

Letter 327
Enter The Crusher
2015-03-22

Dear Dan,

In my youth I worked at a goat dairy farm that was within walking distance of my home. I was fourteen and I learned how to work at this job, and earned money that was for my age real good, and above that of many of my peers.

After I turned 17, in my junior year of high school, I left employment when I joined the National Guard and left home for military training. That would have been March of 1976. I enlisted under what was called the "4x2" plan. This involved four years of Active Reserve status, and two years of Inactive Ready Reserve status. My Basic and AIT training also qualified as a semester's worth of High School credits toward graduation.

In about 1981, when I was in my twenties, I returned to work again at the dairy until February of 1983, when I left for other, more career oriented employment.

It would have probably been in late June of 1973 that I worked for the very first day at the dairy. It was an evening milking, and my job was to bring the goats into the parlor and wash their udders to get them cleaned and prepped for the professional hand milkers. The owners were preparing to tear down the old concrete hand milking parlor and move into a new parlor that was set up for machine milking. This transition happened on my second day of employment.

We milked in the old parlor the next morning, after which the owners' son set to work demolishing the old parlor with a sledge hammer. By the time I reported for the evening milking that night, the old parlor was gone, and the in-ramp was moved over to the goat entrance of the new building.

Because this was new to the goats, part of my job was to get the goats up the in-ramp and into the new parlor. Often I had to wrap a chain around the goat's neck and drag the goat up the ramp and shove it into the parlor opening. But after about a month, they started getting used to the new arrangement. Of course it helped that the milking stalls each had a grain trough with fresh grain them. The goats really liked the grain, and unless one was more stubborn than normal, they could be induced to do just about anything with a handful of grain as a bribe.

As with all farming endeavors, flies were common. The barns were kept fairly clean, but toward the end of a cleaning cycle, the flies would start to become somewhat numerous. These were your standard houseflies.

One winter it got very cold, well into sub-freezing temperatures. It was on a day when I was working in the main barn that I noticed an interesting phenomenon. I saw on one of the vertical support poles a black patch that wasn't usually there. On closer inspection, I saw

that a large number of flies had bunched together on the pole, with each insect body touching another insect body all around, presumably to preserve what little heat they had left.

Now I am sure you know how difficult it can be to swat a fly with the unaided hand, on account of the many eyes they have. But the cold had virtually immobilized the flies. They didn't move a leg or a wing when I got close or even waved my hand over the patch. Then I got the idea that I could take my gloved hand and **crush** as many flies at one time as I desired while they just stayed in place. After once or twice of doing this, I stopped because I was getting too much fly guts on my work gloves.

So now, as I am learning how to dispatch spiritual enemy elements "to an early grave", I remember this event, and wonder if its possible to make the spiritual environment really cold, thereby making it much easier to cast out demons.

Hmmm. If there is any correlation here, I'll let you know.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus