

Letter 587
DREAM
Kris Valloton's Old Car
2017-04-27

Dear **Jesus**,

Thursday, 27 April 2017, 6AM.

Yesterday I slept in two stages, waking up the first time at about 1:30PM, and the second time when my alarm went off at about 5:45PM.

Each time I woke up I had just had a dream in which Kris Valloton was present. I don't remember any detail of the second dream, but I do remember the first dream.

I DREAMED THAT:

Mr. Kris Valloton and I were together in a downtown part of Seattle. We had both arrived at a Theater that was also a Church and Revival Center, in order to attend some meetings. He had driven up from Redding in his own car, and had parked it along a sidewalk curb that was just outside of the Church Theater.

I told him that I needed to go home to get something, and that I would come right back. He offered to let me take his car, and then he gave me his keys. I thought to myself that he must really trust me, since I knew how much of a car fanatic he is, and that he wouldn't let just anybody drive his car.

Anyway, I said "OK", and took the keys from his hand, and put them in my pocket.

Then he and I started walking together away from the Church Theater building into a part of town that was not as well maintained. It looked rather dusty and run down. He then said that we should look for his car. I was surprised at this since I knew that he had parked his car right next to the Church Building, but he insisted on continuing to walk away from the Church and his car into the older, beat up part of town.

Mr. Valloton was a step or two ahead of me when I saw him stop, bend over, and pick something up, which gave me time to catch up to him. When I drew closer I saw that he had picked up a Bowie Knife, in a leather sheath, which looked exactly like the one that I own. I said to him that; "... yeah, there are lots of those laying around here", as we continued our walk together.

Then he suggested that I try locating his car by pushing the alarm button on the key-fob. By this time we had walked along the sidewalk quite a ways, to where it bordered an auto-wrecking yard. I pushed the button on the key, and saw some lights on one of the cars closest to the sidewalk light up, and I could hear the high pitched chirp of the vehicle alarm as it recognized the radio signal coming from the key. The car had already been crushed down and was ready to be shipped to the metal recycler. I was surprised that there was any power left in the electrical system, and that the alarm and RF receiver hadn't been already been rendered inoperable after being sent through the crusher.

After this, Mr. Valloton and I turned to walk back to the Church Theater, where the meeting was already in progress.

END OF DREAM.

After waking from this dream, my shoulders were very sore, telling me that I had just been in a wrestling match with an evil spirit of some kind.

Later on, while I was at work last night, I inquired of the Lord as to the meaning of the dream. He said that I woke up sore because I had been wrestling with the Angelic Leader of the last Spiritual Stronghold of Division between the Churches of the Pacific Northwest and the Churches of California. Having won the wrestling match, I was then able to receive this message from one of Kris Valloton's angels. The wrestling match victory had pierced and penetrated the last stronghold of division, built up by Satan over a period of many years.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus