

Letter 425
Crudely Speaking, With Purpose
2015-12-17

Dear Dan,

I wanted to explain how and why some of the Letters to Daniel contain explicit, or crude language.

Both my Mother and Father were very good models of self control. I don't remember ever hearing my parents get into heated arguments. And they never used cuss words, nor did they say the words "goddammit" in any context.

I followed in their footsteps, partly because I was an obedient son, and partly because I learned in Sunday School that it was not pleasing to the Lord to use swear words. So vulgarities such as "fuck" and "shit" never crossed my lips. And after being baptized in the Holy Spirit, my level of peace and self control was such that I was seldom angered to any point of great emotion.

I even went so far as to refuse to read a book in my tenth grade literature class because it had swear words in it. So I was given the book *Shane*, and sent out to sit in a vacant classroom, reading alone while the other students read with the teacher a book that was prolific in its use of "colorful metaphors".

My total avoidance of such words carried forward into my adult life, even when I was an active member of the military, and when I worked at a boiler fabrication shop in Seattle, where almost every other word was profane. I didn't use profanity of any kind, and after a while one of my boilermaker co-workers asked if I was religious or something, since I never swore.

I have always been a student of true things, learning as much as I could from the Lord Holy Spirit. Then, after the Spirit of Jesus started showing up with me in 1998 while I was working at my Dad's old job, I began to talk with Him on a much more direct basis. So I learned even more.

But Jesus surprised me one day. This was after I started to work at (G2) and met angel Gabe. I remember one night at (G2a), Jesus started telling me that the word "fuck" was only a dirty word to those who thought it was dirty. It became a profane word to those who were taught that it was profanity. Since Jesus' own Dad never taught Him that words are dirty in themselves, well, He never had any problems in that area.

In like manner, as Jesus and I talked together about this, and I considered the actual meaning of the words in question and their context, His position began to make a whole lot of sense. The teachings of Jesus to me about the use of the word "fuck" (He didn't bring up the word "shit", but the same principle applies) are in like manner to the teaching of the Apostle Paul on the eating of meats offered to idols. The idol itself is nothing, and the meat is actually unaffected. Likewise, the words themselves are nothing. It is the social connotation surrounding the use of the word that has the affect. The important aspect of any word is the intent within its entire contextual use.

Since I had been raised to believe those words were dirty, and that I would be sinning if I spoke those words, they were indeed sin to me, because it would have violated my conscience for me to say them. But as Jesus began to free me from the social restriction of the use of vulgarities, I began to see how the

application of such words might be useful in certain situations and environments.

For instance, for me to say that the Devil fucked himself when he decided that he wanted to be like God is an accurate observation and an appropriate use of this word within the context of the entire statement.

Conversely, if one of my angels decided that I needed more “dung” around my fig tree*, and I thought what they were doing to manufacture the dung was a “bunch of shit”, that would be close to cursing the work of God in my life, which is only designed to save my fig tree from being cut down and cast into the fire. My angels “dung work” then is actually an act of love.

It would be far better for me to tell them to “go fuck yourselves” when I get frustrated with their gardening practices, than to say that their work in my life is a “bunch of shit”, even though in technical spiritual terms, that’s exactly what it is. Shit.

In the history of my life I had no clue how difficult my life would get less than two years later, and that further on I would be led by the Lord to write it all down, and that in the process I would need certain literary devices that would both fully explain what I had experienced while at the same time help me overcome the pain in the memories of my having to contend with the Devil. The work of Satan really is “a bunch of fucking bullshit”. Jesus appeared so that He would destroy those works, and gave me the liberty and grace to use whatever words would appropriately describe His work in destroying the Devil’s works.

It is the very mature Christian that understands that the Holy Spirit Himself superintended the writing of this letter, and kept giving me even better ideas on where to strategically locate “colorful metaphors”, to quote Mr. Spock of the planet Vulcan.

Plus, my freedom to communicate freely, as I see fit, was secured in blood by those who died for the founding of this nation, and by the Blood of the Lamb, who died to free all men from the bondage of themselves.

Amen.

*This would only be necessary if I wasn’t already bearing fruit.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus