

Letter 816
TERMINAL DREAM
The Underground Hippie House
2019-10-05

Dear **Yeshua**,

Friday, 31 May 2019, 2:40AM.

I just woke up from this dream.

I DREAMED THAT:

I was with a man who reminded me a lot of (CB59), along with another guy who remained in the background.

The man who looked like (CB59) had cooked an assortment of foods, and wanted to share it with those who like to eat healthy foods.

So, we went into this house, and then downstairs. When we got to the bottom of the stairwell into the basement, I saw that the rooms were crowded with a bunch of people who looked a lot like Hippies from the '70s. And the downstairs area reminded me a lot of a Hippie Commune, with tie-dyed tapestries covering the walls, making the space very colorful. It seemed like (CB59) already knew everybody. I was carrying a satchel which held all the food (CB59) had earlier prepared, but as we entered the basement area, I gave it back to him.

I don't recall hearing any conversations, only that it was crowded with Hippie Couples. And I noted that along the walls and other areas, the floors were covered with mattresses all made up for sleeping. But the mattress beds were also the living areas for the Couples.

END OF DREAM.

While there was more detail in the dream at the beginning, this is what I can remember clearly. I do remember that (CB59) and I had done some preparation before entering into the house and going down to the basement, and that (CB59) wanted to show the house to me and introduce the people to me.

Post dream analysis says that:

According to angel Gabe, he was the "other guy" in the background, sent into the dream in case I needed any help. The house was a House of Fraud and Deception. The man who looked like my friend and brother (CB59), and all the Hippies, were deceiving angels from Hell's Resources, and who are now all in the Pit.

It is also important to note that the house in the dream was situated right in the middle of the street, in front of a High School, very close to where the real (CB59) lives, and less than one mile from where I grew up as a kid.

Blessings...

R. C. Theophilus