

Letter 12c
DREAM
Gay Jew
 2017-09-30

Dear Dan,

30 August 1998

I DREAMED THAT:

The Lord led me into a friendship with a man suspected by his friends of being gay. The man invited me to become his roommate, and I agreed. His apartment was on an upper level of an apartment building.

Funny thing about those apartments. The bedrooms for all the apartments were one big open room more like an open bay barracks with no physical barrier between sleeping spaces. Every one could see everyone else as they were getting ready for bed and going to sleep, and whom they were sleeping with.

I thought by my friend's appearance that he might be Jewish. So I asked him what his last name was. He rattled off a somewhat long name, and I knew from the sound of it that it was of Jewish origin. So I asked him, "Are you Jewish"? "Yes", he replied.

I'm not sure why, it may have had something to do with the lack of privacy, but my friend and I decided to move out of the apartment to live somewhere else. As we were leaving, he patted me on the butt as a sign of affection. I said that I did not appreciate being touched that way and asked if he would please not do it again. He agreed.

(At that moment the knowledge was given to me by the Lord Holy Spirit that the primary reason for my friendship with this Jew was so that he could be healed, and that I should not refuse or comment on his expression of affection toward me.)

As we were about to leave the ground floor lobby of the apartment building, I remembered that I had left something behind. I left my friend to go back up to the apartment and get whatever it was I had forgotten. I got back up to the apartment and looked in the "bedroom".

Then, all the other neighbors on that floor, who shared our "bedroom" with us, saw me. They became very agitated and violent. And I knew their thoughts;

"HOW DARE A CHRISTIAN BECOME FRIENDS WITH A GAY JEW".

The crowd picked up whatever loose objects they could find and came at me to kill me. I was able to retreat into a room that was accessed by a balcony overlooking the street below. I closed the sliding glass door behind me, but the mob began beating on the glass.

Just as they had started to penetrate and shatter the glass door, there was a violent earthquake. It shook the building so hard that my assailants were thrown from the balcony, meeting their deaths on the ground below. Only one man was left standing outside. I picked myself off the floor, brushed the dust and broken glass off myself, and carefully opened what was left of the slider, not sure of what the man outside was going to do.

He saw me, and I could tell he was still angry, but then he dropped the steel bar he was still holding, mumbled some words and turned to go.

The saddest part about this is that I recognized him as a Christian Brother from a church I had previously attended, who had been excommunicated due to unrepentant sexual misconduct.

END OF DREAM.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus