

Letter 714  
**DREAMS**  
**Battle Royale**  
 2018-09-30

Dear **Jesus**,

**Sunday, 30 September 2018, 5AM.**

Yesterday as I woke up from sleep at around 6:30PM, I performed the routine self-assessment I have learned to do to see what kind of activity took place in spirit-space while I was asleep.

As I stumbled out of bed, put on some clothes and began my weekend morning wake-up routine, I could tell that I had wrestled with a host of evil entities.

My shoulders were very sore, by body was slow to respond, and I was much more groggy and lethargic than I usually am when I first wake up.

And I had to take two naps throughout the day to try to overcome the tiredness that still lingered.

**Sunday, 30 September 2018, 7PM.**

Today I slept like I did yesterday. After falling asleep at about 11AM, I slept in stages. I woke from a dream at about 3:30PM, then again from a second dream at about 5:30PM. But I didn't feel as worn out when I woke up for the day.

In the first dream,

**I DREAMED THAT:**

I was in downtown Redmond, Washington, the Small Town where I grew up and where I served in the Washington State Army National Guard. I was in town to attend a follow-up conference for my Non-Commissioned Officer Academy training. I was concerned that I had all of my Class A Uniform with me because it had been so long since I spent any time at the Armory. I kept looking for different parts of my uniform, and finally found what I was looking for.

**END OF DREAM.**

In the second dream,

**I DREAMED THAT:**

I was in a part of town that was run down and partially abandoned. It was where homeless people hung out. As I walked along a deserted alley, I passed a Homeless Man who was Sick. Then I walked by another Homeless Man who had with him a collection of guns. There were about 2 or 3 other Homeless Men who I saw as well.

As I walked back from where I came, I asked each Homeless Man to join me for prayer. When I got to The Man With The Guns, he made a point of showing his guns to me more closely. I knew his intention was to try to frighten me, and to see if I could be scared away. But I informed him I was not afraid of his guns.

Then, all the Homeless Men joined with me in a prayer circle. We all held hands and I began to pray in Tongues.

As I prayed, one by one the Homeless Men started to leave the prayer circle. Finally only two men remained. The Sickly Man on my left, and The Man With The Guns on my right. We were still holding hands, but as I kept praying in an angelic tongue, I began to ascend up toward the sky, leaving the Sickly Man and the Man With The Guns standing on the ground below.

**END OF DREAM.**

**COMMENTARY - Sunday, 30 September 2018, 8PM.**

**Saturday** I was very tired all day. The tiredness lasted until I spoke with my brother on the phone this morning and received encouragement from his voice.

Today I wasn't nearly as tired when I woke from the dreams as I was yesterday, but I did have sore shoulders, which meant I had been wrestling in my sleep.

**According to the Lord Holy Spirit**, the reason for the extreme fatigue on **Saturday** was due to the fact the I had wrestled with a host of fallen angels from HR. Some were even assigned to The Netherlands because just days before I had offered my help to a Dutch friend who is interceding for his native country.

The Homeless Men in the second dream were Fallen Angels. The Man With The Guns was their leader, and the Sickly Man was his assistant.

In the dream, I was showing Grace to the Wicked by including them in my Prayer Circle. But according to Scripture, they will not learn righteousness (see Isaiah 26:10), so one by one they left the prayer circle. The two Homeless Men who remained were attempting to deceive me to see if I would allow them entrance into my life.

I even saw in spirit-space The Man With The Guns in my kitchen briefly while I was making breakfast. But I was in no mood for Illegal Aliens to be in my house, so I "turned off" the spirit-space "TV", and went back about my cooking.

After that, The Man With The Guns and the Sickly Man, and the rest of the wicked angels, were all sent to the Pit.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus