

Letter 930
The Marxist Slave State of Washington
Part 1
Freedom Was Plentiful When I Was Young
2024-12-15

Dear **Yeshua**,

Monday, 9 December 2024, 7AM

Today represents two anniversaries in my life. One anniversary is the day my younger brother died and passed from this life into Heaven. See [Letter 916](#). And the other anniversary is my retirement from active employment at (G6) in 2018 (see [Letters 729](#) and [739](#)). Both anniversaries have significant prophetic aspects, some of which have already been documented.

In this Letter it has been 6 years since I retired, and very many things have happened since then which the [Lord Holy Spirit](#) desires to have documented.

In January of 2019, I shifted my sleep schedule from “graveyard” (going to bed at around 9AM and waking up at about 5PM), to being an “early riser” (going to bed around 8PM and getting up around 4AM).

After that, I began to wonder how to fill my time as a disabled retiree. Some things went without saying; such as domestic chores, house maintenance, and anything else that made my wife’s life better, easier, and freer.

But that did leave me with some discretionary time of my own. I already had a computer hobby, but I also liked being outdoors.

I grew up as a kid playing in the woods that surrounded our house, and when I was 14, I was given access to grandpa’s old .22 rifle. Along with the rifle came a partial box of .22 rounds, which I used up quickly.

On the occasions that I went with my mom into town to grocery shop, I would frequent the Coast to Coast Hardware store next to the grocery store. There they had all kinds of bullets, including the boxes of .22 Long Rifle that I needed. But there was a restriction, one had to be at least 16 years old to purchase .22s. At 14 I could buy shot gun shells, but not .22LR caliber or higher rounds.

However, the clerk at the counter pointed to a brochure that advertised a Gun Safety course. An exception existed in the State Laws that permitted one who was 14 years old to, upon successful completion of the approved gun safety course, legally buy .22 rounds.

I was able to talk my mom into both paying for and transporting me to the one night seminar, and then about a month later I got my official State of Washington Gun Safety Certificate in the mail, which I have to this day. Not long after that, I was able to purchase my first full box of .22s.

There was a small, private sand-pit just down the road from my house, with a perfect backdrop for target shooting. I would invite my next door neighbor friends to join me, and I would then teach them what I had learned in the safety class, and then let them practice target shooting with the .22.

It was fun until the cartridge box ran out of bullets. But even though I had a part time job at a local dairy, I still didn't have an unlimited money supply, nor a consistent ride for the 7 miles into town to buy .22 shells on any regular basis. So, my short lived life as a marksman came to a halt. But three years later my life as a marksman would begin afresh, and with much larger bullets. I will write about that part in one of the next few Letters.

As I aged from 14 into 15 and then 16, my hard-earned job money and time budget began going into motorcycles, so the .22 rifle, and the shotgun, were both left in the closet, waiting for another day.

P. S. When I was about 12 years old, my folks gave me a Daisy BB Gun Rifle for Christmas. Boy was that the coolest gift. It was a "Winchester" style rifle, with a cocking handle similar to the one The Rifleman had, only not as big. After some practice, I learned that I could see the trajectory of the BB as it went through the air, and after a short period of time, all I had to do was point the barrel, fire, and I could hit whatever I pointed at without having to aim through the sights. The whirligig plastic propeller on top of my cabin bedroom began to show signs of "potshots" being taken at it. I stopped using the whirligig for target practice after my Dad informed me that it sure looked like someone was using the whirligig he made and installed for target practice. I didn't put my eye out, but I did have a lot of fun.

Many Blessings, and Much Shalom...

R. C. Theophilus