

Letter 569  
**DREAM**  
**“Well, That One's Dead”**  
2017-01-30

Dear **Jesus**,  
**Monday, 30 January 2017, 6AM.**  
About two weeks ago I had a dream.

**I DREAMED THAT:**

I was outside of the front of my house hovering above the street. I saw a group of armed thugs standing in the street, shooting various firearms at my front door.

The next thing I know I am at my front door looking at the damage they had caused. I saw some dimpling, but no bullet hole penetration. Even though the criminals had been using 9MM and .45 pistols, it looked more like they were shooting with CO2 pellet guns or BB guns. All they left were some dents, nothing more.

The next thing I know I am standing in my front yard, looking at the front of my house. There was a gaping hole at the bottom of the exterior wall just above the top of the concrete foundation wall, where much of the cedar siding boards had been removed to allow access to the crawl space below. It also looked as though someone had started to use a shovel to dig an access ramp in the dirt for ease of access to under my house.

Then, I heard a female voice speaking clearly, and with authority. She said to me:

“WELL, THAT ONE'S DEAD”.

**END OF DREAM.**

After waking up I knew that I heard with the ears of my spirit-man one of my angels. She had killed the demon that had dug under my house, and was letting me know. I was very comforted by her voice, and felt pretty encouraged the rest of the day.

But earlier this morning, before coming here to Starbucks to write this Letter, I had gone out on the front porch to smoke and listen to a PrayerSong.

I then perceived that there indeed were some demons in the street attacking with various accusations against my neighbor across the street, who is a Believing Brother.

According to angel Gabriel, these demons had been earlier assigned to the destruction of the Christian Family that owns the house, and were shooting various curses at me to try to get me to agree with them in their sin.

As I sat on the porch smoking, I fired up the Grill on them, since they were still in the street and shooting at my front door. The Grid rendered them powerless, and they were

subsequently removed by a rather large (in Spirit-Space) Street Sweeper that came along at just the right time.

And as I write this Letter, Gabriel has informed me that my Front Door and Exterior Wall have both been repaired, leaving no trace of damage.

Thank You Jesus.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus