



But in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. -

Matthew 15:9

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The Gospel of the Contaminated Oil

Throughout my life I've always been a dreamer. Yes, I've had lots and lots of daydreams and high aspirations that were unattainable, but this isn't the kind of dream I refer to at the moment. I'm speaking of the visions in our heads while we sleep. Most of those dreams I have are nonsense.

For a period of several years I was plagued by dreams of doing laundry. I would be facing tons of laundry that I needed to do but only had 1 washer and dryer. And it wasn't just my laundry that I was challenged with, I was faced with doing the laundry of friends and employers. Once I dreamed I was hired to do Mohammad Ali's laundry. I don't remember it well but I do remember that when his laundry came it came in dumptruck loads and the trucks were lined up going down the road and around the corner so I couldn't see how long the line was. And I'm not positive about this but I think those trucks were filled with only mismatched socks. Their mates had been long lost somewhere in the nether.

Frequently I dream of houses. There are recurring houses that I will dream about. These are houses I've never actually been in but I immediately recognize them when I see them in my dreams because I've dreamed of them so often. One of those houses is a tentative nightmare. You go in the house and see several doors to choose from. You have to go through door after door after door to be able to get through that house. People will enter that house and get lost, never being able to find their way out. When I started dreaming about that house I would also get lost and wake up without having found my way out. I dreamed of that house so often that I eventually found the exit. I could go into that house, hit all the right doors and be out the back door in a flash. Eventually I

stopped dreaming about that house also.

Tonight I had a dream from which I awoke a few minutes ago that bears repeating. I told it to my husband who made a comment that made me think he also saw some relevance in this dream. And just for a little clarification, when my grandparents died, I inherited their dining room furniture. No, it isn't antique. At one time it was a nice table with matching chairs and china cabinet. The chairs were mostly destroyed by the time it was given to me. One of the table leafs was curled and unusable. And all the moving we have done has put a few scratches on the side of the table. But the china cabinet has fared much better. It's still in excellent condition. I mention them because they were a part of this dream from which I just awoke.

I dreamed that we were wanting to find a very rare lamp to match this dining room set. We knew that there had been other furniture built that matched that set but we weren't interested in any of those items. What we wanted was a lamp to match it.

This meant a shopping trip and we went to, of all places, WalMart and visited their furniture department. (This is a department that I am unaware WalMart has in reality.) At WalMart we found they had a large selection of dining room furniture but the furniture wasn't actually in the store. What they had was a screen the size of a giant screen television. This screen would slowly scroll through their selection of furniture and when a customer saw something they were interested in they could touch the screen to stop the scrolling and get a close-up view of the item they were interested in.

We stood and watched this screen for a bit and presently a selection of furniture that matched the dining room set began showing. Sometimes it would show only 1 item of furniture and sometimes it would show several items together to show how all the different matching pieces would look together.

In one of the group photos I spotted what we were looking for. Back in a far corner was a tiny picture of a white lamp. This lamp was not out in the open where people could readily see it, you had to be intentionally searching for it to be able to find it. We stopped the scrolling screen and touched that tiny, white lamp to get a better view of it.

I never saw the close-up version of that lamp because I turned away from the screen to speak to an employee. I pulled a flask out of my purse and asked him to dispose of it for me. Let me describe this flask and it's contents. It was a small, plastic flask about the size and shape of a hip flask. The kind of flask that

you can carry in your hip pocket thereby allowing you to have your alcohol with you and can be drunk at all times. This flask that was in my possession was a clear plastic and you could see its contents.

This container was filled with oil. I'm not sure what kind of oil though I suspect it was olive oil. But this oil had become contaminated. There was a single blueberry in it. The oil looked clean and unused but it wasn't clean. It was contaminated by that single blueberry and I wanted to get rid of it.

Like I just said, I handed this flask to the employee in the furniture department and asked him to dispose of it for me. When he saw what it was he became excited and began to devour the contaminated oil that was in the flask. He was somehow licking the insides of the flask and lapping up the oil, refusing to stop. He loved it and wanted more and more and more of that contaminated oil, devouring enough of it to become intoxicated by it.

His supervisor appeared out of nowhere and spoke to me. He said that they would be happy to dispose of that oil for me, however, it was going to cost me. In order for them to dispose of that oil I had to agree to move to some exotic location out of this country and work as a missionary to the natives, teaching them all about the contaminated oil and converting them to a love and desire for this contaminated oil.

I responded "absolutely not!" But the supervisor didn't stop with just that offer. He began trying to coax me to carry out this unsavory deed. He even offered to pay me an elaborate salary along with the disposal of that contaminated oil, all I had to do was go out into the world and spread the gospel of the contaminated oil.

My response was again, "No Way!" I turned to the employee who was lapping up that oil and told him to give it back to me I would dispose of it myself. But that guy refused to return it. He was hooked, drunken and addicted to that contaminated oil and not about to let it go.

Turning my attention back to the supervisor, and having no intention of giving in to his smooth-talking, coercive urges, I asked him just why he was harassing me so badly. When I said that he disappeared and a voice was heard coming from nowhere. This voice said that my time was up. My trial had expired 8 minutes earlier.

And with that voice I no longer had that contaminated oil, what my husband and I had was the rare, white light that we had been searching for. This ended the

dream.

When I woke I had a vivid recollection of that dream. I also had in my head the story that Jesus told of the wise and foolish virgins. They had gone to a wedding and their lamps had all burned out and they fell asleep while waiting for the groom to come. When they heard the groom coming they awoke and tried to light their lamps. Some of them were able to light their lamps because they had brought extra oil with them while the others hadn't brought extra oil and their lights didn't get lit. They went off in search of oil and were missing when the groom arrived. Those who had brought oil with them were allowed to go into the wedding party with the groom while those who didn't have oil were left out. When they found oil they came begging to be let in to which the groom responded to go away because he didn't know them. (I told that from memory so read it and see how well I did.)

My understanding of that parable is that the oil represents the Spirit. We need to have the Spirit in our lives and be ready for Jesus' return at all times. We don't know when he will come back. What we do know is that we will be surprised when it happens.

So I have equated that contaminated oil in my dream with the false spirit of christianity that the world is devouring. They want to worship a god that will destroy their enemies and want nothing to do with a God that is trying to heal and rescue those enemies. Yet the God who is trying to heal is in reality the God the Bible promotes. And that is the God that I search for. He is the rare, white lamp that is there just waiting for us to come and seek him. But he is working in the background to lead us to the point that we want to find that rare white light.

In the dream I stood my ground with those salespeople, one of which wanted nothing more than to devour that contaminated oil while the other was busy trying to entice me to spread about the gospel of the contaminated oil. When I stood firm and refused to go along with them I eventually gained possession of that rare, white light and it didn't cost me anything.

It was that rare, white light that I was seeking in the dream, and considering all the contaminated theology that is rampant on this planet, the white light has been blotted out and become rare. But it is there and can be found. It takes a willingness to toss out the contaminated theology you have been taught and, with diligent Bible study, allow the Holy Spirit to guide you into all truth for the truth shall set you free. When you are free you will be in possession of that rare, white light.

It's a dream that is attainable for all of us. Just get to know the real God, the one that loves us and wants to heal us. And throw away your contaminated oil, or rather the contaminated theology you were raised with. It isn't something that's easy to do because it involves facing ourselves for who we are and what a sinful person we are. But we need to do that NOW while we have the chance for the Holy Spirit to clean us up and create a perfected, Christlike character within us. And he can do that if we allow it. But it requires diligent Bible study to discover the truth about God and his character, and a desire and willingness to be changed to where we reflect that character in our own lives.

May God bless you as you endeavor to dispose of the contaminated oil that is in your life and seek to possess that rare, white light.

Love to all of you,

Hannah