

Letter 915
DREAM
Murder By Suicide
2022-07-11

Dear **Yeshua**,

Monday, 4 July 2022, 6:37AM

I woke up about 40 minutes ago from a dream.

I DREAMED THAT:

I was in (L3) with a man who looked like (CB1). I had in my hands a small styrofoam beverage cooler with a lid, which was closed.

The man who looked like (CB1) and I happened upon another man who looked like (CB78) (who is a Brother I know from the Church (U27) I am part of). (CB78) was in his powered chair, which he uses for mobility due to the Spina-Bifida disease he carries.

Then the three of us went inside an Arco Gas Station that was close by. This station had a nice waiting room with plush seats for the customers. We went inside, and (CB78) parked his powered chair to the left of the exit door. (CB1) remained standing to the right of the exit door. I walked over and sat down in a nice, padded seat on the opposite side of the room from them both, about 25 feet away.

After we got to the waiting room and taken our places, I opened up the lid on the cooler. Up to that point I had no knowledge of its contents.

Inside I discovered a Ruger .357 LCR (Light Compact Revolver). This was the very same handgun given to me a many weeks earlier as a gift by (CB59). And it was fully loaded with live rounds.

I picked the gun up out of the cooler and was looking at it, and then got up from my chair and went over to (CB78) to show him the firearm, who was expressing interest in it. We were talking about guns in general, and as part of our conversation (CB78) asked to hold the handgun to take a closer look. So I handed it to him, and returned to my seat.

(CB78) was intently looking at and handling the revolver. Then, holding it in his left hand, he raised and pointed the firearm directly at me, which made me a little concerned.

Then, suddenly and without any forewarning, (CB78) put the gun to the left temple of his own head and pulled the trigger. This killed him instantly.

All this happened fast, leaving no time for any intervention. I was stunned at first, since my life had just been threatened by a Brother right before I witnessed his own murder by suicide.

Acting quickly, I asked (CB1) to call the City Police. Upon their arrival and entrance into the lounge area, they secured the revolver by opening the cylinder and removing the unexpended rounds. But they left the gun laying on the floor next to the body of (CB78), apparently not wanting to contaminate the Crime Scene until the Precinct Detectives had a chance to process it for Forensic Evidence.

While the Police Authorities were securing the waiting-room, one of the Officers looked at (CB78) and said that:

“YEAH, WE KNOW THIS GUY.”
“WE’VE HAD DEALINGS WITH THIS GUY BEFORE.”

Then, I leave (CB1) and the Arco Gas Station Lounge and walk up to the hospital (G6) where I used to work. There was a Police Precinct located on Northern section the hospital grounds. I wanted to talk with some of the Detectives about what had just happened.

I was still walking across the parking lot toward the entrance door to the Precinct when I noticed a Lady Detective who was going off-shift. I started talking with her about what had just happened, and she said:

“YOU’RE OFF THE HOOK.”
“THAT GUY HAD A LOT OF COUNTS AGAINST HIM.”
“YOU’RE PROBABLY OFF THE HOOK.”
“NO BIG DEAL.”

Then I started talking with another on-coming Detective, and asked:

“ISN’T SOMEONE GONNA HAVE TO
PROCESS THE CRIME SCENE?...”

... because by this time all the responding City Police had left the scene, leaving (CB1) alone with the murder weapon and the dead body. I was concerned that someone else could go into the Lounge and contaminate the crime scene.

But the Detectives really didn’t seem to be too worried about it.
END OF DREAM.

This was an intense dream.

Post Dream Analysis Says That:

According to the [Lord Holy Spirit](#), there are multiple aspects of this dream which require more intelligence to accurately interpret. This will require its own Letter sometime in the future.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus