

Letter 762
TERMINAL DREAM
The High School
2019-03-07

Dear **Jesus**,

Sunday, 03 March 2019, 2PM.

This morning at 3:30 AM I woke up from a dream.

I DREAMED THAT:

I was in a High School Facility with some other people. This High School reminded me of one of the High Schools, (G1c), where I had previously worked at.

It was toward the end of Summer, so there was a lot of activity in preparation for the First Day of School. While I was not employed at this particular High School, I did not feel out of place since I had spent many years working as a School Custodian, with my final full time tenure having been that of High School Head Day Custodian.

I was in an open office or atrium type of space with a lot of room. There were work tables set up, and a secretary's desk or two, with people busy doing office type work. The other people were either un-aware of my presence, or didn't care that I was there.

I was walking from one end of the room toward the other. Not far ahead of me was a group of people who were all working on some project. As I drew closer one of the individuals saw me and wanted to talk.

We looked each other in the eye, and he became very apologetic and was trying to find excuses as to why he was there, (as if he really shouldn't be), and trying to find reasons that he could stay.

He was strange in appearance, larger than the other people. He was wearing what seemed to be a three piece suit from the mid-late 1800's, and a Bowler style hat.

During our first conversation, he was hunched down on one of the work tables. Then suddenly, without breaking eye-contact, he hopped like a frog over to the top of a five foot book-case which was close by, making him a little higher than I was. In this second part of our conversation, he continued to talk at me, giving me all kinds of excuses why he should stay, and not be made to leave.

END OF DREAM.

According to the Lord Holy Spirit, He had taken me to a Hell's Resources High School where evil spirits practice their evil trades, in order to achieve some semblance of proficiency in their craft, in this case, a School of Witchcraft against High School Students.

In other words, the Lord had taken me to a High Place (as in the High School), to wrestle with spirits of wickedness, thereby applying the “You’re Not Here Anymore” Rule of Engagement Protocol to that particular HR assignment. This was why I woke up very sore and tired, and why the fatigue lasted several days.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus