

Letter 281
The Cabin
2014-10-02*

Dear Dan,

A family named Adams lived not far from where I grew up. My folks became friends for a time with a family not far from our house, who had built a free standing bedroom/ bunkhouse for their sons, numbering three or four. The family, who raised some livestock on their property, had been inspired by the TV show Bonanza. Plus it was easier to build a small cabin rather than add on to the existing house for their growing family.

Later, my Dad and Mom got the same idea, but just for me. Dad built a small 12'x12' bunkhouse, and in my 5th grade year I moved in, leaving my two younger brothers with their own bedrooms in the main house.

For me this was very special. I was being trusted as if I were responsible enough to basically be on my own, at least for part of the day. I think the Lord used this experience to help me to grow in His discipline. I remember having a small New Testament Bible, and I made it a point of reading a portion of a page each night before I went to sleep. I also had a Little League exercise chart that showed various workout exercises. It was tacked up on the wall, and I practiced each exercise before I went to bed.

When I turned twelve, I told my Mom I wanted to learn to play the guitar. The Pastor of our Church at the time was an accomplished musician and agreed to give me lessons. So, mom and I made a trip to Valu-Mart, and she purchased my very first electric guitar and amplifier. It was way cool because it had reverb and tremolo. I learned that if I got the volume controls just right on the amp and guitar, I could almost simulate some fuzz-tone.

Being in the Cabin allowed for a great deal of freedom for me crank the volume on my amp when I practiced and played, so thats what I did. And after two years of practice, along with the acquisition of an acoustic twelve string from Sears, I was becoming somewhat accomplished. Eventually I learned to play the opening riff from Stairway To Heaven with some expertise. But what I really liked to do was to sit in an old rocking chair in my cabin, rock back and forth, and play my own tunes and pray songs to God. I would rock out (literally) for a long time playing, praying, and praising the Lord. After a while I would take any chapter in the Psalms and make up my own guitar riffs and melodies and sing the words right out of the Bible, like those found in the Psalter song book.

But what I didn't know at the time was that there were evil spirits on the property where I grew up that hated my singing. So, they prayed to their god, Satan, and he was able to attack my Mom with fear and suspicion, and demanded to Dad that I should move back into one of the bedrooms in the house. This happened at about the same time that I was being falsely accused of disobedience by Mom and Dad. This broke my heart for a time, because I was no longer able to spend as much time as I wanted into the early morning praising Jesus rocking out in my rocking chair.

A year or two after I moved into the house, my brother took over the Cabin, and had it as his own for the rest of the time that he lived with Mom and Dad.

Forty one years later, the Almighty Son Jesus decided it was pay-back time. Everything I listen to on my iPod gets piped directly into hell, and into Satan's little 24' desert "sphere of influence". Now, I have the liberty to praise and worship Jesus anytime I want, anywhere I want, however I want. Now that's what I call dessert! Hallelujah.

*ADDENDUM 4 October 2014

After returning home from military training in August of 1976, I did move into the Cabin for a little while, until I moved in with (CB1) in his mobile home when I began my search for a wife.

While staying in the Cabin this time, I had been listening to some cassette tapes I got from somewhere. They were teaching tapes on the evils of worldly rock and roll music. Their main example to prove their claim was to play certain secular tunes backwards and find hidden messages wither to or from Satan. One of the examples was Stairway To Heaven. While playing it backwards, one could almost discern a distorted phrase that sounded some what like this; "on my friend Satan...".

So, becoming **afraid**, I disposed of almost all of my secular vinyl records. Things like Uriah Heap, Cat Stevens, The Who, Jethro Tull, the list goes on...

Some years ago, The Voice of Common Sense (angel Gabe) came to my rescue concerning stuff like this. The Voice said that "... if that was true, then the Lord's Prayer would have to be discontinued, on account of that it is spoken backwards as part of Satanic rituals outlined in the Satanic Bible."

As I was thinking about this last night at work, angel Gabriella and I got really happy and began thanking the Lord for the iTunes Store. Over the years we have been able to retrieve almost all the tunes that I threw away "back in the day". To quote the Christian rock band Servant,

"Why should the Devil have all the good music?"

To which angel Gabe adds, "YEA AND AMEN!"

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus