

Letter 503b
The Trip To Astoria Day 2
Precisely According To Plan
(see photo)
2016-09-01

Dear **Jesus**,

My brother (CB18) and I got up Wednesday morning feeling pretty good. It was promising to be a warm, sunny summer day at the ocean, and so it proved to be.

I went over to Starbucks for my morning coffee, while (CB18) stopped in at Jack-In-the-Box for a breakfast sandwich. He joined me after that for coffee. Then we hit the road.

(CB18) is an avid photographer and is very good at setting up shots with scenic surroundings. He currently has a Canon SLR digital camera with a telephoto lens, along with a Samsung Galaxy smart-phone with the 12 megapixel camera.

After crossing the Lewis & Clark bridge from Longview, Washington into Oregon, we headed west on the road to Clatskanie and Astoria. We stopped on the hill at an overlook to take pictures, then we stopped at a second overlook for more shots. After leaving the second overlook, (CB18) couldn't find his cell-phone. He figured that he had laid it down at the second viewpoint while using his SLR. So I found a place to do a u-turn, drove down the hill where I could make another u-turn, then drove back up the hill. We stopped at the first overlook, but didn't see the cell-phone.

We stopped at the second overlook, where another car had pulled up in our very short absence. (CB18) got out of our car and went up to the other car, which appeared to have an older, retired couple in it. All the while my brother and I were looking along the steel safety barricade to see if he had placed the phone on top of one of the posts.

Neither the couple in the car had seen the phone, nor had (CB18) seen it laying anywhere, including on the top of the car, which he checked.

He got back in to our car and we were about to drive off when suddenly he turned around and looked on the back seat of the car. There, laying in plain view on the seat in front of the Igloo Cooler was his cell-phone. We both made sounds of relief to Jesus for saving his phone, which already had many pictures in it.

But then we both started speculating how it got onto the back seat. I had gotten out of the car with (CB18) at the first overlook, but I stayed in the car at the second. I saw that he used his cell phone at the first viewpoint. I also saw that neither he nor I accessed the back seat for any reason either time. So, we both asked one another, how did his phone get into the back seat?

After some humorous verbal exchanges we both attributed this odd circumstance to angelic

activity of some kind. But the time spent looking for the call phone also “burned the clock” so we could arrive in Astoria at exactly the right time in order to accomplish all of the Lord’s will, which I had earlier declared while I was driving back to make the u-turns, because I already knew what was going on.

So it may also seem obvious to the reader. Jesus was saying how much He and His angels were involved in this trip, and that the Lord was in control.

When we pulled into Astoria we stopped at Safeway for some provisions for the day. As we were getting out of the car I gave to (CB18) some money and a “Jesus Loves You” pen from my pocket, and pointed out a lady who was standing at the corner of the entrance to the parking lot with a gas can and a “can you help me sign”. I said to my brother; “that’s your target, please take this to her”, handing both money and pen to my brother (CB18), knowing that he has the Gift of Evangelism, and that the Lord wanted him to strike the enemy in her life with this gift.

Later as we drove out of the parking lot (CB18) rolled down the window and said:

“GOD BLESS YOU”

to the lady and the man that was with her as we drove out of the parking lot.

Our objective for that day was to visit the mouth of the Columbia River where I had laid our father to rest two years earlier, and to just relax on the beach next to the shipwreck of the Peter Iredale.

While I was sitting in a folding chair on the beach enjoying the rays of the Son, and some Fritos corn chips, (CB18) went off in search of pictures to take. At one point he wanted to have a photo taken with him in the frame with his SLR, so he asked a nearby stranger, who was also taking pictures, if he wouldn’t mind taking the shot for him. The stranger obliged, after which he and my brother started talking with each other, only to find out that the stranger was actually related by marriage to our paternal grandmother. So he was no stranger after all. It turns out he was family.

After that we went to the Astoria Column for pictures and souvenirs. Then we began the otherwise uneventful drive back to Kelso, where we would rest a little before dinner.

But before leaving Astoria we found the apartment building that Grandma and Grandpa lived in for a number of years. Grandpa was a retired steam engineer from the Navy, and after retiring he and Grandma would become apartment managers, since Grandpa knew all about operating boilers and other steam equipment.

This apartment building is now on the National Historical Registry, but back then it was where we went to visit Grandma and Grandpa. Grandma made the most excellent fried chicken dinners you could imagine, with corn-on-the-cob (which our middle brother would refer to as “corn-on-the-bone”).

All in all we had a remarkable time. I just wish I could have stayed sitting in my chair on the beach for many more days.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus