

It's Not A Dream

By Kimberly Sowell

Let him know that he who turns a sinner from the error of his way will save a soul from death and cover a multitude of sins. (James 5:20 NKJV)

I had the craziest dream last night. I dreamed my husband and I had moved to a new neighborhood. I decided to take a walk, and I got terribly lost. I first went to a helpdesk window for assistance, but the employees made fun of my problem and sent me away embarrassed and still very lost. I happened upon some people who were gathered to listen to their minister. They listened to my tearful explanation about my lostness, but they only referred me to their minister. By this time, I was panicked and begging for help. The minister talked with me, but nothing he said was helping me find my way home. I stood to go, and he offered me clothing. (Apparently I had an obvious need because I was still in my pajamas – typical dream attire!) What I needed wasn't a handout; I needed to get home. Finally, I found my husband. He wasn't at our house, but he was with a group of people who were rescuers. He was so impressed with them that he, too, wanted to be a rescuer. We weren't back in our house, but in the midst of these very dynamic, very focused individuals, he and I felt very much at home.

I woke from the dream eager to talk to God about its meaning, and God started building the analogies. Can you relate to my character, weary and desperate to find your way home? If that's not you, please realize that most people in the world are playing that role every day of their lives. They are lost and they're looking for answers. They want to find a place of peace.

Perhaps you relate to the other characters. As Christians, we can lead the lost to Jesus, but are we doing it? The helpdesk workers despised my ridiculous situation and offered no help; are we so disgusted with the choices people are making that we only criticize and keep the answers to ourselves? Are we like the church group who only wanted their minister to offer the solutions, or the minister who was more interested in giving me a handout? Or what about the rescue team? Their enthusiasm for saving lives compelled my husband and I to join them, and we were instantly part of their family, feeling at home in their midst.

Friend, it's not a dream; there are lost people tucked into every nook and corner of this world, and millions are searching to find their way home. They're trying to find the way to God the Father, and they need Jesus.

Join the rescue team! Be that enthusiastic, contagious life of light and hope that guides people safely home, into the arms of the Heavenly Father.