

Letter 771
Angel On Assignment
2019-03-21

Dear **Jesus**,

Just the other day angel Gabriella reminded me of an incident which happened in my life, taking place in the early 1980's, when I was still single and employed at the dairy (G7).

It was in October (I don't remember which year), but I wanted to take an extended weekend and go on a road trip, as sort of a birthday present to myself.

Part of my objective was to tour the Olympic Peninsula. So, I loaded up the Mercury Comet Station Wagon I had at the time, and took off. I really hadn't made any detailed plans. I just wanted to drive and see where I ended up. All I took with me was some cash, a sleeping bag, a few snacks, and a road map. I think I was on the road for no more than three or four days.

If memory serves, the first day I first drove up to Whidbey Island so I could look at Deception Pass. From there I drove to a Washington State Ferry Terminal, only to find I had missed the last boat for the day, which meant I had to wait overnight for the first ferryboat the next morning. I remained parked in the terminal waiting lot, and spent the first night of my road trip sleeping in my sleeping bag, in the back of the very cold Station Wagon.

I woke up chilly from the crisp autumn morning, so I started the car engine to get some heat. Then I think I waited for not much more than an hour for the first ferry to arrive, idling the motor to stay warm, and listening to the radio to fill the time.

After boarding and going to the bathroom, I made my way to the snack bar for some badly needed hot coffee. Becoming so fortified, I then found a window seat to wait the 30 minutes or so until we reached our destination across Puget Sound on the Olympic Peninsula.

While I was looking around at the scenery and the passing water below, I noticed a sort of unusual passenger sitting a few seats in front of me. I really couldn't tell for sure, but it looked like a twenty something female, with a large backpack, hiking clothes, and other accouterments which indicated she might either be homeless, or on a walking tour. She sported a fair amount of hair, well-kept in a low-maintenance dread-lock style, typical of many of the Rainbow People I have seen hitch-hiking over the years.

As the time of docking drew closer, my interest in the Traveler turned away, in favor of getting to my car so I could drive off of the ferry-boat in a timely manner.

While I don't remember exactly, it's most likely that I stopped at the nearest full-service restaurant for breakfast, because that is what I liked to do then, and how I had planned on taking most of my meals.

Leaving the cafe, I began my journey of discovery to see whatever I could see. I hadn't driven very far when I spotted walking on the side of the road, the same Lady Traveler whom I saw on the ferry-boat.

I thought for a moment, and wondered if by this strange chance of circumstance, I might find a traveling companion (and of course, being a single man at the time, the notion that Yahweh just might use such a circumstance to provide me with a spouse, was always in my mind, and not necessarily in the back).

I pulled up along side her and, presenting as pleasant a demeanor as I could, I offered the Traveler a ride. She looked back at me through the open passenger door window, and then asked:

“WHERE ARE YOU GOING?”.

Being the very honest chap that I was, I responded with the only truth I could think of at the moment:

“I DON'T KNOW”.

At this point I don't remember her words exactly, but I do recall that she said something to the effect that she would only ride with one who knew where they were going. She then graciously declined my offer of assistance, and I smiled and offered her a nice day, and then drove off. As I saw her receding figure in the rear-view mirror, I wondered if I had just lost my last opportunity at finding the woman of my dreams which Yahweh had reserved for my life's journey.

One of my goals was to get to the coast and see the Pacific ocean. According to my road map, there were a number of options. There was still some distance to drive, and I did make some stops along the way. Toward the end of daylight, I found a parking spot on the side of the road which led to a shoreline State Park called Ruby Beach.

I continued to drive past the trailhead parking area, in order to investigate where I would take breakfast the next morning. I had seen a spot on the map not much further down the road called Kalaloch Lodge, and I wanted to see if it included any kind of eatery.

It was starting to get dark, and I had determined to park at Ruby Beach to sleep for the night. So I drove back to the trailhead and made ready to park for the night.

My sleep was once again in the back of the cold Mercury Comet, but otherwise uneventful. Upon waking and warming up a bit, I walked down to the beach and enjoyed seeing and hearing the ocean waves and horizon. Then, I drove back to the Lodge, and went into the restaurant and had breakfast.

From there I was thinking about going to Ocean Shores, but when I got to the freeway interchange, I decided to head back home.

During all this time, I was fighting loneliness and some mild depression that young men in my position often times have to deal with. This was due to the fact that earlier that year I had broken up with (CS1), for what I found out would be the last time. What I didn't know then, and which I didn't know for a long time afterward, was just how much Satan was to blame for our failed attempts at getting married. He was pulling out all the stops from his evil bag of tricks, not the least of which was Witchcraft, to destroy the Love that (CS1) and I had together, for the very short time it existed.

But, what no one on earth or in heaven knew, save God Himself, was that the series of events, and the opposition perpetrated by the Devil against (CS1) and me, would later on become useful by Yahweh to usher in a New Day of the Gospel of the Kingdom of Heaven, both for the Body of Christ, and the whole World.

Looking back I think the Lord Holy Spirit led me to take this trip so I could process the pain of loss, and to enjoy the adventure of travel, knowing only the direction I was going, and that there were gas stations and restaurants along the way to aid in my journey. I was employed, so money wasn't a problem.

But back to the Traveler. No, I don't mean me, I mean the Girl Traveler I wanted to give a ride to.

According to angel Gabriella, that Traveler was her, sent by the Lord in what I call Stranger Mode, to perform a certain task. It was at Gabriella's insistence that we write this Letter together, so that she can clarify what took place.

Her assignment at that time was to provide comfort in my grief, by spending a little bit of time with me on my journey. Her presence as a woman would have also helped me to further overcome my fear of women, which Satan had instilled in me at a very young age. Plus I would have had the blessing of giving aid to someone else, and it would have made my overall trip a little less lonely.

As it turned out, she and I were not able to agree to terms on her riding in my car, so the trip together never took place.

Later on the Lord provided multiple opportunities for her to minister into my life, so that deficit was eventually overcome with ample supply of the Goodness of Yahweh.

And then later, after Satan's defeat in Letter 214, I became even more aware of the Endless Continuation of our Love Relationship the Lord Yahweh gifted to us, both now, and into the future forever.

So, any losses either of us may have suffered from our previous lack of agreement, have been more than compensated for by the Love our Father has bestowed upon us, and His forbearance in our weaknesses.

To sum it up, by our Father's mercy and Grace, Boy got Girl after all. And, according to angel Gabriella, Girl got Boy as well. Thank you Jesus.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus