

Letter 12e
DREAM
Head Custodian
2017-09-30

Dear Dan,

22 August 1999

Last night the Lord Jesus appeared to me in a dream.

I DREAMED THAT:

I was given a motorcycle that had once belonged to my youngest brother. It was a full dress street machine, with an interesting and versatile instrument cluster. I began riding this bike toward my destination in Kremmling, Colorado. I was relocating there and had already secured a job as a custodian at a High School just outside of town.

After riding along a freeway for a short distance, I found myself entering the high school parking lot. As I passed through the gate at the entrance, a parking attendant stopped me and asked what my business was. I informed him that I was a new custodian, and that I had to report to the **Head Custodian** in the lunchroom. After clearing me he waved me through, but not before he had pinned a small ceramic replica of a Ladybug on the sleeve of my T-shirt. I knew instinctively that this was some kind of locator monitoring device, and I flicked it off of me as soon as I was out of eyeshot.

The school was very busy. There must have been a football game or something because the parking lots were full, and the driveways were backed up. So I took advantage of my superior mobility and started to pull wheelies over the parking lot divider bulkheads, curbs, and anything else that got in my way.

This part was interesting because I was doing things on a full dress street machine that you would normally only do on a trials bike. My left leg had been healed by this time, so I was having loads of fun jumping over these obstacles, half standing with my knees bent to absorb the shock of each successive jump.

I pulled up to the back door of the cafeteria, next to the Dumpster. An older custodian was hauling some trash out. At first I thought he has the Head, but he just waved me inside. Upon entering I noticed two things that were a little out of place for a school. One was that everything seemed very clean and well maintained, the other was a spiral staircase at one end of the serving counter. And standing at the foot of the stairs was the **Head Custodian**. He seemed to be in His mid-fifties, with black hair and a balding head, and dressed in a typical gray/green uniform. There were traces of sweat on His brow, as if He had just finished stacking chairs.

Before I could speak He looked at me and said,

"I'M THE ONE WHO CAN MAKE "RHYME OR REASON" OUT OF THIS MESS.

Then I woke up.
END OF DREAM.

P. S. Whenever the Jesus appears to me in a dream, it becomes the "best dream I ever had",
and this one is no exception.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus