

Letter 450
DREAMS
Decepticon and Scaring My Dog
2016-03-07

Dear Dan,

Sunday, 6 March 2016, 5AM.

Saturday evening at about 6PM I woke up from a dream.

I DREAMED THAT:

I was laying in bed. A man (who I now call DECEPTICON) appeared just above me, and showed me a flexible panel screen with writings of deception on them. But as I looked I saw the words re-arrange themselves into what was really being meant. This was due to the revelation of the Holy Spirit, clarifying what the deceiving angel was trying to communicate, so that I was not deceived.

END OF DREAM.

I woke up feeling like crap, which means that I had been in battle with an evil spirit. So I went back to sleep hoping that I would wake up feeling better. Instead, I had another dream that left me drained of energy, yet comforted at the same time.

I DREAMED THAT:

I had been in a conflict with an enemy. One of my little dogs had taken some fire and became wounded. I had fixed up a sort of skid out of sticks so that I could more easily transport her to the vet. On our way, we were stopped by the same deceiving spirit I encountered in the first dream. He broke one of the rails of the skid, then fled. This frightened my dog. But afterward we were both comforted by the knowledge that we would both find some healing in Snohomish. So I picked up the broken skid and my dog and we headed North.

END OF DREAM.

I woke up at about 8PM from the second dream. While I was sleeping both times, there was a somewhat minor wind-storm that swept through the Valley. Tansy, one of our little toy Schnauzers, gets scared whenever there is a windstorm, and will lay on the floor just outside my bedroom door waiting for me to come out if I am inside. I found her both times like this. Later at about 2AM, I had to take a nap to more fully recover from the battle. I let Tansy into the bedroom, and my little dog and I napped together on the bed for about an hour. In the time that followed the dreams, I could tell that I was going to get sick in my gut. This was because this was a new assault from a level of Hell with which I had never had direct conflict with before.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus