

THE DREAM

Josie Edwards

The following was a dream I had one night many years ago and not long after I told the Lord that I was giving Him my life and would follow Him.

I was walking along a street where the buildings were derelict, having long lost the glass in their windows. The atmosphere was one of gloom and fear and oppression. I looked up to the third floor of the building I was passing and saw a baby lying on the window-sill, teetering on the edge and about to fall to the ground below.

I convinced myself that someone was bound to come along soon and rescue it from the ledge or be ready on the pavement in time to catch it as it fell. It would be fine. I decided, therefore, that I had no need to do anything. I carried on walking. In a few moments I heard a thud and looked back to see the baby now fallen to the ground. Going over to look I saw that the infant was now a boy about ten years of age and severely disabled. I gave him a half-hearted hug as if to make it all better. It was, of course, now clearly too late.

INTERPRETATION

This dream shook me on recalling it the next morning and now, twenty-five years later, it still has the same impact, if not more so. God was clearly showing me why he had given me the dream and what it meant.

The baby represented an unsaved person in dire circumstances who desperately needed to hear the word of God at that very moment. It may even have been their last day on earth, their final opportunity. Through it God showed me my failings:

Complacency

It would have been a nuisance to have had to run up the dark, unstable staircase of the building, very likely getting my clothes dirty or ripped, or even becoming injured myself. I might not even have got to the baby in time, so all the effort and discomfort would have been a waste of my precious time. On the other hand I might have had to stand on the pavement to catch the baby and may have missed it as it fell. I would then have had the gruesome task of tending to a seriously injured, or even dead, infant. I would then have to report it, find its mother My imagination was working overtime. I just could not be bothered and justified my inaction.

Am I too comfortable in my Christian walk? Do I enjoy the services, the prayer meetings, the social occasions with my brothers and sisters and neglect the command to tell people the Good News of Jesus Christ? Do I avoid this duty because

I find it unappealing hard work that will upset my ordered life? Do I convince myself that I do not need to do it all, that what I do already is quite sufficient?

Disbelief

I had chosen to disbelieve that the baby would actually fall at all.

Do I truly believe what I read in the Bible? Surely Jesus isn't really going to appear in the sky, that we'll all be judged? Surely He won't actually send people to Hell – He's too loving a God for that?

Irresponsibility

Somebody else would surely be along in a minute. They could do it.

I'm just not cut out for witnessing and speaking up for Jesus, it's not my calling. He understands that. I'll leave it to others.

The following verses speak to me of the absolute necessity to obey God in everything. He commands me to give Him my life, doing the Will of God in all circumstances, and so advance His Kingdom.

“It is the Lord your God you must follow, and Him you must revere. Keep His commands and obey Him; serve Him and hold fast to Him.” (Deuteronomy 13:4)

“Therefore go and make disciples of all nations” (Matthew 28:19)