

Letter 61
DREAM
Saving The Dead
(And Other Comforts)
2012-01-07

Dear Dan,

During the time of Satan's accusations against me and in the week that I was without the ADA letter the Lord provided comfort for my soul.

One part came in the form of a dream that left me with great comfort when I awoke from it. I dreamed that;

I DREAMED THAT:

I was the Sergeant of a Special Ops squad that was assigned to go behind enemy lines and rescue dead soldiers. We were in an inflatable raft, floating downstream in a small river, returning from the mission with the body of a dead soldier. A little ways off I saw the checkpoint that divided Enemy from Friendly territory, which consisted of a wire cable footbridge strung over the river at about tree top level. There were guards standing on the bridge with rifles, ready to challenge and shoot anyone unauthorized who might try to cross into friendly territory. A banner sign was posted along the underside of the footbridge that read;

“DECLARE YOUR DEAD”

As the ranking NCO of my Squad, it was my job to make the Declaration. I picked up the microphone that was attached to the bullhorn and so declared;

“ONE DEAD”

The guards let us pass. Further down the river the forest cleared out on either side, and we came to a sandy beach where we landed the raft and carried the corps up into the town where the Soldier could be resurrected. We took him into a hair salon and left him in the capable hands of the Stylist.

END OF DREAM.

Another source of comfort was this. A day or two after the dream I called in absent at work for what some would call a “mental health day”, and called my oldest friend (CB1) and asked if he wanted to see a movie with me, and dinner afterwards. There was a movie that I had seen advertised on TV, but with the way movies come and go so fast through the theaters these days I was almost certain it would not be available. But miraculously there was one theater that still had the movie playing, and coincidentally was just across the street from a Keg restaurant.

So I picked up (CB1) and we went to the movie. It is called “The Eagle”, and is about the emblem of a Roman cohort that is taken into enemy hands, and how a Roman soldier and a slave work together to retrieve the statue and return it to its rightful home.

What really got my attention in the movie is that right in the first scene is a small river, almost the same

one that was in my dream I had just had a few nights before.

Another time of comfort occurred like this. One night I had gone to (G12) for breakfast on my way to work. After leaving I took surface streets that led me past a Church building (U8). As I passed by I noticed lights on and cars in the parking lot. The thought flashed through my mind; “maybe I can ask for prayer for my situation at work”. I turned around, went back and parked in the parking lot.

Upon entering the foyer of the church I saw a meeting in progress. But it was in Korean, not English. I had come to a weeknight meeting of the Korean Church. I didn’t care. I wanted prayer, and I figured that if I could find anyone that spoke even a little English I could make my request known.

I went into the sanctuary and took a seat in the back. The preaching reminded me of the very robust sermons I had heard in my youth at the Pentecostal meetings I had attended. And even though I could not understand the language proper, every time the Preacher said a Word that had the same ring and sound as the English “Jesus”, all the people would make loud exclamations. In English it would be a response like “Amen”, or “Hallelujah”.

The preaching continued, but I knew I could not stay very long since I had to get to work. Then I had an idea. I went out into the foyer and looked for a piece of paper to write on. I found a preprinted envelope with one side clear of writing. Then I took a pen and wrote the following;

“PLEASE PRAY FOR (G6) EVERY DAY”.

I went back into the sanctuary and sat back down to wait for an opportune moment to give my note to someone. A few minutes later the Preacher begin to pray, and I knew the service was about to wrap up.

After the prayer, people started to get up to leave, and I did the same. Then I spotted a man at the door, which turned out to be the Preacher, and asked if he spoke English. He said, “yes” with a heavy Korean accent. I gave him the note with my request on it, and with a “thank you” departed. I knew then this business at (G6) was going to become “Mission Accomplished” and was grateful to the Lord.

After that I had a little more hope for Victory.

Blessings...

Romanus Theophilus