

Letter 09i
VISION
Wolves & Lambs
 2019-04-03

Dear **Jesus**,

30 October 1999.

Over the past month the Lord (*Holy Spirit*) has shown these things to me by vision.

IN THIS VISION:

I am standing at one end of a valley. It is dark, but the sky is clear. There is no moon, but the Stars of Heaven are clearly visible. In the Starlight I can see some activity in the distance. As my eyes adjust to the darkness I am able to see, just a few yards ahead, the figure of a wolf standing over the carcass of a lamb.

It has blood on it's jowls, and looks at me as if to say, "I beat you here, so I get to eat". I raise my single shot carbine rifle to my cheek and drop the wolf with one shot.

Now my eyes have gained their (*full*) night vision, and I see that the valley floor is littered with the bodies of little lambs, each with a wolf standing over it eating it's flesh. I start shooting one wolf at a time.

But this takes too long, so I cry out to God. Just then the Lord (*Jesus*) taps me on my right shoulder and passes another rifle to me. It is one I am familiar with, one I have used before. It is a "Grease Gun", a .45 caliber sub-machine gun, and my weapon of choice. I know from past experience that I can fire all day long and not run out of ammo, because the supply is endless.

I proceed, walking slowly at first into the valley, firing three round bursts as I go and dropping as many wolves as I hit. I have to walk slowly because of the darkness, wishing it was daylight so I could work more quickly.

Then the Lord (*Jesus*) taps me on my right shoulder again. This time He passes some flares to me. I put one in the end of the barrel, point to the sky and fire. The Valley Floor is lit up like Daylight, and I can drop more wolves quickly. But the light also reveals that the valley is quite large, and everywhere I look there are the wolves and the lambs.

My heart breaks. If only there were others who are called to carry a Grease Gun. Just a few of us could wipe out all the wolves quickly and stop the carnage.

END OF VISION.

Are you willing?

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Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus