

Letter 273a
"Mission Accomplished"
2014-09-04

Dear Dan,

Sunday, 22 June 2014, 7AM.

In the two weeks that elapsed between Saturday, 1 July 1995, that I found the newspaper reporting (CS1)'s tragedy, to Friday the 14th of July, I went through many emotional processes that I didn't know existed. On the weekend of the 8th I took off on my Honda Magna motorcycle just to ride and seek the Lord. I really didn't know where I was going. I just rode. I headed out on the freeway, and as I was riding, the Lord reminded me of someplace I had been previously.

Many months earlier I had heard on a Christian radio station an announcement for some special meetings. A revival evangelist was in town whose name, if memory serves me correctly, was Randy Clark. He was going to be speaking at a facility that I seem to remember was called at the time (U19). The facility was located about halfway between (L3) and (L21), in a place I want to say is called (L27). Anyway, I attended one or two meetings. They reminded me of the many revival meetings I had been to with my mom in my youth. But by this time the Lord had many years to develop the gifts of Knowledge and Discernment of Spirits in my heart. I also detected some phony flesh weirdness that was prevalent in the meetings.

So it was this memory that came to mind as I was riding. I knew that Satan was behind the accident in which the car (CS1) was driving killed a person. And I thought just maybe, because the typical Pentecostal believes there really is a Devil, and they typically aren't afraid to pray and oppose the Enemy, that I could get some prayer help at what I understood was also a Church at (U19). So I rode up to the facility, dismounted from the Magna and walked in the building, which was open. This was in the late morning.

There were people here and there, and I went into the main sanctuary. I asked someone if they would pray with me. They said no, but I might try downstairs. So I went downstairs to find a room with about 5 or 6 young women, all praying and waving banners in a circle.

When I asked the ladies for prayer, all I got was a bunch of blank stares, and one of the women said I shouldn't even be there. So I left, not having the emotional strength to protest. But I was dumbfounded that, at a place that advertised itself as a place of revival, no one would pray with me, listen to me, or even give me the time of day.

Why would someone, (me), asking for prayer in a Church, be ignored and asked to leave? I wasn't being emotional, weird, threatening, or out of control. I was just asking for help.

I left there to ride some more, only to find myself at a (redacted).

Years after my motorcycle wreck, in 2000 I found a little House Church in (L15) called

(U25) that was sort of Pentecostal, but also had a Common Sense Anointing and didn't check their brains at the door, so I felt more at home. While attending there I found out about some more meetings at (U19).

This time there was a Lady evangelist. I think I went to two meetings. In the first meeting the main pastor gave a short history of the church, how it had combined years earlier from three churches, but how it had also suffered a split that occurred just after 15 July 1995.

Now, as I have remembered this story, I also wondered if the split might have occurred as a form of Church discipline for not praying for someone in need, or something like that. Like the massage practitioner (see Letter 16 Volume 1) that saw my injuries as a means for a new car, who the Lord put out of commission for a while with a broken leg.

Just wondering...

Sunday, 31 August 2014, 8AM.

As I write this we are sitting in Starbucks waiting for prayer time to open at (U19) at 9:00AM. For some reason the Lord wants us to ask for prayer, again. Same place, different people, different time. Otherwise we would have been at Mars Hill Church in Bellevue.

Monday, 1 September 2014, 6AM.

After getting to the church building yesterday and asking directions to the restroom, I remarked to angel Gabe how I was scared spit-less. This was because being at a Pentecostal Church preparing to submit myself to their authority by asking for prayer, evoked many feelings from memories that were not pleasant. Not from the event mentioned above. I was an adult then and could more easily process the rejection. No, these were memories from my childhood. Memories and emotions that even to this day I cannot name.

After using the bathroom I found the prayer room, and sat down, initially thinking that I was alone, but after a minute of sitting and looking around I saw another man (CB43) in the opposite corner as me. So, I walked over and asked him if he would be willing to hear a story. I started to tell him of the above event, and after a few minutes he asked me to stop for a minute while he got the attention of a Pastor Lady that had walked in to prepare the room.

She walked over to us and I started to retell the story, and after I got almost all the way through, she asked if they could pray for me. By this time, about four or five other people had entered the prayer room.

Just before we prayed, (CB43) looked at me in my eyes and offered an apology to me and said, along with other words, that;

“.. THIS SHOULD NEVER HAVE HAPPENED HERE”,

and said he was sorry. It was angel Gabriel standing next to the man who prophesied those words through him.

The Pastor Lady also apologized, then she and all the people prayed for me with the laying on of hands. After the prayers, I gave to the Pastor Lady my card with the LTD web address on it and said it was my whole testimony. She said I was free to stay and “soak”, but I said no, because I needed to get home and go to bed. Then we left.

Dan, I had no agenda at all when we went there other than for prayer. I had not purposed at all to bring up the subject I had been thinking about. But days earlier I had researched (U19) on the internet, and while doing so the Lord had made it clear we were to go there for prayer. He chose the subject matter.

On the drive home angel Gabriel said to the rest of us;

“MISSION ACCOMPLISHED”.

After thinking about this before the Lord, it started to become clear to me that whatever spiritual fissure, or breach, there was the first time I asked for prayer, has been sealed by the Lord through the willingness of the people there to repent to the Lord. All I sensed during this prayer was kindness and an obedient willingness to do the Lord’s will.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus