

Letter 09f  
**DREAM**  
**The Tribunal**  
2017-09-30

**21 November 1994.**

**I DREAMED THAT:**

I was the Captain of a Ship or Ferryboat of some kind. I was navigating the boat from the Open Sea towards our destination. We came into a Harbor, and then a Port from which there were many Canals leading into a City.

I knew that our destination was at the end of one of these canals, so I headed the boat into the one directly up ahead. The canal was just wide enough for our Ferryboat to slip into without any damage. At that time the Lord revealed to me that our destination was DRY GROUND. I saw up ahead the end of the canal, which was terminated by a concrete bulkhead. From there a street proceeded from the end of the canal into the City.

I knew I wanted to get the Ship onto Dry Land as quickly as possible. Not seeing any other alternative, I gave the order for Maximum Power, so that we could build up enough momentum for the vessel to "jump the curb" onto the Dry Ground of the Street ahead.

We made the jump without any damage to the ship, and slid along the Street for a certain distance under the propulsion of the inherent inertia, finally coming to a complete stop in front of a rather tall and elegant Office Building.

Then, I found myself walking into the Office Building, go up the elevator, and into an office suite where a Maritime Tribunal was being convened. I was accused of Unorthodox Behavior by bringing the Ferryboat onto Dry Ground in the Way that I did.

I remember that the Tribunal wanted to strip me of my command. My only defense was that "... Jesus is my Lord", and that "... I serve Him, and not man."

**END OF DREAM.**

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus