

Letter 418
Freeing Women
 2015-11-20

Dear Dan,

Wednesday, 18 November 2015, 6AM.

I had just finished eating lunch last night at about 1:30AM, and was reading a book on Kindle by Kris Valloton. This is about the fourth or fifth book of his that I have either read or listened to by audio. The title is "Fashioned to Reign. Empowering Women to Fulfill Their Destiny". While I was reading, I got an alert on my pager to go "do a discharge", or clean a patient room that had been vacated by a previous patient.

After looking at the pager for the room number, I put my iPhone away, got my cart ready, and then with my angel crew in tow, went up to the room.

As I approached the room to be cleaned I passed a nurse sitting at a station. Just as I was about ready to go into the room with my cart the nurse got my attention and started talking to me.

Not wanting to be loud-voiced in the hallway, I stopped my cart short of the room and went closer to the nurse to speak with her in a lowered tone.

As I drew close she began complaining to me that she didn't want me to take my cart into the room (which was a two-bed patient room with only a curtain as a divider), so that I wouldn't wake up the sleeping patient in the adjacent bed with my noisy cart. Then she began to wonder if I could come back in a few hours. I responded that perhaps the room cleaning could be "moved to first shift". She thought for a minute and said that she had already "stripped the room" of used linen, and then asked if I could clean the room with my cart left in the hallway. I said "no", because I needed to use the tools on my cart and have it at hand when I work. Then I tried to assure her that I could push the cart real slow so it wouldn't make any noise. At this she acquiesced with something like "well, do whatever you need to do".

In all the fourteen years of cleaning at (G6) I have never before had anyone complain about my having a cart with me in a room. True, it did make some wheel noise as I pushed it down the corridor to the patient room, but that was because I was going a little fast. Pushing it slowly made almost no noise at all. The act of the nurse stripping the bed of linen and putting the used sheets into the hamper actually made more noise. So would my cleaning the room in general.

As I cleaned in the vacant patient room, the Lord began to explain that what I had just experienced was almost exactly what I had just read a description of in the book that I was reading when I got paged.

Here is a quote from Kris Valloton as he is recounting a similar exchange he witnessed first hand:

"Suddenly, out of nowhere, one of the ladies with us turned to the man in front of her and began screaming, "Don't you ever touch my breasts! Do you understand me, mister?" With a stunned and embarrassed look on his face, the man said in a jittery voice, "Lady, I have no idea what you're talking about. I never turned around and touched you. I've kept my hands to myself!" "You liar!" she shouted. "You leaned backward and put your back on my breasts on purpose!" The man tried desperately to defend himself by reminding her that

*we were being herded like cattle and that everybody was being smashed together. She refused to listen to his plea and went on making a big scene for several minutes. I was just as shocked as the man she was accusing. I had been standing right next to both of them the entire time, and the crowd was often driven forward by the guards, which forced us into one another. There was no way the gentleman touched my friend inappropriately. I tried to calm her down, but she just waved me off. I wondered to myself, What the heck is wrong with this lady? We were alone the next day for a couple of hours, so I decided to broach the subject. What I discovered was that my friend was the victim of several rapes and therefore had spent most of her life embittered toward men. Her bitterness, unforgiveness, betrayal and hurt were **rewriting her reality**. The man in line the day before had no chance of convincing her that he was moral because she had not actually been talking to him; she had been talking to **a ghost from the past**.”*

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The Lord did not specify whether the nurse suffered the same type of abuse as described above. But the wheel noise from my cart as I rolled it past the nurse apparently triggered an emotional response from her that was similarly unwarranted.

This to me was a sign that what I have been reading about in Mr. Valloton's book is valid, and is worthy of much consideration. His book in general supports what I wrote in detail in Letter 189 Volume 4.

From the first time I started at (G6), one of the things I wondered about was the prevalence of spirits of bitterness and hatred by many of the women toward men in general. I would think to myself that many of the women must have been abused by men in their past, and had never been healed from that, so they came to work everyday with an “anti-male” attitude. I felt these spirits for a long time at (G6), but had forgotten about it until last night.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus