

Letter 578b
DREAM
"No!"
2017-03-19

Dear **Jesus**,

Saturday afternoon at about 1:10PM I was awakened from a dream.

I DREAMED THAT:

I was with a Man who seemed friendly and trustworthy, and who I had known only in my dreams for many years. We were standing together at the foot of the hill on the dirt road that I grew up on, where it met with the main, paved road.

I was looking in my cigarette box for a smoke. Usually I keep it stocked with high quality American Spirits, both regular and menthol. But this time all I saw were two filter ends and one cigarette of an inferior brand with the filter broken off. So I took out what I had and lit it up.

Then the Man and I turned to our left and started walking a little ways along the paved road, then we turned to our left again, went down the side of the road to the ground which was about four or five feet lower than the road surface.

We entered a small, wood frame shack that I remembered from my childhood. The floor was lower than the door, so one had to descend a few steps to get to the main level.

I saw that the main area was set up like a classroom of an old one-room school house. There were chairs with tables, and everything was made of wood.

My Friend then said that I should take a seat right away because the room would fill up quickly. I could tell by the tone in his voice that there was some urgency in his directive.

I did what he said, but I was thinking that he was being a little too pushy because there were only a few other people in the room, and it wouldn't take me that long to sit down anyway.

It seemed as though we were waiting for an Invited Speaker to arrive so we could hear a lecture of some kind.

As soon as I sat down, I heard all the people in the Shack, and maybe some others who I hadn't yet seen, speak together in unison a single Word. They all spoke this Word with more than a just little assertiveness in their voices.

All at once The People shouted one Word:

"NO!"

As soon as I heard this word being shouted, I woke up.
END OF DREAM.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus