

Letter 316
The Day I Learned To Pray - For Everything
2015-02-15

Dear Dan,

Some time just after the Day of Seven (see Letters 23-36, Volume 1), I had occasion to go to the store. This was the same store where, one evening about three years earlier, I had received two separate angelic messages within the space of 5 minutes. They were "Jesus Loves Us", and "God Be With You".

At the time the Lord had been teaching me that I could pray about and for everything. What I am about to describe was one of those lessons, which came in the form of a field practicum.

It was a warm evening, just after dark, and I was walking along the sidewalk in front of the store when someone approached me, asking me if I knew anything about mechanics because they could not get their truck started. I said that I would come over to their truck and pray for it.

They had the hood opened, and after asking a little more about the problem, I laid my hand on the truck fender and prayed, asking the Lord to fix the truck.

Almost immediately, while I was still praying, another man came from around the side of the building, and, acting as if he already knew every one associated with the vehicle, came right up to the truck next to where I was standing. Then, with his bare hand, he twisted off one of the battery cables from its post, and then after waiting for about a minute, he put it back on. While he was doing this, he was saying that sometimes the computer needed to be rebooted.

After re-attaching the battery cable with his bare hand, he asked one of the people to start the truck. And of course it started right up. I remember the truck had a small camper on the back.

I had other lessons similar to that, but this one was so pronounced as to be something I can never forget.

To this day, I have the distinct impression that the whole thing was of, for, and by angels. I think it likely to be true that all the people I interacted with were angels, and that the truck and camper were of "temporary origin", only to de-materialize sometime after I left.

That's why now I try not to hesitate to pray. It doesn't matter what it is. I just pray for it.

P. S. This last Thursday at about 3AM at work, I went up to a room to refill an empty paper towel dispenser. The room was occupied and a nurse was helping with the patient's needs and medications. I obtained authorization to enter the room and work on the dispenser. I

opened the dispenser and removed and disposed of the empty cardboard core. Then, leaving the cover hanging open, I left the patient room for the environmental closet for a new roll. I was not gone more than 60 seconds from the room. When I got back, the same nurse was still working on the patient, and the cover to the towel dispenser was still hanging open. But to my complete surprise, there in the dispenser was a NEW paper towel roll, properly installed. I wondered verbally to the nurse if she had filled the dispenser. She was Filipino, and her accent was rather heavy, but she seemed to say that she had no knowledge of filling the dispenser. And no one else was around close to the room. After confirming that the roll was installed properly and closing the towel dispenser, I left the room, suspecting I might have been the subject of an angelic practical joke. Who filled the dispenser in the sixty-seconds that I was away from the room? Like that saved me any work, because I had to go back to the store room and put back the new roll I still had in my hand. The thing is, I have had other things like this happen from time to time over the years. Some I knew were from angel Gabe, some I could never really be too sure.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus