

Dear Franklin,

I know it's been a little uncomfortable for you living in a gated community courtesy of the Pharaoh, but I've got some good news for you. Your prison days are about to become history.

But next time you share your dream in group, try to kinda keep your enthusiasm tamped down a little. Go gently with your colleagues, especially the baker. That's all I can say about that for now.

Before you got thrown into the slammer, you were brewing some pretty good stuff. Pharaoh seemed particularly to like the Nile Pale Ale and the late harvest Merlot. Just a hint about where to restart your work.

The dream I have for you goes like this:

The wine taster dreamed he saw a grape vine with three branches that shot forth blossoms and buds and clusters of fruit. Pressing the grapes, he presented the cup of wine to Pharaoh (Gen 40:10-11).

Sincerely yours,
Yahweh