

Letter 930b  
**The Marxist Slave State of Washington**  
**Part 3**  
*Shooting Bigger Bullets*  
2024-12-27

Dear **Yeshua**,

**Monday, 23 December 2024, 6AM**

At the beginning of my junior year (September 1975 - June 1976) in High School, a classmate who I considered a friend began telling me of a program how if one joined the Washington National Guard, they could get high school credits for Basic Training and Advanced Individual Training (AIT). At the time, there was a National Guard armory not very far from my high school. In fact the school bus that I took to and from school drove past the access road to the armory daily.

I was 16 at the time, but soon to turn 17 in October, when, with only one parent's approval, I could enlist as a volunteer in the National Guard.

So, I started to think about the prospects of leaving what I considered a perfectly boring environment at the public school system, and perhaps find something more interesting.

I talked with my Mom and Dad, and spoke with my school counselor, who himself was a Colonel in the Marine Corp Reserve.

Both my Dad and Mom had served in the Military, with Dad being in the Coast Guard, and Mom serving in the Marine Corp Reserve.

After talking through all the ramifications, we agreed that I could enlist as soon as I turned 17.

I remember that at the time when the recruiter administered the aptitude test to see what sort of MOS (Military Occupational Skill) I qualified for, I qualified for everything. There was not a single MOS that was withheld from my application, including Officer Candidate School (OCS).

I already had an interest in electronics, so I chose a radio electronics repair course that was held at Fort Sill in Oklahoma. Coincidentally, Ft. Sill was also a Basic Training base, so I was able to take Basic and AIT on the same installation.

During Basic I qualified with the M16 rifle and the M67 grenade. But after I returned to my duty station at the Barracks in Redmond, Washington (Charlie Company, 3rd Battalion, 161st Infantry (Mechanized), 81st Brigade) I was able to qualify with other weapons, such as the M3 .45 caliber Sub-machine gun ("Grease-gun"), the .50 caliber Browning Machine Gun, the 90MM Recoilless Rifle (anti-tank gun), and the .45 ACP semi-automatic pistol (1911).

I enjoyed shooting all of these firearms. But it was about a decade after I completed my military service to Uncle Sam, that the Lord issued to me another version of the "Grease-gun". This was in a dream I had in July of 1995. See [Letter 261](#) for details.

([https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/M3\\_submachine\\_gun](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/M3_submachine_gun))

And so it was that, compliments of the Army National Guard, I was able to shoot bigger bullets than the .22 Long Rifle rounds and 12 gauge shotgun shells I popped off as a kid. The seed of firearms marksmanship had been planted, waiting for the right time to pierce up through the surface of the ground and bloom into maturity.

After I was honorably discharged from my second enlistment in the Wash. Army Guard in 1986, I turned my "sights" on to other things, such as my school custodian career and running a small part-time business. Any further target-shooting would have to wait many more years until after I retired, when I could devote quality time to improve my skills.

Many Blessings, and Much Shalom...

R. C. Theophilus