrection Date,
You can rest; assured that I'm in the mood
Now! To fully heal this biker dude."

"And one more thing I have to say.
Before My Father this I pray.
A promise I Here and Now sustain.
My servant shall ride, and never be hit again."

Amen.

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Harborview Hospital.

The Enemy thought he had it made
Living his life in the shade
Of the Lord's Kingdom of Medical Aid.

Deceiving the lost with lies,
Hassling the Saints by surprise,
Unaware of his impending demise.

Jesus Christ hears the prayers of His Elect,
Their struggles and tears He does not forget
Nor their work in His Medical Government.

Armies of Angels are set to attack.
The Lord gives the Word; He takes no flack
In the victorious rout to get His hospital back.

Satan's hand will soon be broken,
All his evil works and lies just a token
Reminder of the power of God's Word spoken.

Peace and Righteousness will now renew
And refresh the inhabitants of Harborview,
A hospital within the Lord's medical purview...

*"Who, being in very nature God,
did not consider equality with God something to be grasped,
but made himself nothing,
taking the very nature of a servant,
being made in human likeness.
And being found in appearance as a man,
he humbled himself and became obedient to death--
even death on a cross!
Therefore God exalted him to the highest place and
gave him the name that is above every name,
that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow,
in heaven and on earth and under the earth,
and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord,
to the glory of God the Father".*

Philippians 2:6-11

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus