I was standing there, in the midst of a bleak scene of utter panic and frantic chaos.

A hundred yards away a group of people huddled in a ditch along the roadway, all peering up at a man on the ditch-bank in eager anticipation, hanging on his every word.

Just in front of me crowds were running hysterically after several men who seemed to be trying to escape their grasp.

Behind me others were dashing one way, and then another. Each face was etched with despair and desperation.

The men being chased by the crowd reached a large building with columns standing many stories into the air. The first man to reach the building pulled the large door open and the men poured inside. The pursuing crowd reached the door seconds later and jerked at the door’s handle. The door would not open, and they began to pound on the door with their clenched fists, yelling to be let in. The crowd swelled in size around the door, pressing hard against each other in search of a way inside.

Only the group huddled in the roadway ditch seemed to have any sense of calm. But, I knew it was hopeless for them too. Fear was huddled there with them, and on their faces. They were deceived into believing this man had the answers they needed. He was also deceived, believing that what they thought of him was true.

In every direction I looked it was chaos and hopelessness. No one had an answer. I stood in the center of it all, as the scene stretched out before me in all directions with no end in sight, no answer in sight.

I yelled at the people huddled in the ditch, ‘That man can’t help you! He’s not your answer!’ And toward the crowd pounding on the door, ‘They’re just men. They don’t have your answer either!’

But, my words went unheeded. It was too late. Hope had left the earth. All knew that it was a desperate time and something needed to happen, and they looked for the one person who could calm the earth and replace hope.

I stood stunned by what I was seeing.

Suddenly I was aware of my bed and the darkness of my bedroom. I stretched my head toward the green digital numbers of the clock sitting on the dresser across the room. The numbers showed, 4:30 A.M.. It had been a dream!

I relaxed my head against my pillow and gazed toward the ceiling somewhere in the darkness above. I was so struck by the dream that I began to pray for understanding. No answer came in that moment. I lay there for twenty minutes flirting with sleep, but my eyes opened again and again with
a recurring question for the Lord, ‘What does it mean, Lord?"

A voice seemed to beckon me, ‘Come, talk to me about it.’

I knew I needed to get up and go spend time with my Lord, my Jesus, just as I do many mornings. He always had the answers I sought.

I kicked the blankets back and quickly headed to the bathroom to brush my teeth and shave. I made a pot of coffee, and headed to our favorite chair in the living room. I knelt on the carpet with my face in the seat of the chair, and just began thanking Jesus, and praising him. I always began my times with him in thankfulness and praise. This morning it seemed more important.

I knelt there for a few moments in silence, just waiting. In my uttermost being I knew that which was missing in my dream was, Jesus, and the Holy Spirit.

Unexpectedly, I whispered two questions, and they surprised me. ‘Do I have Christ inside of me? Am I filled with your Holy Spirit, Lord?’

There was no reply, only silence.

This terrified me. I expected a quick, and sure answer that went like this, ‘Yes, my son, I am inside of you.’ My Lord often addresses me, ‘my son,’ when he wants to affirm me personally. This silence stunned me. Could it be that I have been deceived like the people in the dream? Had I really received Jesus as my Lord and Savior? Did I have eternal life as the Bible says I will if I believe in Jesus?

With anxiety growing within me, I spoke again, only more intently, ‘Lord, do I have Christ within me? Am I filled with your Spirit?’

This time there was a still small voice that said, ‘Yes my son, you do have me within you. You are filled with my Spirit.’

When these words entered through my ears into my heart, I burst into tears. I sobbed at the thought that I might have received a different answer to my question, and it was just too much for me to handle. The words of my Lord brought such comfort to me. All doubt left me and peace once again filled me up. I had confidence that I did have eternal life with my Jesus. Everything was okay again. I was okay.

The tears slowed and I began to think about the dream. How when chaos and loss of hope occurred, most people did not have a place to turn to. No one in my dream seemed to have an answer to a situation whereby mankind had lost hope and needed someone to save them.

Some were following after political leaders, and those same people fought to get next to the leaders for some degree of hope, comfort, even salvation. The problem was, the ones they were chasing after couldn’t provide what was needed, they even hid themselves behind locked doors. They themselves needed hope, someone to save them.

Others were gathered before a seemingly religious figure who seemed to have all the answers for their questions. But it was clear in my dream, that the man did not have the right answers. The leader himself was deceived and thought he was okay, and because of that, the ones huddled with him in the ditch had a false sense of safety.

By far the majority though, were not in either of these two groups. They were individuals who had never considered that they would ever need help. They didn’t think they would ever face a period of hopelessness. They were the ones running to and fro in all directions. They had no clue of where to turn, and they had placed all of their hope on the wrong things, material things. They had no one to turn to. They, like the others, were lost.

In my dream, I was the only one that knew where to turn, where the answer lies. But, no one was running to me to get the answer. It was like they did not even see me. That made me wonder,
‘Am I living my life in ways that people know who I am? Is it evident to those around me, and those I encounter in my daily walk, that I do have an answer to chaos and hopelessness? If it were so, wouldn’t the terrified people be running to me?’

Jesus tells us in the bible, in the book of John, chapter 10, verses 27 and 28, “My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me. And I give them eternal life, and they shall never perish; neither shall anyone snatch them out of My hand.” This is the essence of my hope, and because I follow Him, I am assured of this promise.

My dream has reminded me once again how grateful I am for my Savior, Jesus Christ, who reached into my slimy pit and pulled me out. He died a horrible death on a cross and paid the total price for my sin and provided forgiveness of all my wrongs. He rescued me and is holding me for eternity. He is there for me when the world system collapses, and hopelessness abounds. I am so grateful for that.

My dream has also made me more aware that I need to live my life boldly in front of the world, without the compromise that has encompassed the world and weakened the church. It has inspired me to be one that points to Jesus, who does have the only answer, when chaos hits the world.

I know that I must let life-giving words of truth flow from my lips, words that tell the Good News of the gospel of Jesus Christ. That He died on a cross for our sins, and in doing so provided a way for us to escape eternal judgement and have eternity in heaven. And the requirement for us is to repent from of our sins, and put our hope fully upon Jesus Christ, and believe in Him.

In my dream, my Lord was showing me that I am in His hands and secure, but also that He wants me to be more visible to others when chaos collides with their lives.

Help me to live it out, Lord.