

Letter 687
DREAM
“Devils Out Into Swine”*
 2018-06-16

Dear **Jesus**,

Saturday, 16 June 2018, 9PM.

Yesterday before I woke up for the day, I had a series of dreams, the details of which I don't remember. But the last dream I do remember with some clarity. This dream left me with very sore shoulders and very sore feet, which lasted for the entire work-shift, and even now while I am writing this Letter. But there was also an element of comfort, which caused me to wake up refreshed, even though I was so sore.

When I inquired of the Lord Holy Spirit, I was informed by angel Gabe that my sore shoulders were due to wrestling with elements of HR (Hell's Resources), and my sore feet from "... having done all, to stand".

While there was more detail in the first part of the dream than I remember at this time, I will write down that which I do remember.

I DREAMED THAT:

I was inside a barn which had a hay loft. I was up in the hay loft looking below to the barn door, which was slid open, revealing the Daylight outside.

Then, a man came into view, and then a row of what appeared to be dead hogs, lined up on the ground just outside of the barn door. The pork bodies were all wrapped up in burlap, as if they had been slaughtered and packaged for shipping to a meat curing plant. Then, as I was observing all this, the man started to unwrap the burlap from the hogs, and after they were all freed, they hogs started to unfold their legs, and then stand up, apparently regaining life. Just then, the man started yelling to someone who I could tell was his assistant, and was somewhere under the hay loft upon which I was perched.

END OF DREAM.

After inquiring of the Lord, angel Gabe informed me that this dream had do with what we call the "Medical Industrial Complex", or HR's "House of Medicine". I had been researching various clinics in order to better document my disability status for my upcoming application for Disability Benefits with the Social Security department. It seems that this dream is part of the cleaning process begun by angel Gabriel not long after he arrived to my house many years ago (see Letter 234 Volume 5-14).

*Lyrical quote from the song Water Into Wine, by Stryper.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus