
Subject: The Idols we worship in Christianity (No. 8)



Dear Saints

I apologise for not having sent you last week's episode of our current parable serial. This was due to a sudden health crisis which landed me (Eben) in hospital for an emergency operation. On Friday 18th of October, after 4 days of severe abdominal pain and discomfort, a kidney stone was successfully removed. At present, I am still recovering and doing well. Thanks to our Heavenly Father, everybody who'd prayed, the doctors, hospital staff and especially to my wife Isabel, who'd been taking excellent care of me during the entire ordeal. The whole process resulted in a nifty price tag of about R35 000-00. If, like Con in our parable, you hear THE VOICE speaking to you to help us settle this bill, you are welcome to do so. Banking details at the bottom of this email. Please simply reference your contribution as "stone" ;-), as well as your name - if you want.

Last week Con encountered Professor Wes Lee from the Hoopla Department at the University of Systems, who educated Con on the subjects of Hoopology and Hoopletics. After jumping the fifth hoop, Con collapsed as a thick darkness enveloped him. This is where we pick up the story ...

Enjoy!

Eben Swart

"Con! Con! Wake up!"

"As Con's eyes fluttered open, he first distinguished the silhouette of a small figure bending over him. As the dizziness in his head dissipated and he was slowly able to focus, he recognized the little boy from the car park at Dr. Good's practice. He was gently patting Con's cheeks.

"You've done well" the boy said as Con slowly raised himself into a sitting position. "I'll take you further. Things are getting dangerous now."

Con looked around. To his utter amazement, he was about 100 yards from where he had parked his car on the tarmac.

"What on earth is going on? How did I get back here?"

"I brought you here", the little lad replied. "After you blacked out. You won't make another hoop on your own. Jumping hoops will kill you in the end."

"But I need to get to Dr. Good jr.! And now you've brought me back all the way!" Frustrated, Con hit the ground with his fist. "I've wasted a whole day!"

"You could have invited me along in the first place," the little lad replied with a broad grin. "Then I could have told you about the curtain and THE VOICE along the way. You've wasted your own time."

"You knew about the curtain and THE VOICE all the time? Why didn't you tell me in the first place?" Con was disappointed.

"You never asked!" The boy's grin grew even broader.

"But I didn't KNOW about the curtain and THE VOICE when I started out here!" Con responded indignantly.

"That's why you had to do the hoops first - to learn about the curtain and THE VOICE!"

"But you're just a little boy - what would you know about the curtain or THE VOICE?"

The boy's eyes narrowed. "There is but little that I don't know, Con. In fact, I cannot think of anything that I don't know!" Then he burst out laughing at his own logical fun!

Still laughing, he took Con by the hand and pulled him onto his feet. For his size, he seemed to be incredibly strong. "I need to show you something. Come and have a look at your sixth hoop."

He led Con by the hand to where a number of men were quietly working on one of the hoops he'd come to know so well. Both Con and the boy stopped and watched in silence.

One man was taking the Perspex signs off the hoop. Another was carving at the wooden poles and plastic hoop with a sharp object. Another was adding big lumps of putty to the structure. Two men were struggling to bend the plastic hoop out of shape. About ten yards away, two freshly dug holes were made in the ground into which new poles could fit. And two men were digging at the bases of the existing poles in order to remove them. Everything happened in dead silence.

"What on earth are they doing?", Con whispered.

"They are changing my hoops," the boy whispered back. "They want it to be more convenient - and to blend in with their style of living and their philosophy."

"YOUR hoops? If they would tamper with it enough, nobody would be able to find Dr. Good jr. any more!"

"Exactly. But they aren't concerned about that at all. All they want is to stop the hoops from offending them."

"Would it still be safe to jump that hoop?", Con asked anxiously.

"You needn't jump it. As long as you do what I say, you will get to Dr. Good jr. That's why THE VOICE is so important. The hoops are

worthless - and outright dangerous - without THE VOICE. They will kill you in the end if you don't heed THE VOICE."

Con was stunned. After digesting the boy's words for a few moments, he hesitantly asked: "Do you mean to say that YOU are THE VOICE?" He found himself staring at the boy open-mouthed, with his forefinger pointing at him.

"I've hoped all along that you would get it," the boy replied with a wide grin. "It had been me speaking in your thoughts all along your journey - when you thought they were just random thoughts popping up in your mind."

"Are you serious? Do you mean you can speak within my head?" Con couldn't believe his ears.

"Con, I can do whatever I want. And I know whatever there is to know." The boy paused. "But we're wasting time. Let's get to the seventh hoop so I can show you the curtain and introduce you to Dr. Good jr."

As the boy led him by the hand, Con's thoughts raced through his mind. There was almost too much to digest. He needed more time, but the boy led him straight towards Dr. Good sr.'s practice.

Arriving at the front door where Con had entered earlier that day, where the door had been before, they found a thick, scarlet curtain made from heavy fabric. The sweet aroma of incense hung in the air.

Then, without warning, the boy collapsed at Con's feet! Immediately, ugly gurgling sounds started to proceed from his throat.

Startled, Con bent over him as he saw blood pouring from his bare hands and feet. Even his shirt showed a huge red stain.

But before Con could do anything, a loud, slow, gut-wrenching, ripping sound emanated from the curtain. As Con watched in astonishment, the entire curtain ripped apart in two halves - from top to bottom. As the two halves fell away from one another, a beaming young adult in his thirties came from behind - with his arms flung open.

"Welcome! Welcome, Rea!", he called. "We've been waiting for you all day!"

Con couldn't help but notice that the young man looked a lot like the little boy who had just dropped dead.

"Have we met before?", Con asked as he stepped across the dead boy's body to greet the man. "I'm afraid you have a casualty right here on your doorstep."

"Yes, we have met before indeed. I'm Dr. Good jr. Can I introduce you to my dad?"

"But what about the boy here behind me? He needs immediate medical attention!"

"What boy?" Dr. Good jr. was feigning seriousness.

When Con looked around, the boy was gone!

"That boy, Rea, was me. I had to die to rend the curtain for you. But come; let me introduce you to my dad!"

"Why do you call me 'Rea'?" My name is Conrad - I'm Con Demt."

"No, you're NOT! My dad's changed all that. But come; let me introduce you."

"But I have already met him this morning."

"I know. But then you were still Con Demt. I want to introduce you to him with your new name!"

Con reluctantly followed Dr. Good jr. down the corridor. The young doctor opened a door to his left and triumphantly announced:

"Father, let me introduce you to my most recent follower: Mr. Rea Deemt!"

As Rea was ushered into the room, Dr. Good sr. was sitting behind his desk with a broad grin.

"Welcome, Rea. You have done well to find my son. Please have a seat."

He paused.

"Can we talk about your previous illnesses now? And bathing? And payment ... ?"

THE END.

To be continued ...

Next week:

Comments on this parable.

(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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