

Letter 706
Dark Cloud City
2018-08-16

Dear **Jesus**,

Sometime after I started bus-cycling to work, which was in 2005, I began to notice a car parked at the trail head which I took as part of my route into town to the bus stop.

It would be there in the evening on my way to work, and in the morning on my way home.

After time I discerned that there was a black lady living in the car, along with a lot of stuff. She looked like she was in her mid-forties. I begin to feel sorry for her and wondered if there was anyway to help her in her predicament.

Not far down the street from where she was parking was a local Church. I had previously attended a morning Men's Bible Study at the Church for a short time, so I was already known to the Pastor.

A thought occurred to me that maybe this Church could help the woman in her car in some way. At the very least, I thought, they could send some people to say "Hi", and take her food and maybe some money.

So, one day while I was riding back from work, I stopped at the Church to see if it was open. It was, and I walked in and found the Pastor.

I begin to explain the situation to him, and within just a few seconds of my describing what I saw regarding the Lady in the Car, a strange expression came over the Pastor's face. It scrunched up a little, and actually became sullen as if a Dark Cloud had perched upon him somehow.

Then he began to question me as to whether I had helped the lady or not, and implied that this was my responsibility. His sudden change of demeanor surprised me at first, but I wouldn't be so easily discouraged, and continued to press him for any sign of love.

At this point I don't remember how we terminated the conversation, but I do remember that he wanted to shift responsibility for the Lady from his Church to me. And that's how it was left.

As I departed this meeting my thoughts were that a Church with a new building would have more resources than me, and that what the Lady in the Car really needed was the warm compassion of some of the Church Women going to her car with food, companionship, and prayers.

I knew I could provide prayer, but not the companionship, nor anything greater than maybe \$20.00. Not long after this the Lady and her car stopped showing up at the trail-head.

Looking back and remembering this event, I now believe that Satan had built a Stronghold of Isolation around the Black Woman, and when I tried to breach that stronghold, he sent a demon or two to stop it. Apparently the Pastor was the soft target.

This was over twelve years ago now. If there is any sin left hanging, I repent and ask for forgiveness.

In the meanwhile, please send Many Blessings to both the Woman, the Pastor, and his Church.

Amen.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus