

HOW I GOT INTO THIS WORK

Part 6 – Preparacions

January 2010

*S*inopsis: Joey, my yung tenant, had askd me how I got into the work of *S*comunicating with the unseen world. I told him how wen I was in college I began to rebel agenst the narroness of the tipical religius mentality - especialy their reluctance to admit that sumone mite receev a valid gift of proffecy. I determind to aply for that gift - a gift that the apossle Paul encurraged cristians to seek. And I began to make progress.

I had parkd my Volkswagon Variant in the parking lot at Vasquez Rocks, disgized myself az a teenage boy, and started off walking intu the mountans, carrying an improvized bakpak and wairing a soft-brimd safari hat. But thare is sumthing I forgot tu tel u last time, that I did befor I left.



On the same day that I strayd off the freeway, missd my teaching apointment & parkd at the little motor home on the church grounds, I calld home, tu tel them I wud not be cumming bak rite away. Luckily thare was a functioning telephone in the mobile home.

I knew thare wud be nobody home becaus my husband and the 3 children wer all in scool. He was teaching 6th grade at Lindero Canyon Middle School & the 3 girls, aged 12-16, wer in Tarzana middle scool and Taft High School hyscool respectivly. They all thaut I was on the road tu a fill-in teaching job in Northridge or near thare, becaus they wer stil at home wen the call came in about 7:30 AM.

By 10:00 AM I was ensconced in the trailer home at the little cuntry church tu wich I had been gided by Jesus' voice. The mothers and children I was supozed tu be teaching wud, I figured, hav drifted home wen I faild tu sho up.

Wy didnt I call them tu explain I wudnt be thare? Since I had the adress of the scool, I mite hav obtaind a fone number thru wich tu notify them. But I was in a sort of daze, & I didnt du it tho I certainly shud hav.

I did call home tho. Thare I left a message, tu the efect, "I luv yu all very dearly, but I mite not be able tu be with yu for a wile. I hav tu begin the work I was sent tu du on erth. I wil rite a letter and tel yu mor about it& I wil take care of myself so I can cum bak safely tu yu." I knew this message wud cauz consternacion, but the call from heven – as I thaut - was too strong for me tu deny. I felt this wud not be a permanent withdrawal, but I must make a start now.

I sat down rite then and rote the letter I had promisd. I explaind that I had tu be traird for a spessial mission for Jesus, and that the training had tu begin now. "I am safe," I rote. Indeed I felt I was safe in God's care.

As it turnd out I was not actualy safe. Looking bak now, this adventure taut me beyond enny dout that the wor of Armageddon had not yet ended. I lernd that I had enemies. I lernd that thare wer thozе hu wanted tu kil me, & they nearly succeeded in spite of my faith in God.

Perhaps I cud hav made the transission mor gentle for my family? That remains an open question in my mynd. Tu enny person hu may be contemplating taking a similar action, I doant recomend duing it the way I did. Even wen I was taking this bold step I was dubius, & with good reason.



Woz this Jesus talking tu me? And if it woz, woz he putting me too much at risk? Az he looks bak now on that Simi episode in 1969, he thinks he shud not hav given thozе orders. He and my other frends in heven ar now shoing mor concern about my safety. They offen worn me not tu take risks with my life.

This is now mor than 40 years later. Presumably I shud by now hav arived at the concluzion that I was mentally deranged at that time, that I oonly imagind I was hearing from Jesus. And ov the conversacions I hav had since that time, with Jesus & others in heven, I am supozed tu hav realized that it all was, & continues tu be, only sum misfire or short circuit of neurons in my hed.

No, I hav lernd that even Jesus can change his mynd about sumthing he did. He admits that he has grone mor cautijs now; and he iz mor wide awake now. We agree that at that time he was haf asleep, & perhaps mor subject tu an unrealistic confidence in his – and God's – ability tu take care ov me on the erthly plane.

Stil at first all went well. After making the fone call & riting the letter, I drove tu Newhall, &, as I rote befor, maild the letter & purchased the liteweit sleeping bag & hat I needed for the wilderness. I had not told the family ware I was other than tu say I was safe. I had not eaten since befor leaving home the previus morning, & I continued fasting, eating nothing.



I spent a comfortable nite in the trailer home. In the morning, stil fasting, I drove tu the Vasquez Rocks parking lot, left the Variant thare, and started on foot along the 2-lane road intu the mountans.

Join me agen next month tu fynd out wot happend next....

Theo