

God and the Buses – a Parable

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I had a dream. I was standing at the bus stop with many others and along came a bus driven by God. God invited us to get on board. So we did. We arrived at a large stadium and were each given flags. Written on them were the words: "God is wonderful!". We were told to join the huge crowd in the stadium and wave our flags and shout and sing. It was a great experience. The better you were at waving your flag, the closer you were allowed to come to the centre, where the best people were seated on thrones. In the very centre in an elevated position I then saw God seated on a very large throne. God was smiling and happy, eyes closed and apparently asleep.

I must have drifted into deep sleep, too, but then I again found myself standing at a bus stop and again along came a bus and God was the driver. Again God invited us all to get on board, which we all did. The bus arrived at a space station where there was a huge rocket ship. We were told to take our places, fasten our seat belts, and soon we were on our way to a distant planet. We landed by a large city and soon found ourselves transported into its heart along golden streets lined by huge mansions. Inside, every room had a large plasma TV screen. "This is paradise!" said one of my companions. There was abundant food. Petrol was free. Everyone could have a large spacious motor vehicle and one day I saw God again, clad in golden robes and driving a golden Rolls Royce.

My dreams were not finished, because soon I was back at a bus stop and again along came God driving a bus and inviting us to get on board, which we duly did. This time we arrived at a large building site with a large sign saying: "Distribution Centre". There were people digging holes, fetching water, planting trees, pouring concrete, sweeping up the rubbish. Some were going out to the villages round about to offer work on site. Others were helping people plant their crops. Mostly I lost sight of God. One day I saw God drawing water from an old well. Another day God was standing by the BBQ and handing out grilled fish. God was probably there when some sat around the campfire at night singing songs and praying. Once I saw God weeping. A little child had died of malnutrition. And once I saw God thanking a nurse: "I felt when you did that it was like you did it me".

When I awoke that morning, I understood what I had been reading before going to bed: "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your mind, and with all your strength and ... you shall love your neighbour as yourself." Mark 12:30-31.

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