
Subject: The Idols we worship in Christianity (No. 10).



Dear Saints

This week we have a New Parable - on Systems.
Contrary to what they profess or would admit, Christians generally have much more faith in systems than in God.
Read the parable below and see for yourself.

Enjoy!

Eben Swart

A regular guy lived in the fifth house on a crooked street in a regular city.
He had a wife, a son, a daughter, a cat, a dog - and a budgie in a cage. He also had two regular cars in his double garage, a small swimming pool in his paved back yard and a flatscreen TV in his lounge.
Every morning the regular guy would put on his shirt and tie, get into his car and drive off to his one-man business. His loving wife would stay at home to look after and home school their teenage son and daughter in a Christian way.
In the evenings they would have supper together, have devotions and watch some TV before the kids would go to bed.
Both the regular guy and his wife served the Lord. They would pray to Him every day to bless and keep them. To look after their possessions, personal safety, income, health, children's education and faith. They thanked and praised the Lord whenever they were in good health, had enough money to pay their bills and could sleep peacefully and snugly at night. They were keen on living holy lives, so that the Lord would protect and bless them and so that no curse would befall them. They were content with what the Lord had granted them as a family.

Then, one day, the guy's car got stolen in broad daylight in the car park at his business.
The guy was shocked. The police investigated. "Are you insured?", they asked.
"No," he said. "I trust the Lord to look after us."
"I would strongly advise you to get insurance", the officer said. "This kind of thing happens more often every day".
"I should trust the Lord to look after me", the guy said. "And to return unto me what I have lost."

So, one evening after work, a man in a suit and tie and a briefcase arrived at their home.
"We have the perfect system for recoupment of any future loss by theft", he said. "For a few hundred rands per month you can become part of our system. Not only for your car, but also for the contents of your home."
"Let's get it," said the wife. "I'm afraid we might lose even more if we only trust the Lord."
So the regular guy signed on the dotted line.
He never got his car back. And he paid thousands of rands every year for the system privilege of not losing anything more by theft.
His wife was happy. "Now my possessions are safe", she said.
That night they prayed for their personal safety, income, health, children's education and faith. And praised God that their possessions were now properly looked after.

Then, one night, burglars broke into their house while they were asleep.
The robbers held the family at gunpoint, and stole their flatscreen TV, their sound system, the son's laptop and the daughter's ipod - and drove away in their remaining car.
The whole family was shocked and traumatized. The wife cried a lot. The police investigated. "Are you insured?", they asked the guy.
"Yes", he said. "My wife trusts the insurance system to look after us."
"Very well", the officer said. "That's the proper way to deal with crime".
"Yes", said his wife. "Where was the Lord last night? We should be grateful that we are still alive!"
"We should trust the Lord to look after us", the guy said. "And to return unto us what we have lost."
"But I want security", said his wife.

So, the next evening after work, the man in a suit and tie and a briefcase arrived at their home once again.
"We have the perfect system for looking after your safety", he said. "For a few hundred rands per month you can become part of our system. Not only for yourself, but also for whoever stays on your premises."
"Let's get it," said the wife. "I'm afraid next time somebody might get injured or even killed."
So the regular guy signed on the dotted line.
He got his TV, sound system, his son's laptop, the daughter's ipod and his car back. But his wife never lost her fear of burglars at night. And he paid thousands of rands every year for the system privilege of having his premises patrolled by the neighbourhood security company. His wife was happy, but fearful - despite the security she gained.
That night they prayed for their income, health, children's education and faith. And praised God that their possessions and personal safety were now properly looked after.

The whole family relaxed, because they now had systems looking after their possessions and personal security. So they needn't live holy lives anymore. The guy started to flirt with his secretary at work, his wife gossiped about others, the son played occultic computer games on his laptop and the daughter listened to bad music on her ipod.
As long as you pay them, systems don't care whether you live holy or not.

Then the economy slumped.
The guy's business took a bad turn: Business costs soared, his profit margins were cut and he struggled to pay his bills and secretary. At his office, tensions soared as responsibilities and financial pressures increased day by day.
The guy had a meeting with his wife.
"Shouldn't I rather sell the business and get a regular salaried job?" he asked her. "Or should we trust God that things will work out for us?"
"A regular job is a good idea", his wife said. "All these tensions are getting to our relationship and marriage. Is that really what God wants for us? I want security."

So, the next evening after work, the man in a suit and tie and a briefcase arrived at their home once again. He offered to sell the guy's business for him, and to find him a job.
The guy signed on the dotted line, because he was sick and tired of all the trouble and tensions.
The man with the briefcase sold his business for far below its market value, and found a handsomely paying regular salaried job for the guy at a company.
Now the guy would receive a guaranteed salary in his bank account at the end of each month - for as long as he worked for the company seven hours per day, five days per week, and kept his boss happy.

That night they prayed for their health, children's education and faith. And praised God that their possessions, personal safety and income were now properly looked after.

Since the guy didn't have a secretary anymore, he now flirted with the ladies in his office. His wife continued to gossip and slander, his son went to a LAN party where he and his friends played occultic games on their laptops, and his daughter went to a rock concert where she was offered drugs.

Then one morning, after she'd showered, the regular guy's wife told him: "I've felt a lump in my left breast". Her voice quivered.

"We need to have it checked out", the guy said. "I'll make an appointment for you at the doctor".

So that afternoon she went to see the doctor.

"What's the verdict?" the guy asked as he got home from work.

"Sit down", his wife said. "I have breast cancer." Her voice quivered and her face was ashen. "I need to receive radiation and chemotherapy."

Together they wept and wept.

So, the next evening after work, the man in a suit and tie and a briefcase arrived at their home once again.

"I can arrange for you for medical aid at the company where you work", he said. "For a few hundred rands per month you can become part of their system. Not only for your wife, but also for yourself and your children.

"Let's get it," said the wife. "We won't be able to pay for all the medical expenses of my illness."

So the guy signed on the dotted line. "You're such a good man to know!", he told the guy with the briefcase.

That night they prayed for their children's education and their faith. And praised God that their possessions, personal safety, income and health were now properly looked after.

At work, the guy became emotionally attached to a particular lady who was very sympathetic about his wife's illness. His wife became angry towards God because of her cancer. Their son immersed himself into his computer games. Their daughter started to hear voices speaking to her from her rock music.

A few months into the radiation and chemotherapy, the wife told the regular guy: "I just cannot continue the home schooling any more. I simply feel too weak and nauseous."

So after a long talk with their son and daughter, they decided to put them in a regular government school - where they had to follow the curriculum prescribed by the government of the day.

"I'm sure your children will be very happy in our school", the headmaster told the parents. "We have a proud history and tradition, and excellent academic results every year. Be well soon!" he told the wife.

The guy and his wife were happy that their children would be in a good school. That night they prayed for their faith. And praised God that their possessions, personal safety, income, health and children's education were now properly looked after.

That night their home group gathered at their house to pray for the wife's health.

"Do you believe that God can heal you?" the leader asked the wife.

"Of course I believe that!" she replied. "He is Almighty God. He can do anything! Don't we read that in the Bible?"

So the home group prayed for the wife's healing. They also prayed that the couple's faith would not fail.

Six months later, after much suffering, the wife died.

The guy, his son and daughter grieved over their wife and mom for long.

Fortunately the guy had bought her a funeral policy from the guy with the briefcase - so she was laid to rest properly and with dignity.

The sympathetic lady at his work divorced her husband and married the guy.

After many years of service at the company, they retired at the seaside with their company pensions.

The guy could never understand why his son and daughter, who had married and divorced, never had enough faith to serve the Lord. Their unbelief broke his heart. He continued to pray that they would have faith.

***Have no fear of sudden disaster** or of the ruin that overtakes the wicked,
for the LORD will be your confidence and will keep your foot from being snared.
- Prov. 3:25 - 26.*

*A thousand may fall at your side,
ten thousand at your right hand,
but it will not come near you.
You will only observe with your eyes and see the punishment of the wicked.
If you make the Most High your dwelling
- even the LORD, who is my refuge -
then no harm will befall you, no disaster will come near your tent.
- Ps. 91:7 - 10.*

*When the Son of Man comes, will he find faith on the earth?
- Luke 18:8.*

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>)

Banking Details:

ABSA 905 413 0094

Branch Code: 632 005

Account Name: Trumpet Call

Visit our webpage www.trumpetcall.co.za.

To subscribe to this newsletter, send an empty email to: trumpetnet-subscribe@trumpetcall.co.za

To unsubscribe, send an empty email to: trumpetnet-unsubscribe@trumpetcall.co.za