

Letter 649
DREAM
Overthrowing The Angel of Disease
2017-12-17

Dear Jesus,

Wednesday, 13 December 2017, 7AM.

This last Monday I had a dream just before waking up at about 5:30PM.

I DREAMED THAT:

I was at (G6) where I work, in a main hallway of the surgical pavilion which I am responsible for. Attached to one section of the wall is a computer station. I was standing next to the station, engaged in a conversation with a Woman. She was wearing hospital attire, but not the usual light-blue scrubs which I am accustomed to seeing everyone else wear. We were facing each other while we were talking. Our rather intense conversation was about work-related issues. It seemed that she was attempting to get me to like her, or at least agree that she was an actual part of the staff. Then I awoke.

END OF DREAM.

As I was waking up, I could feel that my shoulders were very sore, and that I felt ill at ease. Then, while I sitting on the side of my bed, pulling my t-shirt over my head, I smelled an odor that I had not smelled in over thirty years. But it was an odor which I remembered well.

A long time ago, I worked with a man who had kidney disease. And every once in a while he produced a very pungent and unpleasant smell, which was the odor of unprocessed urine. This is what I smelled as I was getting out of bed. My first thought was that my kidneys were starting to fail, and that I was getting kidney disease. But as I went about my morning rituals getting ready to go to work, I inquired of the Lord as to what this odor was. He indicated that the first part of the odor had actually come from my t-shirt, and that my t-shirt had aggravated the memory of my spirit-man from the dream I had just had.

It turned out that the Lady I was talking with in the dream is the Angel of Hell in Charge of All Diseases Within Medicine, and that she was attempting to deceive me into believing that she was part of the Hospital Staff. Later on I knew that she had been sent to the Pit almost immediately after I woke up, per the present AVTOS Rules of Engagement Protocols.

I wear the same t-shirt at home for about week before I wash it, so by the end of the week, it can get sort of smelly, depending on how much food I spill on it when I eat dinner laying in bed and watching TV. Apparently, the odor of my t-shirt was just enough to remind my spirit-man of the wrestling match I had just undergone, and it manifested in smelling like kidney failure, just one of the multitude of diseases of which the Disease Lady was in charge.

But, she no longer walks the face of the Earth. I can only imagine that our Lord Jesus has plans on getting rid of her subordinate staff in the not too distant future.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus