

Subject: The Idols we worship in Christianity (No. 3)



Dear Saints

Thank you for all the comments we've received on the previous parable and the discussion on the prophetic word. It seems like most have enjoyed the parable on "Sugar!", and have thoroughly thought it through.

You are welcome to forward these posts to your friends and family.

Please remember that we are dealing with "The Idols we serve in Christianity".

For most who have read ahead on our webpage, the possibility of "The Bible" being an idol had been challenging.

Well, if you've never contemplated the idea that the Bible could become an idol in the life of believers, think again.

For the next few weeks, we'll be dealing with this single concept - in smaller chunks.

A new parable in serial style ...

Eben Swart

The Bible

A man had visited his doctor for a general examination.

"What's the verdict, doc?" he asked as he put on his shirt and shoes again.

"Have a seat, Conrad", the doctor replied solemnly. "Things don't look too well."

Con sat down, facing the doctor.

"You'll have to consult my son about this one. He has years of experience in the field of your illness. Else you will die, Conrad."

"Do you have his phone number for me, doc?"

"Well, yes, but I never give it to my patients. I prefer that they go look for him."

"Are you serious?" Con couldn't believe his ears.

"Yes, Conrad. Good day, Conrad."

All at once, Con found himself in the parking lot outside Dr. Good's practice. The parking lot was deserted and empty, with only his own solitary car parked where he had left it on the tarmac. A rather dirty-looking little boy was playing with his toy cars in the sand to the edge of the tarmac.

Con walked over.

"Do you know Dr. Good?" Con pointed towards the medical practice.

The boy continued playing without looking up.

"What do you want?" the boy asked, still pushing his toy car in the sand.

"Do you know Dr. Good or know where his son's medical practice is?"

"Oh, yes!" The boy looked up. "It's easy. You just start over there." The boy had his soiled forefinger pointed at what looked like a circular plastic hoop suspended vertically between two wooden poles - about 100 yards away.

"What a freaky business!" Con muttered to himself as he set off towards the hoop.

Arriving there, a sun-faded perspex sign on one pole said: "Jump through the hoop."

"Wow!" Con muttered to himself. "This really freaks me out. I don't have time for kiddie games!"

So he quickly jumped through the hoop- which wasn't too high off the ground. His body ached as he did so.

As he glanced back at the hoop, he noticed another perspex sign on the other side of one pole. It said: "Dr. Good jr." with an arrow indicating the direction to go. Looking in that direction Con saw a similar hoop about 200 yards away.

Arriving at the second hoop, he saw two men, one with a huge beard, sitting in camping chairs in front of a nearby canvas tent. They were cooking something in a black pot over an open fire.

"Welcome at our hoop!" said the bearded man as he stood up and stretched out his hand. "The name is Rooter - H. Rooter. I will teach you about this hoop."

"Yes, welcome, said the second man as he shook Con's hand. The surname is Ventist - S.D.A. Ventist. This is the most important hoop of them all."

Con immediately noticed that this second hoop was fixed a little higher above the ground than the previous one. Once again, a faded perspex sign said: "Jump through the hoop."

"Have you been to dr. Good jr?" Con asked.

"Yes, we've been there," Rooter replied. "We know how to get there. But we couldn't wait for him to get us well, since we just had to return to this hoop. We love it! It's such an important stage of getting to dr. Good jr. So we set up camp here."

Con positioned himself for a run-up to jump through the hoop. "What strange people!" he thought.

"No, no! Stop!" cried the bearded man. "You have it all wrong. You cannot jump this hoop today. Tomorrow is Saturday - then you can jump!"

Con stopped in his tracks. "Tomorrow? Why tomorrow?"

"One may only jump through this hoop once every week - on a Saturday."

"I cannot wait that long" said Con as he again positioned himself for his run-up.

"Wait!" said Ventist. "You only need to wait until dusk tonight - then it would be OK!"

"What nonsense!" Con thought. He started his run-up and jumped through the hoop. Once again, his body ached as he went through.

The two campers freaked out: "Now you will NEVER find Dr. Good jr! Anathema!" they cried. "Alas! Alas! You should have listened to us! We know how to do this!"

Con ignored them, took a glance at the second perspex sign to get his next clue, and started off in that direction.

To be continued ...

Next week:

Con arrives at the third hoop, and meets up with a sad man wearing a dirty beret ...

(If you are too curious to wait for next week, you may read the rest of the article on our website: <http://trumpetcall.co.za/articles.php?id=35>)

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