

Letter 788
DREAM
All Hell Is Breaking Loose,
All Heaven is Breaking Forth
2019-05-09

Dear **Yeshua**,

Monday, 6 May 2019, 4:45AM.

At about 3AM I was wakened from a dream.

I DREAMED THAT:

I was back at work at the hospital (G6) in the Surgical Suite area which I had retired from just this past December.

The entire Surgical Suite was being Remodeled. There were a few rooms which had yet to be vacated for construction, and were still in use. But all the rest of the surgical spaces were in a state of Construction Demolition.

Most of the interior walls and ceiling tiles had been removed, and there was sheet-rock dust in the air and on all of the interior surfaces. This posed a technical “nightmare” to the Surgical Staff who were still trying to do their work in the rooms that hadn’t been closed yet.

Typically, all staff who work in a Hospital Surgical area are required to wear hospital issued scrubs, head and shoe coverings. Since the regular storage areas were no longer available, all clean scrubs and head gear had been put on portable rolling carts. I was having difficulty finding a pair of clean scrubs my size since they had all been hurriedly placed on the cart and were in a jumbled state.

There was a sense of Urgency in the air, because the Department Leadership wanted to have the remodel work done quickly, so that Normal Operations could resume. So the whole spirit of the place was:

“We’re behind... let’s get caught up ... get this thing going... it needs to get done ... hurry up.”

Because of this, and that there were Construction Contractors working almost everywhere, it was very busy. And the Nursing and Technical staff had become very perplexed as they were trying to figure out how best to do their jobs in and around all the Construction Tumult.

Now, it must be understood that to a Construction Worker, the process of Demolition, and all the apparent mess that is part of that phase of remodel, is just an ordinary part of the Job. But to Professional Hospital Staff whose first order of business each and every day is cleanliness, it seems like all Hell is breaking loose. And in some ways, it is.

I was still rummaging around trying to find scrubs, when suddenly my former Night Supervisor comes walking around the corner of a still somewhat intact corridor, where I was standing. He was already dressed in scrubs and head-gear, along with a face mask. But I recognized him through his “hospital camouflage” just the same.

Now, the Night Supervisor had earlier resigned from his position and left employment at (G6) almost a year before I retired. So I was really surprised to see him there. I then quickly surmised to myself that he had been called back on a temporary basis to help coordinate with the post-construction cleanup.

END OF DREAM.

“Post-dream Analysis” says that:

The one or two Nurses who I saw, and the Night Supervisor, were all agents of HR who had been assigned to the (G6) Surgical Department, in order to bring Hell on earth to all who worked, or visited, including patients, within that Department.

The Remodel Construction Work is representative of the Lord Holy Spirit’s work in executing the wills of our Father and His Son in bringing the Kingdom of Heaven to (G6) (and from there to all of the rest of the Medical Industrial Complex), on Earth, as it is in Heaven.

This means that all Hell is breaking loose, because all Heaven is Breaking Forth.

And as I write this Letter, I am reminded of Letter 489 Volume 6, which in retrospect is what makes this Deliverance by Dream possible.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus