

Letter 02
DREAM
First Spiritual Events
2011-07-22

Dear Dan,

There were two spiritual events in my life that I can remember when I was very young, about 5 or 6 years old. Both occurred around the same time while I was staying at my grandmother's house in Kirkland, Washington.

The first event was like this. Across the street from Grandma's was a house where a girl lived who was about my age and to whom I became a playmate when I visited Grandma's. One day in the summer I went across the street to play. I went onto the front porch and rang the doorbell, then waited. I rang the doorbell again, but no one was home. I just stood there for a minute trying to figure out if I should wait some more or go back to Grandma's. Just then I heard a sound. It was high in volume, but low in frequency. It filled the atmosphere and had a distinct locality as coming across Lake Washington, west to east, emanating from and just above Seattle. It was not a sonic boom, nor was it some kid playing with an electric guitar amp. It was not a sound effect, construction noise or thunder. It was not a hydroplane or a truck using compression brakes. It was a deep, bass, Satanic scornful laugh, scoffing at me, and at my desire to play with my friend.

(SPECIAL NOTE 2023-04-22: The laughter has always reminded me of the deep bass laugh that came from the old Green Giant frozen vegetable ads that used to be on TV. In the TV ad, a Green Giant would laugh in a deep bass voice, saying: "ho, ho, ho". But that laugh only came from a speaker on the TV set.

This unearthly laughter both filled and came from the entire atmosphere, and went something like:

"HAH, HAH, Hah, hah, hah..."

Beginning in a slightly higher pitch, and descending to a slightly lower, trailing pitch.)

The second event came in the form of a nightmare dream.

I DREAMED THAT:

I was at my grandma's house sleeping in one of the upstairs attic bedrooms. I woke up and went down the stairs which opened into one of the downstairs bedrooms. There, standing in the room were two people who I knew were my Mom and Dad, but they had been skinned alive. I could see clearly all the muscles and other tissue that is under the skin.

END OF DREAM.

Then I awoke, but was very fearful at this, and was troubled for a long time afterward. I had this dream while I was actually sleeping in the upstairs attic bedroom of my grandmother's house, which was the setting of the dream.

(radio silence)

Blessings...