

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 documenting things in more or less chronological order, and keeping details rather general in the event the **Lord (Holy Spirit)** 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 (L1).

In the summer of 2009, I had suffered a pinched sciatic nerve in my right leg due to a Labor & Industries workplace injury. The doctor ordered that I not work for two months to recover.

At the beginning of this time off it became apparent that I would have to make more than one or two trips to the doctor's office and therapy clinics, so I changed my sleeping schedule from "graveyard" to day shift.

This made it easier for me to attend the various appointments. But it also made it possible for 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 a few days after that to an Indian Cuisine place. Did you know that lunchtime prices are much cheaper than breakfast or dinner? (You day people are blest... :) )

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 this Church regularly almost 20 years earlier.

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

**Summer 2009**

**I DREAMED THAT:**

The **Lord (Holy Spirit)** 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 inside a back coat closet that was empty. Then I saw a trap door in the floor of the closet. The **Lord (Jesus)** opened the door and I went down into the sub-basement.

It was dark in the cellar, but a little light was still getting down into the cellar from above.

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 its 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.

**END OF DREAM.**

(click here for artistic rendition of dream)

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Dan,

As I write this dream, it occurs to me that the sub-basement was originally 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