

Castle of Bondage and Rome: Dream

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It was on my 20th birthday that I had this dream. The year was 1975 while visiting my grandparents home in La Jolla, CA. In the night, I found myself with many other children locked away on a high mesa in what looked like the SW of the United States. The castle was stone with massive walls built around the edge of this table top mesa located in some desert area. This mesa was so high that it touched the clouds and rose up from a flat desert perhaps 1000 feet or more with no way up or down. Shear cliffs were on all sides.

In this castle, I discovered it was my own father who was the soul keeper in this prison castle. It was not just the enslavement of bodies but also of the soul. A ruckus broke out and I found myself in the midst of a rebellion against the soul keeper. We fought not with swords and shields or guns since none of these were available but with will pillows that were weighted with heavy rags in the ends. People were getting knocked out with these gentle weapons.

Ouroborus Crushed and Escape

Then I heard a cry ring out over the noise of battle. They yelled, "It is dead....our master is dead." I then went over to a pile of rocks and found there an Ouroborus serpent with its tail in its mouth that had been crushed between some rocks. I looked at the others and they were in a trance due to this great tragedy.

I then took the opportunity during this distraction to go to a roof and prepare a hot air balloon for launch. Where this balloon came from or how I knew it was there was not revealed in this dream. A young blond girl perhaps age 12 climbed into the basket of the balloon with me and asked, "How will we guide this thing?" I answered, the Holy Spirit in the wind will guide us to where we are supposed to go." Then I told her to "Hang on!" As I said this, the wind caught the balloon and lifted it and us both up and drove us toward the high wall of the castle prison. The basket hit the wall and just dragged over the wall as the balloon went aloft in a direction as carried by the wind.

I looked back and saw no one. We were now in flight in complete silence. We were traveling at the speed of the wind so there was no wind sounds to be heard. I watched the blond girl swing from the ropes of the balloon enjoying herself. She was not worried in the least. Was she an angel I wondered. Those left behind were perhaps still sobbing over the loss of the worshiped Ouroborus. My father was certainly still there concerned that his power over the children was now compromised.



Our Destination Below

I then looked down below. In the far distance, I could see what appeared to be a Mexican styled village. The wind of the Holy Spirit was now driving us down, down, down in the direction of this village and toward the front gate. I said "hang on" again and ducked. The wind then went fierce and grabbed the balloon and drove it through the gate balloon first bouncing the basket off the walls of the adobe village buildings. Then as suddenly as it all began we stopped in front of a Roman Catholic Spanish mission. No wind – all was calm. I then got out of the balloon and lifted my arms to God and began to sing praises to YHWH for

his deliverance from the prison castle and for the safe landing.

The priests who were now coming out of the mission church were assembling in front of us to see what the commotion was. They then began to ask among themselves, "What can this mean?" They seemed to know it was an act of God...perhaps a miracle but did not know what to say about it. Was it of God the Creator or some evil power?

The dream then ended.

Grandmother Guided Me

Not having much experience in the interpretation of dreams at the young age of 20, I asked my grandmother to help me who was the head Librarian of Pomona College in CA. She gave me a book on the interpretation of dreams by Karl Jung. This book got me started in this prophetic field with regard to the mystery of unraveling the meaning of dreams.

Legacy with the Roman Church

This occurred 35 years ago and I continue to reflect on this dream and seek continued liberation from the Ouroboros who also enslaves my Father and I await a destiny related to the Roman Catholic Church to which I have been called as a prophet. I should say I did serve on a task force within the Prelature of Pope John Paul II from 1985 to 2000. I did get ordained as a Syro-Chaldean Deacon within this Prelature and later an Episcopal Priest, then an Orthodox Bishop. I did carry on with the mandate of this Vatican initiated task force in seeking to revitalize the Roman Catholic priests who were driven from the church when they realized they were not called to be celibate and married. The mandate given to us by Pope John Paul II was to find a way to redeem them and put them back into sacramental service.

Spanish Bishops Shipwrecked the Mission

It was the Spanish bishops (the Spanish Inquisition as I call it) that shipwrecked this mission set in motion by Pope John Paul II assisted by then Cardinal Ratzinger who later became Pope Benedict. In addition, I did spend many years serving the exiled crowned Empress of the Holy Roman Empire as her personal Chaplain but this too has come to nothing.

I am convinced this Spanish Mission event in my dream with the Roman Church is yet to happen. I must first fully escape from the castle prison and the power of the Ouroboros. Perhaps it is related to the current mission of the Jesus Abbeys that I currently serve as its Spiritual Guide. <http://jesusabbey.org> I am now convinced I have not fully been freed from the power of the Ouroboros as 'channeled' toward me through my father. He does not know this is happening. Mind you, he is the best of Christians but enjoys a power over people that is not of YHWH but comes from the dark side. Keep us both in your prayers.