

Letter 407  
**DREAM**  
**Ghost Truck**  
2015-10-18

Dear Dan,

Saturday 17 October 2016 7PM.

I just woke up from a dream that is way to complicated to write down. But earlier, at about 1:00PM I woke up from a previous dream that had me troubled for a while.

**In this dream I dreamed that:**

My wife and I had just purchased a new home not far from the property that I grew up on. I was on my way to our new home to meet her at the house so we could move in and set up housekeeping. I was driving a full size Super Duty 4 wheel drive pickup truck, that I had just purchased new, and in the back of the truck was a new motorcycle, strapped down in the bed for transport.

The interesting thing is that both the truck and the motorcycle were about twice the size of normal. And they were sort of translucent, meaning I could see through both the truck and bike. It was as if something from a dream or vision had become both visible and operable in this dimension.

The road to my childhood home and our new house ascends a hill with about a 30% grade. For some reason, which was not apparent, I had to stop the truck in the middle of the hill. I pulled over to the shoulder, turned the engine off, put the truck in park and set the brake. Then I got out of the truck, locked the door and started to walk the rest of the way to the top of the hill.

After just a few seconds of walking, I looked back to check the truck and saw it was slowly starting to creep backwards, even though I had set the brake and put it in park. I ran back to the truck, all the while trying to get the keys out of my pocket. Because of the oversize build of the truck I had to jump up a little to grab the handle. I got a firm grip, but by then the truck had gained momentum, and the front wheels had turned outward, making the truck move in an arc toward the ditch. There was enough g-force in the turning truck to make my body stretch out almost straight from the door. Even though my grip was still firm, I could not get the key into the lock, due to the strong forces that were pulling me away from the door.

As the truck rolled on its wheels into the ditch, with me hanging on to the door handle, I woke up. Everything in this dream happened in slow motion.

**End of dream.**

After inquiring of the Lord, I was instructed that this dream was a warning not to proceed with any more Micro-Intercessions at this time (see Letter 406).

Later on in the evening we went to see the movie *The Martian*, with Matt Damon. After the movie I asked angel Gabriel again if I had screwed up. He said “No”, but he re-affirmed that the dream was indeed a warning from the Lord. I told him I had every intension on heeding the warning, and prayed the Lord would help me do so.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus