

Letter 335
A Gift From My Dad And His Son
2015-04-13

Dear Dan,

In the spring of 1994 during the first year of my employment at (G8), I purchased a new 1994 Honda Magna motorcycle. It had a 750cc four cylinder water-cooled engine, and because it was chain-drive, it had a better power-to-weight ratio than it's earlier Magna predecessors, which had been shaft-drive. This meant it was light and fast.

It was hardly a week or two later that (M) and I went to a Shopping Mall to shop and have dinner. I had been thinking about getting a new leather riding jacket, so when I saw a Wilson's Leather store we went in to see what they had.

I tried on a few coats, then discovered a jacket that fit me better than any other leather jacket I had previously owned. It came with a removable fleece collar, a removable liner, and was outfitted with many well designed and well-placed pockets. Before that I had only had leather jackets that had been used and ill-fitting.

As I was trying on the coat, and making the decision to make the purchase, an interesting thought began to occur to me. It was that this jacket was a gift from my Father in Heaven, similar to the Coat of Many Colors that Joseph received from his father Jacob. And at that moment, for the very first time that I could remember, I began to know God as my Abba-Father.

I parked the bike for most of the winter of 1994/1995, but I remember that there was a Saturday in January that was unseasonably warm. The thermometer made it above 60 degrees. As soon as I realized this, and being still mid-morning, I called a Brother from (U2) who owned a Harley, and asked if he wanted to go riding. I offered to meet him in West Seattle at a restaurant that was frequented by (U2). He agreed, and after what by then was brunch, we rode together up to (L11) and, after a little touring on some of the surface streets, he went with me to my home. After visiting a little with (M) and me the Brother left for home.

On Saturday, 15 July 1995, after taking the hit from both the Jeep Cherokee and the Devil, and then hearing the sirens of the ambulance, I became aware of the EMT's working at my side, and I knew they would most likely cut my jacket off. I didn't care about the boots, but I really, really cared about the leather jacket. So I asked them to "please don't cut my jacket". But they had a job to do and had no knowledge as to why this coat was so important to me, and I was in no condition to protest any further.

The remains of the jacket were returned to me post-accident as part of my personal effects. I kept the shards of the cut-up jacket, but more for practical reasons. I figured that since the leather was still good, it might be used for some leather projects. So it hung on a coat hook for over a decade collecting dust.

I never did make anything out of the leather, and a few years ago I parted with the coat, letting it go. But in the past two weeks, the Lord Jesus has been talking to me, to us, about how after getting creamed He had made a promise to me in the prophetic poem He gave to me that I wrote down. He began reminding us of His promise to heal my body, and that I would ride again.

And He also added some more to this healing promise, which I will share in a future memo.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus