

Letter 479
DREAM
The Issaquah Effect
2016-06-04

Dear Dan,

Saturday, 4 June 2016, 9PM.

About three years ago the City of Issaquah City Council made plastic grocery bags illegal, and imposed a 5 cent surcharge on paper bags. This was really foolish on their part, but forgivable as they were being played by the Town Bully, a Shape Shifter that could masquerade as either White or Black. Please allow me to explain.

Today I woke around 8PM. Right before that I had a dream.

I DREAMED THAT:

I was at a public restroom that shared a parking lot with a building in Issaquah that used to be a VIP's restaurant. Now it is an International House Of Pancakes (IHOP). I wanted to use the restroom, so I went inside. As I was getting ready to go into a stall, someone grabbed me from behind, and wrapped big powerful black arms around me. He was strong enough to lift me off the floor a little ways.

But I pulled a JUDO move on him and was able to fall backwards, laying on top of him and pinning him to the floor. He struggled and escaped from beneath me. In the assault he was able to grab the vest I was wearing and rip it off of me. He then got up to his feet and stood over me for a few seconds. That's when I could clearly see that he was a Black Man.

Then he went into the stall that I was about to go into. I knew he wanted to hide.

I was able to get to my feet and, feeling a tad bit angry, I tore the stall door off from its hinges. There sitting on the toilet was a White Man, the same size as the Black Man who had moments before entered. The White Man was sitting on the toilet and in the process of relieving himself. He had a sort of a grin on his face; actually a gloating smirk.

I saw my vest laying on the floor off to one side, half-way into the adjacent stall. I grabbed it up and noticed my iPhone was missing. Then I began to demand the return of my iPhone. That's when I woke up.

END OF DREAM.

It is important to note that in the dream the Shape Shifter appeared **exactly** both as a Human Black Male, and a Human White Male.

I laid in bed for a few minutes trying to figure out the dream, but I was very sore and fatigued. After another few minutes I decided to get up and make some coffee. And while doing that I also made a half-hearted attempt at getting angry at my Angel Crew, because in the dream they were nowhere to be seen. But I also knew from past experience that this

was from the Lord, and that things would be clearly explained in due process of good time. And here is the explanation.

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ME: Where were you guys!

ANGEL CREW: In the restaurant waiting for you.

ME: You had no clue that I was getting ambushed and roughed up in the can?

ANGEL CREW: We did. But we knew you could handle yourself in a fight, so why take away the complete reward of accomplishment you will receive by our intervention?

ME: Fuck you. Next time ask the Lord to send you in. I don't need any more rewards.

ANGEL CREW: "The hell" you say. We, as your Family, want you to have the maximum eternal return on the investment of your obedience to God. This will last forever, while the minor discomfort of conflict with Hell on Earth only lasts for a short time. And besides, you get all kinds of therapy and medicines after each fight, so what's your problem anyway?

ME: Oh, whatever.

ANGEL CREW: So, are we good?

ME: I suppose. Nothing that a good episode of Star Trek during our Family TV time can't fix.

ANGEL CREW: Agreed.

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Dan, in the next few letters I will explain in more detail how this Shape Shifting Bully has had great effect in the City of Issaquah and in the Issaquah Healing Rooms.

P. S. After serious consideration, I have re-designated Letter 470 Volume 6 as TURNGPT 05. This dream is most important.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus