

Letter 892
DREAM
"Use The .50 Cal."
2021-10-08

Dear **Yeshua**,

Friday, 8 October 2021, 7:15AM.

At about 5AM this morning I woke from a dream.

I DREAMED THAT:

I was with a co-worker who was also my friend, brother, and next-door neighbor. We were both outside our houses talking, and then he started walking over to the (*U. S. Postal Service Rural Route*) mail boxes to get his mail.

As he went, I hollered at him if he would also get my mail, repeating loudly over to him the street address on the mail box.

He waved back in acknowledgement, and shortly thereafter started to walk back from the mailboxes to where I was standing with both mails in his hand.

When he got close enough for a normal tone of conversation, I invited him into my house. He got in front of me on the sidewalk, and I noticed that there was a piece of garbage (it looked like a piece of toilet paper) stuck to the bottom of one of his shoes, so I attempted to remove the strand of paper with the end of my walking stick by pressing it on the ground while he was stepping forward.

At the same time that I was doing this, I was praying silently, asking Jesus how to defeat an enemy who my brother and I were both contending against.

Jesus immediately answered me by saying:

"USE THE .50 CAL., AND LET 'ER RIP."

END OF DREAM.

Post Dream Analysis says that:

According to the Lord Holy Spirit, my co-worker, friend, brother, and next-door neighbor is angel Gabe, who in the dream was representing anyone who can be called my "Co-worker, Friend, Brother, and Next-door Neighbor".

The U.S. Mail are Prophetic Words which have been lawfully delivered by Kingdom Authorized "Postal Delivery Services".

The ".50 Cal." to which Jesus was referring are two things.

1) The Book of Psalms, Chapter 50, spoken with music.

2) A page on my [Strong Nation Army website](#), which references a Browning .50 Caliber machine gun. [Click on this link to access the page.](#)

I felt well rested when I woke from this dream, and no wonder since Jesus spoke directly to me, and His words are comforting.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus