

Letter 871
TERMINAL DREAM
Revealing The Redmond Gossip Lady
2020-12-20

Dear **Yeshua**,

Sunday, 20 December 2020, 3:59AM.

At about 3:15AM this morning I was awakened from a dream.

I DREAMED THAT:

I was living in Redmond, Washington in an apartment not far from the 7-11 Store that is on the road going out of town to Woodinville.

My primary source of transportation was a bicycle. I had ridden my bike to the local Laundromat to wash some clothes.

After I put in the first load of clothes, I went to the coin machine to cash in some more dollar bills for coins, but discovered that my wallet was missing. I looked around for a bit, but couldn't find my wallet.

So, leaving my laundry where it was, I rode my bike over to the office complex where I worked, in hopes of finding a co-worker who would be willing to loan me enough money so I could finish my laundry, and maybe buy some lunch.

I walked into the office complex, and then into the employee break room. The break room was full of people. I walked over to the center table to see if there were any leftover goodies. Then, I got everyone's attention and asked if anyone had \$20-\$40 dollars I could borrow until I could find my wallet.

I couldn't tell for sure, but much to my surprise, it looked like everyone in the room raised their hand to show that they all would be willing to front me a loan. I had to make a snap decision, since I wanted to get back to the Laundromat quickly in hopes of recovering my wallet before someone else did. So I went over to a guy that was closest to the door, so that I could get the money from him and leave quickly.

After I took the money from the co-worker, I offered him my hand as an expression of gratitude, and introduced myself by saying:

"MY NAME'S (...)"

He replied with:

"MY NAME'S BRUCE."

At first I thought he might have said something like "GRUCE", which really didn't sound like any name I had heard before, so to be sure, I replied back to him in a questioning tone:

"BRUCE?"

“YEAH”,

he answered.

I thanked him for the money, and left to return to the Laundromat so I could finish my laundry and continue looking for my wallet. On my way back to the Laundromat I was praying and asking the Lord to please help me find my wallet.

After I returned and got some more loads going, I started looking again, and while searching I went around a corner to a sink area. It was a general purpose sink about the size of one found in a bathroom. Then, my attention was drawn to some paper laying on the floor just underneath the sink.

And there I saw laying on the floor, visible from an angle under the paper, my wallet, along with my wife's old purse which she didn't use anymore. My wallet had fallen out of my vest pocket when I had bent over while putting some clothes into the wash.

I bent over and retrieved both my wife's purse and my wallet. I looked inside my wallet, and much to my relief found nothing missing. Everything was still inside, including the cash I had for clothes washing, and lunch at a local cafe.

At the very same time that I was picking my wallet up from the floor, a Lady walked into the Laundromat and started talking non-stop. The sound of her voice would lead one to believe that she really enjoyed hearing herself talk, and was very excited about the content of the words coming out of her mouth.

I had never met or seen this Lady before, but her actions and words led me to believe that she was attempting to deceive me into believing that I already familiar with her, and her conversation was such so as to reflect that active deception.

She tried asking me a few questions, by mostly she was just saying all kinds of things, some of which were true, about other people.

I found her presence and talking annoying, so I left as quickly as I could for the cafe without saying anything in response to her.

END OF DREAM.

8:30AM - post dream analysis says that:

According to angel Gabe, the people in the Office Complex Break Room are all angels who I had worked with in the past, some of whom I already knew by name. And the guy named Bruce in the dream is none other than angel Bruce of [Letter 505 Volume 6](#) (see also Letters [572](#), [573](#), [591](#), [734](#), [830](#)).

This is the very first time I can remember when an angel who I know by name in waking life is present in a dream, and reveals his or her self by that name.

The Lady who came in to the Laundromat was HR. She was the Head Mistress of the House of Gossip assigned to the Town of Redmond. Her job was to promote as much gossip as possible, first in the Church, and then in the World. She had her own staff of subordinate angels and demons to do her bidding. But, due to ROE3, she is now gone, and the House of Gossip is without their Mistress, and her leadership.

But it was the wrestling match between me and her which left me tired, and feeling sleep deprived after I woke up at 3:15. Later I had to lay back down for an hour, and that helped a little. But even now as I write this Letter, I am still feeling somewhat groggy.

But I can look forward to some of angel Gabe's Really Good Coffee Recipe to help wake me up for Church today.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus