

**Subject:** The Idols we worship in Christianity (No. 5)



Dear Saints

Last week Con had encountered a sad man wearing a dirty beret who loved celebrations and the French language. He had made Con aware of the possibility of a short cut to Dr. Good jr via either a curtain or "THE VOICE". This is where we pick up the story ...

Enjoy!

Eben Swart

As Con strolled along in the direction of the fourth hoop, the thought of THE VOICE wouldn't leave him. Whose VOICE could this be? And how would one hear it when you don't know where it would be coming from? "Spooky business indeed" Con muttered to himself.

Then he became aware of a far-off noise of music, singing and somebody shouting over a loudspeaker system. The sound grew louder and louder as he approached. Arriving at the hoop, Con couldn't believe his eyes as he stared open-mouthed at the scene in front of him: A band was playing away merrily and loudly on a makeshift stage to his left. In front of the band, on a vast expanse of green lawns, hundreds of people were dancing and singing, holding hands and laughing. Right in the middle of the dancers, a prominent man in a white suit, with a microphone, was encouraging them to sing louder and dance faster. The overall sound was deafening.

Suddenly a beautiful young girl left the dancing crowd and, on bare feet, came running towards Con. She went straight to the hoop and studied it intensely for a few moments before she turned around.

"Just checking!" she called to Con as she ran back to the dancing crowd.

"Checking WHAT?", Con yelled after her, but she had no chance of hearing him above the deafening music.

A plump middle-aged lady and two friends also huffed and puffed towards the hoop. Similarly, they studied it intensely for a few moments, and then seemed to have a difference of opinion. The plump lady kept on pressing her finger on a specific knot in the wood of one of the hoop's poles. In response, her one friend continually stroked her fingertips along the even grains of the wood, as she obviously challenged her plump friend's opinion. But then, surprisingly, they seemed to come to a sudden agreement, and happily started off towards the dancing crowd again.

As they passed Con, he asked: "What were you doing there at the hoop?"

"Just checking" they answered. "One must always check THE VOICE."

"THE VOICE? Have you heard THE VOICE?" Con felt the excitement throbbing in his chest. "Is that man in the white suit with the microphone THE VOICE?" He pointed at the man whose voice was booming over the loudspeakers.

The three women looked at Con in utter amazement. Then they burst out laughing! "No, no, no, you have it all wrong!" the plump lady giggled. "He's just the superstar. We love him - we call him Pa-star. But he's not THE VOICE. He's just A VOICE of THE VOICE."

"Will he be able to tell me the short cut to dr. Good jr's practice? Or dr. Bonne?"

"Oh yes, he can. But he won't. He's too busy. He doesn't waste time with individual persons and their problems. He is a leader. He only works with crowds."

"But how will I then ever know the short cut?" Con was desperate.

"You need to join the crowd. Sometime he will tell the whole crowd how to get there. But most of us already know. So we invite new people - who don't know - to join the crowd. It's always nice when they join."

"So YOU know the short cut to dr. Good?" Con saw a spark of hope.

"Yes, we do. Come to my home on Wednesday evening - then we'll tell you how to get there. It's always nice when people join us at our homes." The plump lady smiled.

"But I don't want to join anywhere! I just need to get to dr. Good as soon as possible - else I'll die!"

"Then you need to listen to THE VOICE. THE VOICE will tell you about the curtain. But that can take time. You can never compel THE VOICE to speak to you. But you hear THE VOICE better and quicker when you don't eat." The plump lady had a stern look on her face.

"But where does this VOICE come from? What do I have to listen for?"

"Well, the hoops will tell you that: You never know where it would come from. It's like the wind. It blows from whichever direction."

The women left a baffled Con behind as they rejoined the crowd.

"Well, I guess that leaves me with the hoops again," Con muttered to himself as he jumped the hoop and started off towards the fifth hoop.

To be continued ...

Next week:

Con encounters Professor Theo Logi Geek from the Department of Hoop Science at the University of Doubtrecht. He wears a black suit and tie, and is somewhat confused ...

(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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