

Letter 740
A. D. 2018
A Year of Dreams
 2018-12-31
A. D. 2019
A Year of AVTOS
 2019-01-01

Dear **Jesus**,

Monday, 24 December 2018, 8PM.

I started writing this Letter before I went to bed today. I think I fell asleep before 11AM. While I slept, I remember waking up at least twice from dreams. Then, I woke up for the day at 6PM, when I had my alarm set. This was so I could go out to the kitchen and start cooking our Holiday Meal.

But once again I woke up sore and tired. Both the soreness and tiredness will fade away as the day progresses, and it does inform me of the spirit-space victories accomplished while I sleep.

After I got the roast in the oven, I went into the Family Room to be with (M) while we watched TV, and I continued to wake up. Normally I eat breakfast at this time, but with the sumptuous meal forthcoming in a few hours, I only had a piece of toast.

While we were watching a re-run of Star Trek: Voyager, the Lord Holy Spirit began to speak with me about this Letter. He said it would be sort of like a TWISpA (This Week In Spook Army) Letter, in that I will be entering things that happen between now and the end of the year. So if this Letter seems rather lengthy, that's why. I will also add a date/time sub-title for each new day of writing, to provide for accurate chronological orientation.

Anything can happen between now and the 31st of December, and I will document those things which seem worthy of testifying to. The Lord also gave me a way to redeem the losses which occurred to our retirement accounts in the stock market recently, by reminding me of this Scripture:

*"And I say to you, make friends for yourselves by unrighteous mammon,
 that when you fail, they may receive you into an everlasting home."*

Luke 16:9

The following context of this verse speaks of "true riches". So that is where I put my faith and trust, in Your Word. At the same time, the Lord is also showing me where we can mitigate the causes for the "bear market" which came quickly to Wall Street this month (see Letter 739 Volume 8). We're going Bear hunting. (While thinking about this, the Lord stipulated to me that in the U. S. Stock Market, the Bull is the Spirit of Greed, and the Bear is the Spirit of Loss (or Poverty). After hunting and killing the Bear, we will track down and kill the Bull).

One of the things we do while I eat dinner, and before I go to sleep, is watch TV. We just finished an old TV science-fiction series which aired in 1966 through 1968, called The Invaders. So, needing something new, the other night we started watching a DVD documentary on the occultic influences prevalent in the founding of the United States. It is titled The Belly of the Beast. One of the topics touched on is something called Bohemian Grove, a private rural resort in northern California owned by the Bohemian Club located in San Francisco. According to the Lord, this Private Club is dedicated to World Political Dominance through the use of Witchcraft.

Just before I drifted off to sleep, I asked angel Maiah to implement MMIPs on all things relating to The Bohemian Club and Bohemian Grove. This is probably who I was wrestling with while I was dreaming. I specifically asked to have MMIP stations set-up on all the entrances to the Grove and the Club, and to have all people coming and going MIPPed. That way all Bohemian members and their guests, and any others entering the premises, will be forgiven their trespasses.

This evening we had a nice Christmas Dinner, watched some more Star Trek, and opened presents. Now, I have learned that the Lord speaks to me in many ways, and one of those ways is through my wife (M). Among the Christmas gifts she gave me was a very nice stainless steel chain link ID bracelet. On the top it has the Star Trek insignia, with a small Red Cubic Zirconia to the right, and concentric circles representing planetary orbital patterns. On one of the sides it has embossed the words "Star Trek". I am looking forward to finding out exactly what the Lord means in this gift.

After dinner, and presents, and dessert, I began washing up the kitchen and got the dishes going in the dishwasher. Then I took a shower.

As I was showering I thought some more about MMIPing the Bohemians, and another thought occurred to me. I thought we could do the same to the Freemasons, and then the Nile Shriners, and then the Lord said to include the Mormons. So, all the Mormons, Shriners, Freemasons, et. al. will also be MMIPed, and their facilities locked down with MMIPing Stations.

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Tuesday, 25 December 2019, 9PM - DREAM.

Yup. I had a "**Terminal Dream**"* while sleeping.

I DREAMED THAT:

I was with my wife (M) at a sleep study clinic at the hospital (G6). It seemed as though she was needing to get bus schedules and direction for an upcoming appointment she had at a different location. (M) was in conversation with a Customer Service Agent, asking about directions and such. I was laying on a couch or sofa around the corner from her and the Man she was talking with. In the middle of their conversation I poked my head around so I could see both of them and said:

“... BUT, I WORK THERE, SO I CAN SHOW HER THE WAY.”

Upon hearing this the Man got sort of a forlorn look on his face. Then I woke up.

END OF DREAM.

Before I went to sleep, we had watched some more of the documentary video mentioned above. It was during this part that I began to perceive (make sensor-contact in spirit-space) with some of the evil spirits the documentary hosts were mentioning by name. I over-perceived just enough to irritate my bowels, and spent the rest of my sleep cycle being sick in my gut. It took many hours, but finally I fell into a deeper sleep, and that’s when I had the “Terminal Dream”.

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Wednesday, 26 December 2018, 10PM.

Oh yeah. I woke up at 5:30PM from another **Terminal Dream**. In this dream, which occurred at just the point of starting to wake:

I DREAMED THAT:

I was seeing someone who looked like a man in a picture I had seen in the above referenced DVD video. The picture was that of John Podesta. In the video, there was a still-photo of Mr. Podesta showing his face and head, and holding open both hands to reveal his palms. On one palm was the drawing of a bird, on the other hand, some sort of geometric diagram which I don’t remember at this time. As soon as I saw the memory of this picture, I awoke fully.

END OF DREAM.

Later on the Lord informed me the “Man” I was seeing in the dream was a representative from HR, an angel of witchcraft assigned to Mr. Podesta to enslave him with witchcraft. That evil spirit has now been sent to the Pit. Terminated. The dream left me a little tired, but my shoulders were not sore, so this spirit was a weak pushover. Not really that much to right Home about.

Now, back to the Stock Markets. Before I went to bed in the morning, I bought back into dividend paying positions. When I checked the account this evening, they had all increased some in value.

I will continue to keep a close ear to the Lord to make sure I do what He says. This gain is a small percentage of how much things dropped before I sold, but I am still grateful.

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Thursday, 27 December 2018, 9PM.

I woke up at 1:30PM. I hadn’t been dreaming, but my mind was troubled by the previous conflict with “HR-Podesta”. So after a few fitful attempts at getting back to sleep, I made some soup and then watched some more TV. We had started a new Dinner/TV Show series on DVD called Grimm, which (M) and I really liked when it aired, which was from October 28, 2011 to March 31, 2017, for 123 episodes, over six seasons. At about 3:30 I finally got

back to sleep, with some help from a pain pill. Then I woke for the day at about 7PM. But I felt, and still feel, like I need more sleep.

The one thing that has strengthened me in this most recent conflict with HR-Podesta, in addition to the medications I receive from angel Gabriel, is new music from Bethel Music, (of Bethel Church in Redding, California). I purchased their latest album “Moments”, yesterday, and am listening to one of its songs now as I write.

7:00AM - Friday.

I left the house at about 2:30AM to go to a Post Office that had an automated kiosk for purchasing postage services. This was because I needed to send an envelope with certification and a return signature. I went to the Post Office I normally go to for these services, but the scale was “off-line”, so I had to go to another Post Office. This kiosk was also “off-line”, so I looked at the USPS app on my iPhone for the next closest Post Office with a kiosk. There was one only 5 minutes away, so I went there, only to find THAT kiosk inoperable as well. At that point I had decided to return home, thinking I could go to our local Post Office later in the morning after it opened at 9AM, so I could do business with a real living person. But the Lord suggested that I try one more station. This also was not far away, so we drove to the fourth Post Office. This kiosk was working, and I was able to post the envelope with certification and return receipt.

Later on I found out why it was important that I go on this excursion.

At about 5:30AM I was at the local Starbucks for my usual “evening” coffee. While there, I called my youngest sibling Brother, who lives in Maryland. We talked for a while, and even as I drove home while using my earbuds. While I was in the house he began to tell me how he wanted to ask his present girlfriend for her hand in marriage.

I listened like I do, and wanted to find out whether there was any outstanding sin (they both are divorcees). He assured me that they were both absolved according to Scripture.

Then I asked him how many times he had been divorced. I could remember his first marriage, but any subsequent marriage after that had not been in the forefront of my mind. He informed me that he had been married and divorced three previous times. This marriage will be number four.

After saying “goodbye” I began to consider this conversation in light of the Postal Excursion I had just been on only a few hours earlier. Then the Lord connected the dots. Like the Kiosk Defects in the first three Postal Facilities I had been to, so were my brother’s previous marriages. All three had been defective and dysfunctional, ending in divorce. But this new relationship, like the Fourth Post Office Kiosk, will be fully Operable and Functional according to Scripture. This Sign put my mind at ease about my brother’s new relationship, and I have no objections. Neither apparently, does the Lord.

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Friday, 28 December 2018, 6PM.

I woke up twice, once at 5PM, than again for the day at a little after 5:30PM, this time from having another Terminal Dream.

I DREAMED THAT:

I was in an Office Facility which was owned by (G8), a Company I formerly worked for. I was informed that my Boss (P6) was in negotiations with a foreign company who wanted to lease rooms in our facility for their own purposes.

The people from the other company were from a foreign nation, and served foreign gods. One of the stipulations that they made in the negotiations was that when they arrived to inspect the offices they wished to rent, the first thing they wanted to do was to pray to their god. Part of their prayer ritual was for them to lay prostrate on the ground, and then cover themselves with a prayer shawl, made of a translucent, silk like material.

Since some remodel work was to be part of the rental agreement, I thought this would be a good time to ask my Boss for a few modifications of a certain utility room where I wanted a new cabinet installed. But my Boss's Secretary informed me that he was rather distracted with showing the new clients around, so I begin to scheme on how best to later approach my Boss so I could get the new cabinet installed.

The next thing I know, I am in a Storage Closet with a Window looking outside onto a Field. Another man, who was the delegated liaison to our Company from the foreign company's entourage, is standing with me, and telling me how that, as part of the welcoming ceremony for the foreign people, I was to join them in praying to their foreign god, using this phrase from Scripture,

“WHEN IN ROME...”,

as an authoritative proof-text to try to manipulate and convince me that it was OK for me to pray to the foreign god.

I objected, saying there is...

“...ONLY ONE GOD”.

After that, I find myself outside in the field we were just looking at through the window. A lady was there, who was actually a Bear, but was in the process of shaving all the hair off of her body so she could attempt to appear human. I was standing close by, and she turned her head and looked at me, and I looked back in her face, as she was shaving her right leg.
END OF DREAM.

I woke up very sore and tired, but also energetic enough to wake up for the day. After thinking about this, I began to realize that in this case, “Rome” was attempting to invade our Company. The other thing in this dream was that the the people of this foreign company had brown skin, spoke english with an Indian or Pakistani accent, and served one of the Hindu gods. But the Bear Lady had white skin.

It is now 1:45AM, and I am still recovering from this conflict. But all the others from HR in the dream are now in the Pit.

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7:45AM - Saturday morning.

I had a nap at about 2:30, and slept for about an hour. I could tell after I woke that I had received healing from the Lord. I felt very rested, and at ease. At about 5:00 we went into town for some shopping and my morning coffee. Then after getting home, I went back into town for a few more things. Now I am going to make dinner and retire for the "evening". Please accept my deep gratitude for sending these healing medications.

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Saturday, 29 December 2018, 6PM.

I woke up at 6:30PM from a very lengthy dream which had at least three different parts. This dream left me extremely fatigued, telling me I had engaged a whole lot of witchcraft from HR.

I DREAMED THAT:

Part 1— Old Computer Stuff

I was with the Man who was the Chief Executive Officer at (G6) when I first hired on in July of 2001. The CEO was trying to find an appropriate way of showing me his appreciation of all that I had done, since I had just retired from working at (G6) for 18 years. He was searching along the streets of (L3), the city in which (G6) is situated, for something He could give me. Then he spotted an old computer console. He knew I liked computers, so He offered it to me. I was a little reluctant, since I already had many computers. He sensed this, so He began to look on the console for something smaller. I said I liked Dictionaries, and He found an older one and offered it to me. Just then another Man came over and showed the CEO that there was still a roll of unused Postage Stamps in a dispenser in the console. I saw that they were Christmas Stamps, with pictures of Santa Claus on each one.

Then...

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Part 2 — Overturned Semi-Truck

... the next thing I know we are rolling the Computer Console down the street to a Used Computer

Recycler outfit. Suddenly our attention is drawn to a flatbed delivery truck in a Safeway parking lot whose load of plate steel is sliding off bed. This is stirring up quite a bit of commotion.

We turn around to go back to see this, and find that a Semi-Truck with Trailer is laying in its side in the same street we just left. The driver was distracted by the other truck losing its load, and in turn he lost control of his rig, and it jack-knifed and overturned.

Then, the next thing I know...

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Part 3 — Home

... the CEO and I are arriving at His House where He lives with His Wife and Son. As we are approaching, His Wife opens the Front Door to welcome us Home. The Father then begins to explain to me that His Son is preparing a meal by roasting some sides of pork in a smoker. I could tell that our Father held His Son in High Esteem.

END OF DREAM.

9:30PM — Saturday

I was so groggy waking from this dream at 6:30PM that I had to go back to bed, which I did at about 8:30PM. And I woke up from yet another dream. Although there was conflict in this dream also, I feel rested from the 6:30 dream. In the 8:30 dream,

I DREAMED THAT:

I had just entered the attic bedroom of my maternal grandmother's Old House. There were two other young women already in the room, sitting at what appeared to be a card table. Then my wife (M) also entered the room, and she went to sit down at the table as well. Finally I went to the table and sat down with the three of them, directly across from (M). We started to talk about our marriage, and then she wanted to talk with me alone, so she and I got up from the table, leaving the two young women, and walked over to the bed. We sat on the edge of the bed together, and (M) began sharing with me her heartaches.

END OF DREAM.

I am still sore from this dream, but it is going away. The Lord informs me that the two women in the dream were the two spirits of witchcraft assigned to (M) at her birth to enslave her. My being there gave her the strength to get up from the card table where the witches were seated, breaking both spell and relationship, and walk with me to the bed, where she could talk with me alone.

6AM — Sunday

I had to take another nap at about 3AM. I think I slept for about 30 minutes, but I felt a lot better when I woke up. Still a little groggy, but not bad.

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Sunday, 30 December 2018, 9PM.

I woke up sore, and had a very brief dream as I was waking about having extra pains meds, but nothing else really to write Home about.

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Monday, 31 December 2018, 9PM.

Today I woke up a little after 7:30PM from a short dream.

I DREAMED THAT:

I was with Dr. Chuck Missler, of Koinonia House (www.khouse.org). He was preparing for upcoming classes to teach. Then I awoke.

END OF DREAM.

I woke up very sore in my shoulders. According to the Lord, this was due to my wrestling with Forces from HR opposed to the Gospel of Jesus. This was in preparation of our upcoming study of the Book of Matthew, from which we will obtain curriculum material that will become the foundation of a Teaching Module for The School of Jesus Website (<http://www.theschoolofjesus.com>).

I had recently ordered the DVD Matthew study series from the K-House store, and we will begin watching it for our Family Dinner time as soon it arrives, or shortly thereafter.

In this Volume, Volume 8 of www.letterstodan.com, I have counted at least 40 times in which I used the word “dream” as an arch-title for a Letter, and in the body of this Letter.

I actually have had a lot more dreams this year than 40, but they (I counted around 90) were documented elsewhere on the Divine Council Forum as part of my Field Notes series. The Volume count may include a few of the Forum count due to some overlap. But suffice to say that looking back, this year has been a year of dreams, with the primary emphasis on destroying the House of Witchcraft.

This is also the year in which my earthly status of “employee” has come to an end. It seems clear to me that, in keeping with Your edict in Letter 489 Volume 6, we will proceed into 2019, being directly employed by You in Your service.

And You know what that means:

“We shall have no king but King Jesus”.

That’s what that means.

What a unique Letter this has turned out to be. I started writing a week ago, entering events as they occurred day by day, in keeping with my previous Divine Council Field Notes.

And as I sit at my desk writing, I can hear some of my neighbors setting off fireworks in celebratory preparation of the New Year, which is less than 2 hours away Pacific Time.

Fireworks (and thunder) have always scared our 2 little dogs. But I pray that You will send them extra comfort this year, and in the years to come, so they will not be so frightened at the loud noises of happiness or battle.

This is the final Letter of 2018. It is also the First Letter of 2019. This understanding is from the Lord Holy Spirit. Even though Letter 740 spans 2 distinct years, and is itself its own distinct Letter, it also represents a continuation of things begun in 2018 and earlier, which will continue into 2019. Namely, the War to Destroy the House of Witchcraft.

And so dear Lord, please let us close 2018, the Year of Christ our King, and open 2019, the Year of Christ our King, with this Prayer and these Scriptures:

The Book of Psalms

Chapter 20

Verses 1 Through 9

The Assurance of God's Saving Work

To the Chief Musician. A Psalm of David.

May the Lord answer you in the day of trouble;

May the name of the God of Jacob defend you;

May He send you help from the sanctuary,
And strengthen you out of Zion;

May He remember all your offerings,
And accept your burnt sacrifice.

Selah

May He grant you according to your heart's desire,
And fulfill all your purpose.
We will rejoice in your salvation,
And in the name of our God we will set up our banners!

May the Lord fulfill all your petitions.
Now I know that the Lord saves His anointed;
He will answer him from His holy heaven
With the saving strength of His right hand.
Some trust in chariots, and some in horses;
But we will remember the name of the Lord our God.
They have bowed down and fallen;
But we have risen and stand upright.
Save, Lord!

May the King answer us when we call.

* * *

The Book of Isaiah

Chapter 18

Verses 1 Through 7

Woe to the land shadowed with buzzing wings,
Which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia,
Which sends ambassadors by sea,
Even in vessels of reed on the waters, saying,

“Go, swift messengers, to a nation tall and smooth of skin,
 To a people terrible from their beginning onward,
 A nation powerful and treading down,
 Whose land the rivers divide.”

All inhabitants of the world and dwellers on the earth:
 When he lifts up a banner on the mountains, you see it;
 And when he blows a trumpet, you hear it.
 For so the Lord said to me,

“I will take My rest,
 And I will look from My dwelling place
 Like clear heat in sunshine,
 Like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest.”

For before the harvest, when the bud is perfect
 And the sour grape is ripening in the flower,
 He will both cut off the sprigs with pruning hooks
 And take away and cut down the branches.

They will be left together for the mountain birds of prey
 And for the beasts of the earth;
 The birds of prey will summer on them,
 And all the beasts of the earth will winter on them.

In that time a present will be brought to the Lord of hosts
 From a people tall and smooth of skin,
 And from a people terrible from their beginning onward,
 A nation powerful and treading down,
 Whose land the rivers divide—
 To the place of the name of the Lord of hosts,
To Mount Zion.

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The Book of Isaiah
Chapter 19
Verses 1 Through 25
The burden against Egypt.

Behold, the Lord rides on a swift cloud,
 And will come into Egypt;
 The idols of Egypt will totter at His presence,
 And the heart of Egypt will melt in its midst.

“I will set Egyptians against Egyptians;
 Everyone will fight against his brother,
 And everyone against his neighbor,
 City against city, kingdom against kingdom.

The spirit of Egypt will fail in its midst;
 I will destroy their counsel,
 And they will consult the idols and the charmers,
 The mediums and the sorcerers.

And the Egyptians I will give
 Into the hand of a cruel master,
 And a fierce king will rule over them,”
 Says the Lord, the Lord of hosts.

The waters will fail from the sea,
 And the river will be wasted and dried up.

The rivers will turn foul;
 The brooks of defense will be emptied and dried up;
 The reeds and rushes will wither.

The papyrus reeds by the River, by the mouth of the River,
 And everything sown by the River,
 Will wither, be driven away, and be no more.

The fishermen also will mourn;
 All those will lament who cast hooks into the River,
 And they will languish who spread nets on the waters.

Moreover those who work in fine flax
 And those who weave fine fabric will be ashamed;
 And its foundations will be broken.

All who make wages will be troubled of soul.

Surely the princes of Zoan are fools;
 Pharaoh’s wise counselors give foolish counsel.

How do you say to Pharaoh, “I am the son of the wise,
 The son of ancient kings?”

Where are they?

Where are your wise men?

Let them tell you now,
And let them know what the Lord of hosts
has purposed against Egypt.

The princes of Zoan have become fools;
The princes of Noph are deceived;
They have also deluded Egypt,
Those who are the mainstay of its tribes.

The Lord has mingled a perverse spirit in her midst;
And they have caused Egypt to err in all her work,
As a drunken man staggers in his vomit.

Neither will there be any work for Egypt,
Which the head or tail,
Palm branch or bulrush, may do.

In that day Egypt will be like women, and will be afraid and fear because of the waving of the hand of the Lord of hosts, which He waves over it. And the land of Judah will be a terror to Egypt; everyone who makes mention of it will be afraid in himself, because of the counsel of the Lord of hosts which He has determined against it.

In that day five cities in the land of Egypt will speak the language of Canaan and swear by the Lord of hosts; one will be called the City of Destruction.

In that day there will be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar to the Lord at its border. And it will be for a sign and for a witness to the Lord of hosts in the land of Egypt; for they will cry to the Lord because of the oppressors, and He will send them a Savior and a Mighty One, and He will deliver them.

Then the Lord will be known to Egypt, and the Egyptians will know the Lord **in that day**, and will make sacrifice and offering; yes, they will make a vow to the Lord and perform it. And the Lord will strike Egypt, He will strike and heal it; they will return to the Lord, and He will be entreated by them and heal them.

In that day there will be a highway from Egypt to Assyria, and the Assyrian will come into Egypt and the Egyptian into Assyria, and the Egyptians will serve with the Assyrians.

In that day Israel will be one of three with Egypt and Assyria—a blessing in the midst of the land, whom the Lord of hosts shall bless, saying, “Blessed is Egypt My people, and Assyria the work of My hands, and Israel My inheritance.”

Amen.

*TERMINAL DREAM = a new phrase given by the Lord to describe how any personal spirit-space contacts I make with HR result in they're being sent to the Pit on completion of the dream. Typically these kinds of dreams occur at the end of a sleep cycle, in the few moments just before I wake up.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus