

Letter 522
My Worst Day
2016-10-05

Dear **Jesus**,

I have had many days working at (G6) that could very well qualify as my “worst day” being there. One of those days I had at least five people ask me how I was doing. I wanted to answer that I hated (G6) and wished to leave and never return. Somehow, by the Grace of the Lord Holy Spirit, those words never left my lips. But I did secure permission from the Lord one time to answer someone with the following response when they asked me how I was doing:

“none of your goddamn business”.

I had never before uttered those words in all of my life, nor have I since then.

But there was another day that I think was even worse than that day.

In the first two years of my employment at (G6) I worked second shift. Part of my cleaning route took me close to the area that housed the Psyche Ward.

To access the Behavioral Unit one had to walk down a corridor, then go through a locked set of double-doors with security glass relict windows.

At that time, patients on the Psyche Ward side of the double-doors could walk right up and look out through the glass into the rest of the hallway.

The janitorial closet that was my base of operations was just about fifteen or twenty feet away from those double-doors, on the “free” side.

Just up the corridor on the “free” side was another hall that branched off to one side leading to another area. I cleaned that section as well, so I was routinely walking from my closet to the branch hallway.

One day I was walking from another area further up the long corridor on the “free” side. As I drew close to the branch hallway, I could hear a noise. It sounded like someone pounding on a wall or something.

Then I looked up and saw the face of a lady on the Psyche Ward side of the double-doors looking at me through the glass.

I could both see and hear her banging on the door and at the same time shouting:

“LET ME OUT OF HERE”!

I turned the corner quickly into the branch hall so I could be out of eye-shot of the captive woman and stopped. I put one hand on the wall to support myself and just stood there with my eyes closed thinking, asking myself some pretty hard questions.

“What would happen if I just went down the hall and opened the door”?

“What is the Lord’s will in this matter”?

I stood there for another minute, then resigned myself to the knowledge that she was probably safer in the psych ward than roaming free in the hospital proper.

But that lady was shouting out-loud something that I yearned for every day, to be free of (G6) and all it was. And I so greatly wanted go open the doors and set her, and myself, free.

I stood at the wall, and for a brief moment trembled, fighting the internal war that waged in my heart and soul. Then I walked down the branch hall and tried to forget the whole thing.

But I have never forgotten. I knew then and still remember now what it was like to be held captive, having been once chained to a hospital bed when I was at Harborview Hospital. See Letter 261 Volume 5-14.

I wasn’t a criminal. I wasn’t an inmate. I was just someone desiring freedom. To quote a Founding Father:

"Give me liberty, or give me death!"

Patrick Henry - March 23, 1775

St. John's Church in Richmond, Virginia

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus