

Letter 08
DREAM
Forgotten Cellars In the Churches
 2011-08-03

Dear Dan,

Early on in the writing of these letters the idea occurred to me of writing things more or less in chronological order, and keeping details rather general in the event the Lord wanted to have any of these letters shared with others.

But here I must deviate from the time pattern as the Lord wants me to relay a somewhat recent, albeit two year old, dream I had concerning a particular church here in the Snoqualmie Valley.

In the summer of 2009 I had two months off of work due to an L&I injury and subsequent recovery. It was a pinched sciatic nerve in my right leg.

At the beginning of this time off it became apparent that I would be requiring more than a few days to recover, so I changed my sleeping schedule from "graveyard" to day shift.

This allowed me to attend the various doctors and therapy visits. But it also allowed me to do two things I hadn't done in many years. I was able to:

1. take my wife out to lunch at a restaurant at the REAL lunchtime of NOON, and
2. attend an actual Sunday Morning church service.

My wife and I went to her favorite restaurant, Azteca for lunch. Days later we went out to an all you can eat pizza buffet at lunchtime, and after that to an Indian cuisine place. Did you know that lunchtime prices are much cheaper than breakfast or dinner? You day people are so lucky...

The first Sunday that I was awake in the morning I went to a local church meeting not far from our house. This was a body of believers that has been around for decades, and we had attended it almost 20 years earlier.

I went for another Sunday, and maybe a third, but during that time I had this dream.

DREAM
Summer 2009

I dreamed that:

The Lord (*Jesus*) took me to the church building. We went into the main entrance, through the sanctuary and into the back fellowship hall. I could see that everything was clean and in

order. Then we went downstairs to where the Sunday School and other teaching rooms were. Again, neat, clean and in order.

I looked into a back closet that was empty, and I saw in the floor a trap door. The Lord (*Jesus*) opened the door and I went down into the sub-basement.

It was dark, but a little light was getting down into the cellar. In the darkness I could see the following: Small children and infants were chained to walls and the floor. It was a place of horror and despair. The walls were dirty. And there were terrible demonic spirits lurking in the darkness.

I knew it's main purpose was to abuse the children in every evil way possible.

Then I awoke. I wakened in a weakened fearful condition from which I took some time to recover.

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Dan,

As I write this dream, it occurs to me that the sub-basement was put there by the Lord to store supplies of good things like casks of wine, beer and foodstuffs, and for kids to play hide 'n' seek.

Instead there was fear, depravity and abuse.

So it is at this time with the Churches of (L1).

Romanus Theophilus