

Letter 571  
**DREAM-VISION**  
**Storm Wrestler**  
2017-02-05

Dear **Jesus**,

**Sunday, 5 February 2017, 9PM.**

I woke up at about 7:30 tonight feeling rested. But I had slept in stages, waking up twice earlier. During this time, I had a total of three dreams, and one vision.

**DREAM #3.**

The dream I had just before I awoke at 7:30, was about my friend Vern (CB1). All that I remember now about the dream, is that he had been admitted to the same hospital (G6), where I work. I was trying to find out what room he was in, from the same Man who told me that he was in the hospital. The Man wouldn't tell me, so I began to scheme on various ways I could find out. The easiest way would be for me to log into the computer system, and look up (CB1)'s name. But that would break HIPAA Laws, and put my employment at risk. I thought about it a minute, then decided that my Friend was more important than the Law, and worth the risk of getting caught, so I began to decide to break the Law so I could find my friend and brother in the hospital.

**END OF DREAM.**

**DREAM #2.**

The middle dream I don't remember at all at this point.

**END OF DREAM.**

But the first dream I remember clearly. I had only slept about two hours, having the dream just before waking up at about 12:30PM.

**DREAM #1.**

I was with my Mom and Dad and a few other People on the covered patio of their Vacation Home where they taken up residence after Dad retired from his job.

The patio was covered overhead with a flat roof, which sloped gently away from the house roof line to the edge of the concrete deck. The roofing material was made of white translucent, corrugated fiberglass panels, so that the concrete patio could be semi-lit from both direct sunlight, and ambient daylight.

Mom and Dad were sitting on folding lawn chairs, and I was facing them, standing a little ways away. I had just been talking with them about something, and was thinking about what I had said, so both my eyes and thoughts were a little distant.

Something about the weather got my attention, so I turned my focus back to my Dad and asked Him if storms were very common, in the area where His House was located.

Before He answered I looked up over His head and saw two, maybe three Black Funnel Clouds on the distant horizon. I could see that the Storm was blowing our way due to the prevailing winds. I then suggested that we all go inside the House for better shelter.

The storm was moving so fast that before everyone could make it into the house through the back slider, a Huge Dark Storm Cloud had already descended on the roof of the deck.

The Cloud acted as though it was alive, and moved with its own intelligence. The main cloud produced three tendrils that began to drop over the side of the roof and hang down into the open patio area.

I turned toward the Dark Cloud with a gleam in my eye, along with a sense of being all gung-ho. Quickly I grabbed one of the tendrils with both hands. Then, while beginning to yank on the tendril, with a forceful tone in my voice I said:

“LET’S GET IT ON”.

I was both surprised and not surprised that the Cloud was spiritually substantial, and that I could hold onto the Cloud and wrestle it into submission.

As soon as I touched the Cloud and began to wrestle with it, I had a Vision inside the Dream.

**IN THIS VISION:**

I was in a long room that resembled a prep-kitchen of some kind. There were many bowls lined up on one of the countertops. These bowls looked like soup-bowls, and each one was of a different solid color. One was red, one was white, one was blue, and another was brown, along with other bowls of unique colors.

In this vision, I could see more clearly than with my natural eyes. What I was seeing in the vision was even more clear than in the dream, which I was still in. The colors of the Bowls were Bright, even Beautiful. In fact everything was Bright and Beautiful.

I wanted to stay there because the eyes of my spirit-man were fully functioning, which is something I have wanted for a long time now.

But the vision started to close, like the aperture on a camera. I tried to force it open again, and it did open up again briefly, but then it closed, and the vision and dream were over, and I woke up.

**END OF DREAM-VISION.**

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus