

The Dream

Last night (10-11-2009) I had a most unusual dream. Although I awakened and got up four times during the night as usual, the same dream continued as if it never had been interrupted. At the first break, as I got up and at least until I got back into bed, I had a unique experience. I remember having a smile on my face and a very special joy in my heart. There was no action nor were there any people in the dream. It was like a still-life picture in front of me that never changed or faded. It is even now very clear in my mind. Actually it wasn't a picture, but a very real object on a small table. I was in its presence and could not take my eyes off of it, as thought after thought seemed to come from it to me regarding it and what was in it. Each time I got back into bed the exact same image re-appeared and another series of thoughts resumed as though they had never been interrupted. Several times it occurred to me to get up and write down what was coming to me before I forgot it. However, I feared that if I did, I would "break the spell" and not have the great joy that this continuance was providing. How much of this wonderful communication was subconscious dream-thought or actual conscious meditation? I don't know.

The book was of moderate thickness and size. It was standing, not lying on this table. What was striking, however, is that although dark in color it was emanating a bright light in all directions. Towards me, it seemed to be sending a continuous barrage of thoughts one after another in rapid succession. I sense that I understood them, but only for an instant before they slipped away to make way for the next. There was no doubt that this was the Holy Bible and its wisdom was seeking to fill my soul. There didn't seem to be any audible words, only thoughts that flowed from it directly into me. The first thought, and the only one I remember, came from Psalms 40:7 where we learn that the volume of the book is written about Him, our Lord Jesus. That is how I knew that it was the Holy Bible, and that it was His Words, which were flowing from Him through the Scripture. I thought, of course, how else, He wrote the Book, so who else could best interpret it?

My thoughts seemed to be in concert with the aura of light (knowledge) emanating from the Book, just as how Jesus was seen to appear at the transfiguration. As with most dreams, much of the detailed thought has at the moment disappeared into my memory hole, hopefully to be recovered if and when He chooses it to reoccur. However, that visual image and moments of joy the dream provided remain, and no-doubt will not go away.

That this was some spiritual communication from our Lord, I cannot say with absolute certainty. Most likely, and at the very least, it was a subconscious response to what goes on during my conscious hours. All of my days are spent to varying degrees in thinking, praying, reading, discussing, writing about and teaching God's Word.

My prayers always include a petition for greater wisdom and discerning of His Word. It is likely that this conscious desire has simply penetrated into my subconscious and thus expressed itself through this delightful dream.

At the time I wrote this, it seemed to be too private to share, and might be viewed as somehow self-serving. However, I just noticed it as I was searching for something among the many dozens of notepads which I have filled with my thoughts over the past few years. In re-reading it, in the closing months of 2009, I felt persuaded to have it typed and to see if our Lord would consider it to be useful in some way.