

Sobering Dreams and Developments

The world has become so whacked, few know what to expect from one day to the next. Not only is it still “more full of weeping than we can understand,” but the cause for that weeping seems to change daily. I had barely drawn breath from bragging that the Timber Wolves were unbeatable, after they destroyed the Nuggets by 30 plus points in the first two games, when they came home to be buzz sawed and milled into naughty pine planks by the Denver Nuggets.

And that’s no small thing. With the series evened at two wins apiece, the Wolves could soon become an endangered species, despite 44 point efforts by Anthony Edwards. And who ever heard of miners with buzz saws? Might as well mix my metaphors; everything else is mixed up. But I was thinking “Mavericks” and not “Nuggets.”

Then I had this crazy dream.. I found myself duking up and nose to nose with the glowering Don Tobin, one of the nicest and friendliest guys I’ve ever known, from NDS CS. The dream omitted *why* we were mad at each other, but there we stood like two John L Sullivans, fists cocked. And neither of us had ever been in a fight. I said the dream was crazy.

Don said, “The party’s over; it’s time for lights out.”

I replied, “I’ m going to whup you up side the head! But hold on; don’t hit me in my good eye, it could wreck my cataract surgery. Or my solar plexus, my defective heart valve could fail. Oh, and avoid making me over-exert, or fibrillation could bring on the stenosis eating at my spine, or even worse, the asthma I used to have. Oh, one more thing, my nuckles hurt when I open a jar lid, so why don’t we just slap and not punch?”

Then the dream ended, punchless. But it might have been prophetic. Why should any two nations in the world should be at war? Neither Gaza nor Ukraine make any sense at all. Daily, new widows wail, more kids are buried, and both Russia and America seem led by “blinking idiots.” And the curse, brought on by our deserting Israel, shows up in our lives by natural disasters almost daily. Gen 13:3

The Bible says that in the last days, many will be betrayed, even by family and friends. (II Timothy 3: 3, 4.) I see on “Fox News” that Trump’s “fixer” lawyer is now testifying against his former boss. And even at the store, where I’ve shopped for over 20 years, old friends I’ve come to know and love are being “laid off,” urged into early retirement, or given diminished hours. All had one thing in common, they knew how to relate to customers with grace and friendliness beyond the robotic “have a nice day,” now programmed into their job descriptions by efficiency managers, clueless that many retirees don’t shop just for groceries, but to make and meet friends.

Now I avoid saying much to the few who have not yet been “downsized.” I don’t want to get them fired. But my favorite, the one I was prompting to go to law school, now gets to work only three hours a week. So when I don’t see her ancient Lincoln in the lot, I take my shopping elsewhere. Why shop where friendliness is being phased out?

But my little friend should take heart. When God closes one door, He always opens a better one. I can Carlie wait to hear the rest of the story.