

Letter 546
DREAM
Suicide Must Leave
 2016-11-25

Dear **Jesus, Friday, 25 November 2016, 1:30AM.**

I just woke up from a dream after having a nap.

I DREAMED THAT:

I was at home with my wife (M). There was another Man in the House who was Visiting. He was saying words to (M) that I didn't like, so I followed him into the kitchen and told him I wanted a Private House, which meant he had to leave. He had only Blue Jeans on, so in preparing to depart he grabbed his T-shirt from the back of a chair. Then he turn to me and, while still being bare-chested, looked me in the eye and with a malevolent glare and tone in his voice said:

“YOU'RE GOING TO END UP IN PANAMA”.

I could tell that what he really wanted to say was: “you're going to end up **dead** in Panama”, but he wasn't able say the word “dead”. Hell doesn't have that power over me, or my house.

A few minutes more passed, and then I overheard my wife (M) talking on the phone to a friend. She was saying how she wanted to commit suicide, and that if she did all the pain would be gone.

While I was overhearing this conversation, the Spirit of Suicide finally turned toward the Back Door to leave. He was now wearing his T-shirt, and on the way out he looked at me again and, in a commanding, threatening, and sarcastic tone said these words laced with hate and deceit:

“YOU BETTER PRAY TO JESUS”.

The unspoken meaning was that he every intention to kill me.

END OF DREAM.

I woke up feeling like I normally do after wrestling with a powerful evil spirit; like having been sat on by a Big Blob of Evil Goo.

Friday, 26 November 2016, 5AM.

One of the remarkable details was that in the dream the fallen angel had taken the form of one of the actors who played a Terminator in the movie series. He looked like a very tall version of the actor who played the Evil Terminator in Terminator 2: Judgment Day.

I was sick for most of the night after having this dream. Then I went to bed at my usual time of around 11AM. I slept OK, then started to feel better in increments as I heated up some leftover Thanksgiving dinner for breakfast. (M) and I watched a movie together, Star Trek -

Beyond. That helped me feel better. Now, as I write this I have almost fully recovered. Many thanks to my angel family for their support, love, and help.

The Spirit of Suicide is strong. But the Spirit of Life is Stronger.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus