

Letter 424
How Do You Spell Relief?
2015-12-13

Dear Dan,

In Letter 261 Volume 5-14 I discuss an error made by one of the healthcare workers that was helping me at Harborview. The mistake was made by a nurse when I alerted her to the fact that my bladder was bloating. I thought the foley (catheter) was not working right, and tried to inform the nurse about the problem. However, there was a small amount of urine passing from my bladder through the tube, which she saw, and, misinterpreting what she saw, said to me:

“NO, ITS WORKING FINE. I CAN SEE URINE IN THE TUBE”.

I was so weak that I could barely speak in the first place, let alone argue with a professional nurse. It wasn't until after I bloated a whole lot more and was sent to a procedure room for an MRI or something, that one of the technicians noticed the mis-placed catheter. He re-inserted it properly, after which my bladder immediately evacuated. This whole thing hurt like hell and was traumatizing, especially since I knew there was something wrong, but could not communicate this with the nurse. In 1999, after I went to work at (G2), and the Lord revealed angel Gabe to me, Jesus began the healing process of that trauma.

One night I was working at (G2a), which I did every night for the second half of the work shift. By this time, Gabe and I were having routine conversations all night, and sometimes he would confirm I wasn't going crazy by tipping my trash barrel, or the one time he moved my pager from my belt to my shirt pocket so fast I didn't even realize it. Anyway, this one night at work I had to urinate, and so I went into the restroom. The urinals in the boys room were the kind that were inset into both the floor and wall, and ascended up from the floor to about four feet above, which meant that there was a lot of surface on which to pee. While I was standing there relieving myself, I felt Gabe's spiritual presence at my back, and an intense feeling of pleasure I had never known or felt before. At the same time the memory of my bladder and urine trauma at Harborview came to mind, and a new memory of the pure pleasure of taking a piss began to emerge.

As soon as this happened, I kind of knew what it was. I don't think we talked much about this, only that from that time until now the act of urinating has taken on a whole new meaning.

After I went to work at (G6) this anointing kind of faded. Or perhaps I just don't remember it very well because it was subsumed by the pronounced presence of Hell. But when Jesus healed me from Satan's assault on my prostate (see Letter 337 Volume 5-15), angel Gabe's Holy Pee Anointing returned with a vengeance, and hasn't left.

This is one anointing I hope to take with us into Heaven. I'll be drinking lots of water from the River of Life. You can guess the rest.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus