Letter 484
DREAM
Riders On The Rails
2016-06-24

Dear Dan,

Wednesday, 22 June 2016, 6AM.
A few days ago I had a dream.

I DREAMED THAT:
I was in a densely forested area somewhere in the Cascade Foothills of the Pacific Northwest. The trees were mostly conifer evergreens such as Douglas fir, hemlock, and cedar. There was almost no sunlight penetrating through the forest canopy and bramble where I was at.

But from where I was standing I could see across and slightly up, about fifty feet away from me, patches of sunlight. Then I recognized the lighted area as a railroad grade that went through the forest.

While I was watching for a moment I saw three or four horses with riders, slowly riding along in a meandering column along the rail line.

And as I looked, something appeared brightly in the sun and caught my eye, and I got a good glimpse of the last rider in the line. It turned out to be a woman who was riding in one of the few direct rays of sunlight that penetrated the dark forest roof onto the railroad bed, and I could clearly see, from behind, her attractive long blonde wavy hair and blue Levi's riding jeans. I watched as she and the rest of the riders rode away until they disappeared, becoming totally obscured by the forest.

Then I looked around at my own surroundings. I discovered that I was standing in the cabin of an older steam locomotive engine. Since all the metal work inside the engine cab was black plate steel or cast iron, there was very little reflective light.

I knew in the dream that the Steam Engine was an older Locomotive, parked on a Railroad siding, and that it was my Job to fire up the boiler and get the Engine back on the main tracks so that it could be used to pull Train-Cars full of People to their Destination. People who, like me, just want to get Home.
END OF DREAM.

After I woke up I began to complain to my Angel Crew as to why I had to be inside the dingy, dark, train engine cabin in a dark musty forest, when I really wanted to be riding on an Elegant Horse in the Sunlight with the Hot Babe and the other few people I saw.

Last night at work I was remembering the dream again. While I was mentally so engaged, angel Gabriel started to fill in some of the meaning of the dream.

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He said that the Oil-fired Locomotive Engine represented the Life that I now live. In relative terms, Church-wise, I live and work mostly in the dark, and rather isolated from other prophetic human-type people, and in relative terms I deal with older technology (recorded MP3s of past meetings) when it comes to the prophetic word. But Oil-fired means that it is the Oil of the Holy Spirit that powers this Engine.

The People and the Attractive Lady on the horses represent the type of Church I would choose to be with if I could, such as Sonrise Christian Center in Everett, or Bethel Church in Redding. They are able to find some Son-light in the dark forest, but only because they are riding horses on a railroad track grade that was laid long ago (Azusa 1906).

Then Gabriel pointed out that the Horses with Riders were out of place. It was unsafe for them to be on the Railroad due to the possibility of a train coming along the rails at speed.

Then he began to compare how greater numbers of People can be transported on a Train, relative to a Horse. Only one or two people at a time can ride a single horse, while hundreds at a time can ride on a train.

He then said that the work of my life in the darkness of obscurity (see the Book of Psalms, chapter 134) will provide greater transportation for a lot more people than what my would-be Church Family is currently able to do today, even though I use what some would consider older (steam) technology.

Friday, 24 June 2016, 6AM.
Last night at work angel Gabriel continued to encourage me about the dream. He kept saying how that the work of my life will provide for a harvest of souls that will transcend the numbers of people coming into the Kingdom even than those who will come in through the work of Bethel Church, in Redding, who the Hot Babe was representing in the dream.

I wanted to protest and I kept telling Gabriel that what he was saying was ludicrous, and hardly believable. To which he reminded me that it may sound nuts, but certainly do-able by the God who is "**nuts**"* for His Word.

I finally relented from my protests. By that time of the work shift I was in too much pain to continue disagreeing. Besides, Gabriel is usually right about things like this.

*More on "**nuts**" from WIKIPEDIA.COM - *According to those present when (*General*) McAuliffe received the German message, he read it, crumpled it into a ball, threw it in a wastepaper basket, and muttered, "Aw, nuts". The officers in McAuliffe's command post were trying to find suitable language for an official reply when Lt. Col. Harry Kinnard suggested that McAuliffe's first response summed up the situation pretty well, and the others agreed. The official reply was typed and delivered by Colonel Joseph Harper, commanding the 327th Glider Infantry, to the German delegation. It was as follows:*

*To the German (*Enemy*) Commander.*

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NUTS!
*The American (*Kingdom*) Commander.*

The German major appeared confused and asked Harper what the message meant. Harper said,

"In plain English? Go to hell."[2]

The choice of "Nuts!" rather than something earthier was typical for McAuliffe. Vincent Vicari, his personal aide at the time, recalled that "General Mac was the only general I ever knew who did not use profane language. 'Nuts' was part of his normal vocabulary."[3].

Blessings…

R. C. Theophilus

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