

THE MOORING GAME!

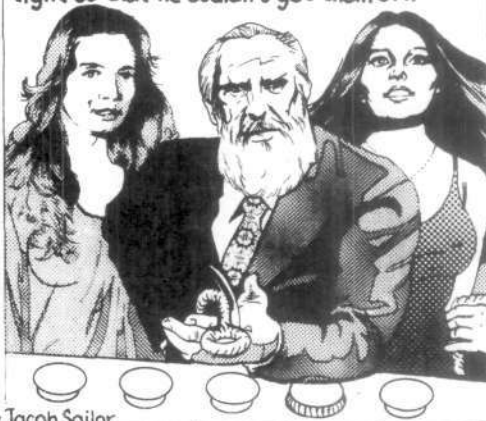
-WHO MOORS WHO IN FFING ?



I had the most interesting dream about our dentist...—"The Mooring Game!" It was really a fascinating, fascinating game. Well, all I can do is call it the Mooring game because it was really a game. A big board game and it had all these little pegs sticking up that looked just like these little mooring posts.



It was our job to throw the ropes and cast them on the pegs. We were all busy, Maria, Sue and I, casting the ropes on the pegs trying to get them looped over the pegs and pulling on the line to keep them tight so that he couldn't get them off.



Illustrated by Jacob Sailor & Nathaniel Conner -- Edited by Jacob Sailor.

EMAN ARTIST

All he had to do was just keep pulling them off the pegs.--As fast as we got one hooked on the peg he'd just pull them off, pull them off, pull them off. But the three of us were just practically amused, because really supernaturally we were getting them on faster than he could pull them off! He kept trying to throw them off, but we were faster than he was. It's a lot easier to slip them off than throw them on, but there were three of us playing against him, and I'm sure we had the Lord's help. We were almost amused at how seriously he was taking it and how almost desperately he was trying to throw them off.



I can win this game. Don't worry, you're not going to tie me down. You're just going a little too fast for me right now. Right now it's a little bit unfair, three of you and you're busy throwing these loops on, but don't worry, I'll win!

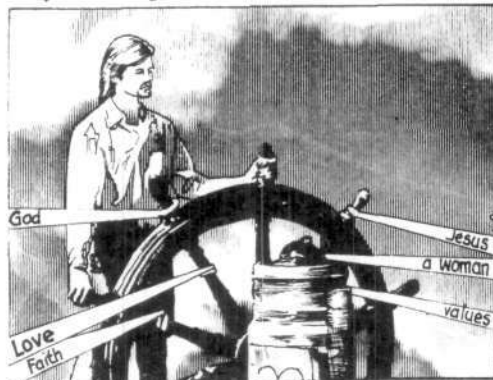


Now who ever heard of a game like that, but how significant it is!

It's sort of like the board symbolised his heart or his life, and we were getting the lines tied fast. It's like these little ropes are our witness. Each one is a witness and strikes home to a different peg, his moorings in life, the things that really tie him down and bind him, and really settle him down.

It was almost like he symbolised his boat, and we were tying it into the harbour. Well, that's very symbolic too because the Lord is symbolised in the Bible as a safe harbour. Whereas the wild sea is symbolic of the wicked, because "the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked?"!

(Is. 57:20, 21.)



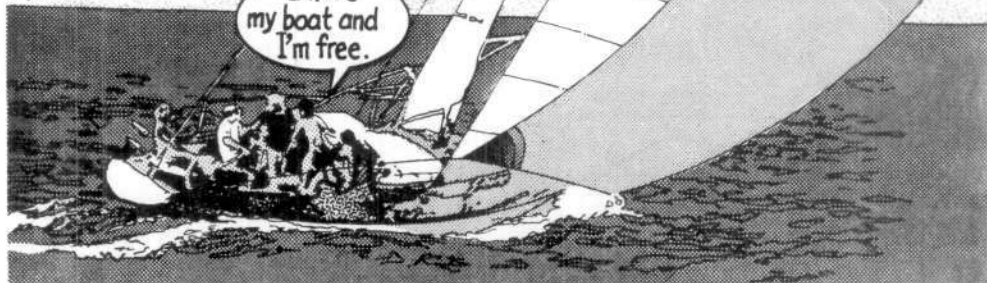
He wants to be free, he wants to cast off and go sailing out on the troubled sea. He doesn't want to be tied down anymore. He doesn't want to think about God or family or faith or wife



I don't want or whatever to be tied down. I don't want to get back in the faith again and believing in things like God and love and that I need a woman. I'm free, I'm free!

That boat to him is a symbol of his freedom, he can cast off and sail out to sea and get away from it all. It's probably not paid for yet, probably not his car either, and he's just working away, working away so he can get it all paid for, and one day he hopes he can just sail away. Instead of that we're tying him down. Only we're tying him down to things that he thought he'd already gotten rid of: Things like God and love, certain values he knows we represent.

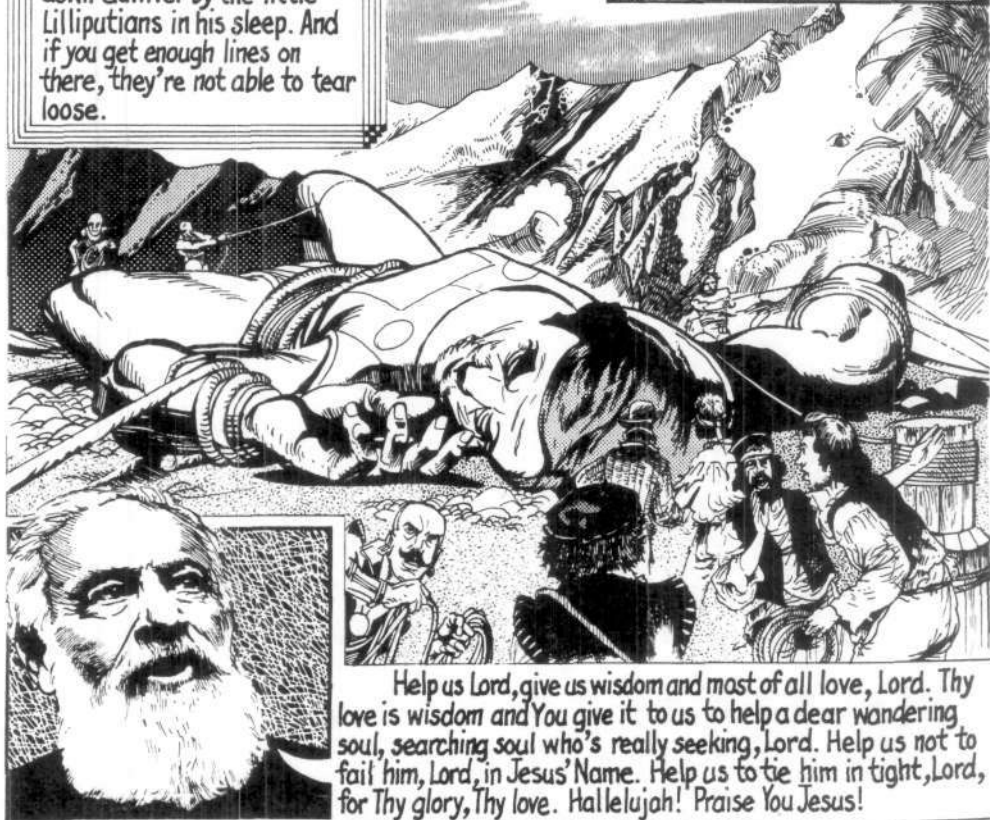
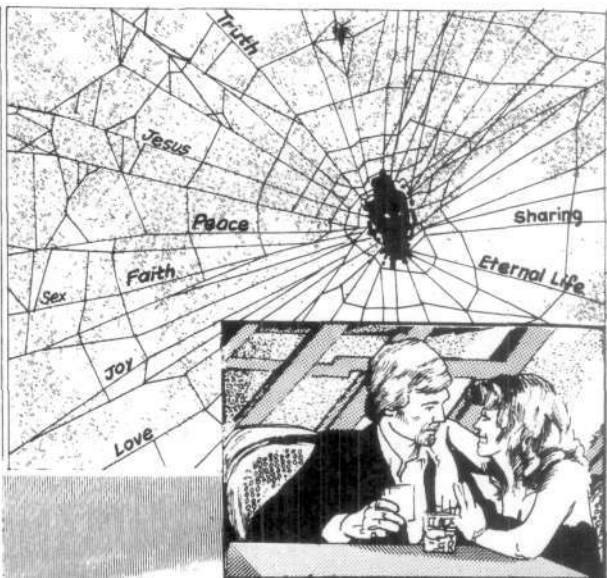
I have my boat and I'm free.



The Lord in some ways sets us free, but in other ways he binds us and ties us to Himself. He's pictured as a safe harbour, a haven, and the sea is pictured as being wild, without rest, like the wicked. --Rebellious, independent, supposedly free, but in some ways the sea is really bound. It's bound within certain limitations the Lord has set, beyond which He says it cannot go. Whereas we are in the haven of the Lord, the harbour of His safety and salvation.



This dream is such an illustration of the way we have been witnessing to him, because every time we go we say a little something, do a little something. Every time we go there we throw more loops over his little posts, and he tries to keep sort of laughing it off and casting it off but he can't. It was almost like we were getting him tied to us, tight. --Little by little, strand by strand, either like a spider or a sailor or whatever it be, casting on another line, another strand, and you tie them a little tighter, sort of like pinning down Gulliver by the little Lilliputians in his sleep. And if you get enough lines on there, they're not able to tear loose.



Help us Lord, give us wisdom and most of all love, Lord. Thy love is wisdom and You give it to us to help a dear wandering soul who's really seeking, Lord. Help us not to fail him, Lord, in Jesus' Name. Help us to tie him in tight, Lord, for Thy glory, Thy love. Hallelujah! Praise You Jesus!

-- ARE YOU FFING?