

Letter 280  
**Astoria, Oregon - Part 4**  
*Laying Dad To Rest*  
2014-09-29

Dear Dan,

All that we prayed for before we left for Astoria was revealed by the Lord on the very first day of our arrival.

After leaving the Bumblebee Pier where we saw the sea lions, we went to the motel to check in. We already knew that our room wouldn't be available until about 11:00, but we wanted to check in and pay for the room. After that we went up to and ascended the Astoria Column, a place where, as a young boy, I had visited many times when my folks would come down from our house to visit Grandma and Grandpa.

From there we drove out to Ft. Stevens State Park. We stopped at a beach on the Pacific where the old shipwreck of the Peter Iredale still remains. After we were done taking pictures I started to drive out of the parking area, and saw a road sign that said "Columbia River". I thought for a moment, and, even though being very tired, decided we should drive in that direction to see if that might be the place where my dad should rest. Since we were in Astoria for only three nights I knew my options would be limited. But we all believed the Lord would provide. And He sure did.

We didn't drive very far until we came to the end of the road, which terminated in a rather large parking area with a public restroom building and signage directing hikers along various paths. I thought this would also be a good candidate if any of the trails went to the waters edge.

The next morning at about 5AM we were at the Starbucks in Warrenton having dinner. I was wanting to time things just right so I could put my Dad in the water while it was still dark, but be able to take pictures when the Blue Twilight of Dawn began to appear.

We left and made it to the same parking lot at about 6:10 AM. It was still dark enough that I needed a flashlight to see with. But there was enough ambient light coming from the sky that I could see more than a few other vehicles already parked.

I had seen a trail the day earlier that was next to the restroom building, and since it seemed to lead in the right direction, we took it. After about a minute of walking we came upon a man carrying a fishing pole. I asked him;

"Is this was the way to the river?"

"Yes", he replied. And after I took a few paces past him he asked from behind me;

"Where's your pole?"

“Don’t need one” I responded back to him.

A little more walking found us on a sandy beach at the water’s edge of the mouth of the Columbia River. I looked to the right and saw a couple of fishermen standing in the semi-darkness with poles casted. I looked to the left and saw no one, so I went that way to be alone.

We stopped after about 30 or so yards. And, while timing the small incoming waves, I emptied the bag that held Dad’s ashes into the water. After about a dozen waves he was received into the Columbia River. Then I quickly got out my iPhone so I could shoot video and pictures. While I was taking the first movie, the Lord applied the final touch.

As I might have mentioned earlier, my Dad loved aircraft and planes, and taught his three sons how to fly RC Aircraft. While I was shooting the video, in the distance there was the sound of a small aircraft taking off from the Astoria Airport, with the engine sound fading into the coming morning of the New Day. The Lord God confirming that Dad was in Heaven.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus