

Letter 784
DREAM
Cross Roads
 2019-05-03

Dear **Jesus**,

Friday, 3 May 2019, 7AM.

At about 3:45 AM this morning I woke from a dream.

I DREAMED THAT:

I was at a Shopping Mall called CrossRoads in order to attend a Prophetic Prayer Meeting. The Prayer Meeting was being held in an empty Retail Space in the center of the Mall, which had been rented out for a few days just for this occasion.

The Storefront was in a state of almost total remodel construction. The room was empty of any furnishing, except some leftover casework along the walls, and the main floor was bare concrete, which is what provided the open space inside the storefront for the meeting. The total open space inside was about 2,000 square feet.

There were some rows of folding chairs set up, with a portable lectern at the front facing the rows to accommodate anyone who wanted to speak to the entire group. But mostly the chairs had People sitting in them who were both Praying and Prophecying for and to one another.

Another smaller group of chairs were lined behind, and a little apart from the main group, next to a counter with a sink in it. I was in one of those chairs, and my friend Dan was sitting in a chair behind mine.

The Lord Holy Spirit was there Ministering to all in the room. I felt good being there.

The Meeting had come to and end, and people were getting up from their seats and departing. I walked out to my car, which was some distance away across the parking lot. As I got to my car and was just about to open the car door, one of the men in the meeting came up to me quickly and handed me a small scrap of paper, saying that he wanted to:

“MAKE SURE YOU GET THIS NOTE.”

I took the paper from his hand and opened it up. All it had on it was what some numbers written in pencil. It was like someone had hastily written down numbers for a Lottery Pick. I was thinking to myself that:

“THESE LOOK LIKE NUMBERS FOR A LOTTERY PICK.”

As I was putting the note into my pocket for future reference, I was about to repeat what I was thinking out loud to the man who delivered the message to me. But the next thing I

know we are walking away from my car back up toward the Mall, and the empty Retail Space we had just come from.

While we were walking back, I observed the Sky, which was Partly Cloudy, with mostly high Cirrus clouds, and said words to the effect that:

“THE SKY LOOKS DIFFERENT TODAY. IT HAS A HAZE IN IT”.

I then went on to remark that the haze was most likely coming from the Food Manufacturing Factories which were close by to the Mall, one of which a Candy Factory.
END OF DREAM.

After waking up from the dream, I could tell that I was sore in my shoulders. Later on angel Gabriel explained to me that I was sore due to having to Penetrate and Pierce through a Stronghold of Witchcraft in order to get to the Prayer Meeting.

I figured out (and it was later confirmed by the Lord) that the People in the Prayer Meeting were angels from various regions local to the Cross Roads Shopping Mall, in order to receive messages from the Lord to take back to their respective areas of responsibility.

The angel who delivered the Lottery Pick message to me was my own angel, Gabe.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus