

Letter 848  
**TERMINAL DREAM**  
**LGBTQ+ Meets RoE3**  
2020-03-08

Dear **Yeshua**,

**Sunday, 08 March 2020, 4:45PM.**

Last night after I went to bed at about 9PM, while I was laying down, trying to get to sleep, I began to intercede for all those who are being affected by the LGBTQ+ Spirit, or the Spirit of Sexual Identity Confusion - SoSIC.

As I lay in bed praying my lower torso began to burn. This is because, when the Lord puts me into a position of Intercessory Prayer, where I stand His ground, I am producing a blockade in spirit-space against the movements of Enemy Forces. The spiritual pressure pushes against my spirit-man, thereby producing increased and unusual pain(s) in my (already compromised) physical body. This increases my overall pain levels, typically from my waist down, due to the immense pressure brought to bear against my entire spirit-man.

But I finally did get to sleep sometime after midnight, with the help of some Vicodin and MTV. Then, at about 3:15AM\* this morning, I woke from a dream.

**I DREAMED THAT:**

I had been traveling and wanted to rest for a while. I then had gone into a Diner along my way and sat down in a booth for a meal and cup of coffee.

The booth I chose was at the end of a row in sort of an island of booths, with an aisle surrounding three sides, and rows of booths along the wall to my right and front, and a counter and stools to my left.

Most of the other booths had people already seated in them, who were either eating or waiting for food orders.

As I was getting ready to place my own food order, I noticed more detail of the other guests in the restaurant. They were all very similar in appearance. Their clothing was a drab sort of cream color, having the appearance of prison inmate's uniform. While there was some distinction of gender, it was not very pronounced. I also saw that most were bald, having no hair on their heads.

I then perceived that this was a Homosexual Restaurant, and these were all LGBTQ+ people. Males pretending to be females, females pretending to be males, and other similarly confused persons.

Right after I placed my order, the "waiter/waitress" perceived that I was a normal human being (according to my birth), and began to get interested in me in a malevolent, sexually selfish manner. Then many of the other people in the restaurant got up from their booths and began to gather around my table. As they drew closer, I spoke these words to the surrounding crowd:

"YOU ARE FORGIVEN. YOU ARE FORGIVEN. YOU ARE FORGIVEN."

Then I turned to the person sitting in the booth behind me and said to them,

“YOU ARE FORGIVEN.”

One of the people closest to my table responded with:

OH, I HAVE HIM. I HAVE HIM.

The tone and inflection in the person’s voice was one of Gleeful Superiority laced with Pride. And I knew that the word “have” meant “ownership”, along with the expectation of some sort of future sexual gratification as a result of my supposed enslavement.

Then I awoke.

**END OF DREAM.**

**Post dream analysis says that:**

The people in the dream mistook that my genuine position of forgiveness for one of weakness, which is why they all became gleeful in their mistaken assumption that I was falling victim to their Doctrine of Bondage.

But just after I woke, angel Gabriel showed them his copy of ROE3, and then ushered them through the Door to the Pit. And they were obliged by God’s Word to comply and go through quickly.

After a minute or two of processing the dream, I requested of the Lord to have Archangel Michael send in his fleet of D9 Bulldozers ([see Letter 482 Volume 6](#)) to demolish the restaurant building I was just in.

Before writing this letter, I had only a few minutes earlier woke up from about a two-hour nap. This was due to the fatigue and sleep-loss caused by last night’s conflict. After I had wakened from the dream, I double checked with the Lord Holy Spirit, and then was reassured that all the people in the dream had been sent to the Pit, due to ROE3.

I also refused to become troubled, having had many dreams like this before. The victory is the Lord’s, and He never fails.

\*Last night was when most of the United States changes the clocks one hour ahead, which happens officially at 2AM. When I woke from the dream, my iPad clock said 3:15AM, having already made the adjustment. Also, Sunday Church Service was cancelled today due to the coronavirus. This was advantageous to me, in that it gave me the day to stay home and recover from this most recent conflict with Hell’s Resources (HR).

**(SPECIAL NOTE:** There is more commentary to be made on this dream, which will be included sometime in the future.)

Thank You Jesus.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus