

Letter 583
Medal of Honor
"In Jesus Name"
2017-04-16

Dear **Jesus**,

In Letters 13 and 14 Volume 1, Letter 261 Volume 5-14, and Letter 357 Volume 5-15, I document regarding the motorcycle wreck and subsequent injuries which Satan wreaked against my person. And I write in depth about the dreams and visions I had while a trauma patient at Harborview Hospital.

But there were two interesting events which occurred sometime afterward which I have not forgotten. Both of these things happened on one of the first overnight road trips (M) and I took after I was recovered enough to travel.

The first thing took place on an overnight trip we made over to Sequim, Washington, to visit friends. This involved taking one of the Washington State Ferryboats across Puget Sound to the Olympic Peninsula.

While on the Ferryboat making the water crossing from Edmonds to Kingston, I hobbled with my cane up to the outdoor flying bridge to feel the wind on my face, which by then I sorely missed from not being able to ride motorcycles.

While I was standing upon the upper forward deck, a man unknown to me approached and struck up a conversation. This involved the usual items common to people riding on a boat, like the weather, the ferry ride, and other similar things.

Afterward, when the ferry had docked and it was time for the cars to disembark, I found that I was directly behind a car that had a unique license plate. As I looked closely, I could see that the plate was the type that only United States Medal of Honor recipients are authorized to possess, with a likeness of the Honor Medallion, and the phrase "Medal of Honor Recipient" embossed on the plate.

As I looked more closely, I could tell that the driver was the same man that had come up to me and talked with me. But I also knew that this was a message of encouragement sent to me by Jesus through secure channels. He was saying that I too, was a Medal of Honor recipient, due to the unusual circumstances that brought me to become injured, due to the Spiritual War the Holy Spirit and I had prosecuted just months earlier.

The other thing happened on our way back home. We were driving along a somewhat long, straight stretch of rural county road, so the speed limit was no more than 45 MPH. The road surface was wet from previous rain, which had abated by then.

I could see up in the distance about a tenth of a mile away, riding toward us in the oncoming lane, two motorcyclists riding their own separate bikes side by side, next to each other, heading in our direction. This is both legal, and safe under normal conditions.

I wanted to look at the bikes as they drew closer and passed, so I could try to determine out the make, model, and year.

Suddenly, and without any forewarning, the bike on the shoulder side of the road slid and fell over. It didn't appear as there was anything on the road to cause this, nor was the operator doing anything unsafe. Since I was already fully engaged in looking at the two bikes, I saw everything as it occurred. It certainly appeared as though something had pulled the wheels right out from under the bike and rider.

This happened in front of us about twenty feet away, and as we were passing the two bikes I looked in the side-view mirror. I could see the other motorcycle slowing down to match the deceleration of his companion, who had rolled off his bike, and was skidding along on the pavement next to it. All three finally came to a full stop. I then saw in the mirror the fallen rider get up, and then fall back down to the ground. All this happened in less than 10 seconds.

By this time we were increasing the distance between our car and the two riders. I thought about turning around to see if we could help, but there was a line of cars behind us, and since the fallen biker's friend was OK, I knew that calls would be made to emergency services.

Now, the reason I am bringing this up, is because **at the very moment** that I saw the motorcyclist and his bike slide out from underneath him onto the road, these words came out of my mouth:

"IN JESUS NAME".

The other thing I noticed was there were no other oncoming cars behind the two bikes, so the threat of a collision from behind didn't exist.

As we continued to head for home, (M) and I talked a little about the strangeness of this event. It is something that I have never forgotten, and have thought about often over the years

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus