

THE DREAM

By Jim Towers

Readers oftentimes read the last few pages of a book to see if they actually want to read the book that got their attention with their colorful and well thought out title. So, then they go to the middle or the end to get a taste of the content or even the style that appeals to them.

Admittedly, I am not a very rational and cunning person and I'm not very good with money, always believing that God will somehow work things out for me. But I've always had dreams, oftentimes they were dreams that were discombobulated and made no sense at all. But, since I like fixing things to make something useful or beautiful from this or that or figuring things out through in depth analysis.

On occasion I have dreams that had me going through a junkyard with boards and beams and cars and broken bicycles piled high. Artwork or animals was another favorite subject.

While traversing through these odd places I would inevitably think in my dreams that I would return to see what I could find to refurbish, take apart or repaint but of course I never did. Instead, I would wake up to meet a new and glorious day and ready to tackle any and all obstacles.

Having come to the end of my true life story I laid awake tossing and turning and trying to figure out the ending to this most unusual story of my life and whether I would ever try to write a 244 page non-fiction story ever again. Anyone can write fiction.

Even though I had been a contributing writer for two Christian web sites for close to ten years and had written screenplays that I had hoped to produce and direct in the immediate future (which incidentally never came to fruition) in many ways, this story been a tedious and burdensome thing to do, especially toward the end when trying to come up with a real kicker to end this particular and supernatural story I had lived through and which continues until today.

I was also troubled by the fact that my story wouldn't be believed in these times of deceit and outright lying - by even our political leaders and heads of state. (But hey, they're only human.)

Another factor that gave me pause for thought in telling my story was one of motives. Why have I written this? What did I hope to gain except for ridicule or jealousy by those who had never experienced such things as well.

In any case, just as I was tying up the loose ends of my supernatural story, and was about to throw up my hands in despair and throw in the towel thinking "who needs the hassle and possible retribution?" I was tired and perplexed. Did I say the right things at the right time? Did I say encouraging things? Did I fulfill the mandate that God had given me, to strengthen the brethren. Aggggghhhh.

Years ago, the book "Conversations with God" was a best seller, even though it was a rambling mind-numbing book about the musings of a completely lost person without the guidance and illumination of the Holy Scriptures or the leading of the Holy Spirit and still he got a million

dollars advance – today publishers want to get paid before they even begin to read your story, you can't blame them though - everybody has a story to tell - no matter how trite it may be.

The prophet Daniel interpreted a dream for the king at that time and place, Nebuchadnezzar. The dream was this, (which made no sense at all to the King or anyone else for that matter.) The dream featured a huge, glorious statue of a man. Its head was “made of pure gold, its chest and arms of silver, its belly and thighs of bronze, its legs of iron, its feet partly of iron and partly of baked clay”. Then a rock cut “not by human hands” hit the foot of the statue, and the whole image “became like chaff on a threshing floor,” while the rock “became a huge mountain and filled the whole earth”. This vision, by the way, gives us our modern idiom “feet of clay,” meaning “a hidden fault or weakness.” It is found in the Old Testament of the bible. Surely you know of it.

Then the prophet Joel, also of the Old Testament, said this, “In the last days, your young men shall have visions, (hey, does this sound familiar as relates to my story? I too had a vision in my youth), and your old men shall dream dreams.” YIKES! This last man was me! My, how time flies!

My weird dream was this: A young man who lived in a rural area went to his first job as a gas station attendant, his side job was sweeping, cleaning and keeping the gas station clean and orderly.

Since he was an imaginative young man, he gathered up a dozen eggs that the family's chickens had laid several days before so they wouldn't go to waste and put them in an old basket that was lying around.

“I will sell these eggs and make some money to buy my mother a gift,” he thought.

He took the eggs to work and placed them on a little stand with a sign that said, “Eggs \$1.00 a dozen”.

The next person to get gas bought the eggs and continued on home. Tommy went directly home after work and gave the dollar to his mother, and she was delighted to have the dollar for other things.

The next day, Tommy went to work as usual and set about cleaning the garage.

After a while, the man who had bought the eggs came driving in. He got out of the car and handed Tommy another dollar. “Here son is another dollar. The eggs you sold me hatched and I felt like a highway robber not paying you what it was worth to have 12 chicks hatch when I got them home! My children were delighted!”

Now Tommy went home with yet another dollar and of course his mother was happy. Then she said, “Son, the next time you take eggs to the gas station make sure that they are ready to hatch and when the buyer sees the baby chicks hatching, he or she will inevitably give you twenty dollars. No one can resist the miracle of newly hatched beautiful fuzzy baby chicks stumbling around and peeping in their brand-new world.” That was it.

But wait! Before you go away laughing, this is no joke or riddle and points out an enormous truth. That God can and will answer our prayers and dreams as He did mine in a logical but profound way. Think about it. Seriously. Having something valuable in my hands I was just about to chuck it all away. That is until I had that most revealing dream. Now I think I'll finish the story to see if my chicks (little stories) hatch - even if I have to publish the book myself.

The God of the bible sees and knows the hidden things of the heart and can reveal the answer in any way He chooses. He is that big.

“For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

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