

Letter 02  
**DREAM**  
**First Spiritual Events**  
2011-07-22

Dear Dan,

There were two spiritual events that I can remember when I was very young, about 4 or 5 years old. Both occurred around the same time while I was staying at my grandmother's house in Kirkland, Washington.

The first event was like this. Across the street from Grandma's was a house where a girl lived who was about my age and to whom I became a playmate when I visited Grandma's. One day in the summer I went across the street to play. I went onto the front porch and rang the doorbell, then waited. I rang the doorbell again, but no one was home. I just stood there for a minute trying to figure out if I should wait some more or go back to Grandma's.

Just then I heard a sound. It was high in volume, but low in frequency. It filled the atmosphere and had a distinct locality as coming across Lake Washington, west to east, emanating from and just above Seattle. It was not a sonic boom, nor was it some kid playing with an electric guitar amp. It was not a sound effect, construction noise or thunder. It was not a hydroplane or a truck using compression brakes. It was a deep Satanic scornful laugh, scoffing at me, and at my desire to play with my friend.

The second event came in the form of a nightmare dream.

**I DREAMED THAT:**

I was at my grandma's house sleeping in one of the upstairs attic bedrooms. I woke up and went down the stairs which opened into one of the bedrooms. There standing in the room was my mom and dad, but they had been skinned alive.

**END OF DREAM.**

Then I awoke, but was very fearful at this, and was troubled for some time after. I had this dream while I was actually sleeping in the upstairs attic bedroom of my grandmother's house.

Now here is a piece of data that is important. In my grandma's house was a coat closet. It was always fun to go in there because I liked the smell, and that's where all the games were kept. Board games like The Game of Life, Scrabble, decks of playing cards and Cribbage, and probably other games the pieces of which I systematically lost over the years. There was one game in there that seemed to not have any playing pieces. I always wondered where the pieces were, but since it wasn't complete I came to ignore it, while at the same time being a little disappointed. Besides, the markings on the board didn't have any logical sequence, so even if I wanted to make pieces I wouldn't know how to play the game.

Now of course, I know the identity and true nature of the "board game" I had discovered in the coat closet.

It was an Ouija board.

Blessings...