

The Parable of the Building

I was walking down a narrow street with buildings on the left and on the right. On the right there were stores, bars and restaurants. On the left there was what appeared to be a hotel or rooming house. The building was very tall, but not particularly attractive. It was built of stone blocks with wide steps leading up to the door. There seemed to be a party or something going on inside and somehow I knew that this was the place I had been looking for. When I drew near the door I noticed a doorman in festive clothes. The door was not very wide and the doorman was standing right in front of the door. No one could get past him to enter. When I approached he said, "You can not go in wearing street clothes." I was disappointed and it must have shown on my face. He smiled and tapped me on the head, then he stood aside and opened the door for me. When I looked down at myself I was dressed for the party in fancy clothes. I knew it was only the kindness of the doorman that made it possible for me to enter. I was grateful and told him so.

Inside was a huge room with one window looking out to the back of another building and a stairway to the left went up to the next floor. Soft music came from somewhere, and there were little huddles of people sprinkled all around the room. Some people were apparently going from group to group with drinks in their hands. New people were arriving and they would seek out a group of people and join in. Everyone seemed to be having a great time laughing, talking, and sipping on his or her drink. Once in a while someone would hug another in the group with affection. A girl came to my side. She too had just arrived and was looking at the groups. I knew she was trying to decide which group to join because that was what I was doing.

Suddenly, something caught my eye and hers to apparently, for we both went over to the window at the same time. There was a rope hanging from something higher up the building and a man in street clothes was climbing the rope. When he finally made it to the window it was closed and locked shut. He signaled for us to open the window, but when he did, he lost his grip and fell down to the alley below. Quickly I unlocked and opened the window and we both looked down at him. He was picking himself up and dusting off the bits of trash that clung to his clothes. You could tell he did not like being dirty. I told him to go around to the front that the doorman was really nice and he would let him in. He just turned and stocked off. I never saw him again.

The girl with me had made a choice and went to join a group of people, but I did not see a group that I liked. As I move around the room I found myself at the foot of the stairway. There was loud music coming from the door at the head of the stairs and they seemed to be having more fun than the people down here, so I decided to go see what was happening up there. I found the stairway was very narrow, and there was hardly enough room to get up it. When I arrived on the landing, another doorman greeted me. He was small and stately, and he bowed as I drew near the door. I hesitated, wondering what requirement was necessary to enter this door. However, he simply opened the door for me and I went in.

This place was divided into two rooms by a large double door, which stood open. A band in one corner provided the fast step music and there were little huddles of people here just as down below. Loud music filled the air and some of the people with drinks seemed to be a little drunk. Loud laughter erupted periodically from the groups and some were dancing. Now, this was the way to have I party, everyone was having a good time. As in any group, there was one loudmouth that demanded attention in a dominating manner.

I wandered over and looked into the other room. This room had a stage in the front and a performance was going on. Many rows of chairs were filled with spectators and people were finding seats even during the act. The people were intent upon the stage while they ate cotton candy, popcorn and had large cups of soft drink. Venders on one side of the room in little booths were selling the treats. On the stage was a man dressed in a clown's suit and before him stood a line of people. He would push one of them down and turn to the crowd and make jesters and the crowd would approve with loud voices and waves. I watched for a while before becoming bored. I started to leave when I saw this ladder in the back corner leaned against the wall.

The ladder led to a whole in the ceiling and a bright light shown through it. I went over and looked up, but the light prevented me from seeing into the room. If I wanted to know what was in there I would have to climb the ladder. It looked sturdy, but it was very narrow and only one foot could be placed on each rung. As I studied the ladder I became aware of another person standing beside me. It was another girl, bubbly and fresh in appearance. She too was contemplating the ladder with the curious whole in the ceiling. I just had to find out what was up there even if it meant climbing this precarious ladder. I started up one rung at a time. As I climbed I looked back and the girl was climbing behind me. This gave me courage, and I climbed on finally reaching the whole in the ceiling. A warm friendly hand reached down through the light and hoisted me on up.

This room was brilliant with gold color and it, also, made our clothes seem to turn gold. I looked at the girl and she smiled broadly at me. A large crowd was pressing tightly together and some on the back row would stand on tiptoes to see over the heads of those in front of them. I was so intent on what was happening in the front of the crowd that it drew me toward it. I, too, pressed close but the light, which was coming from that direction, was so bright that I could not see very far. The light radiated a strange peace and gave a sense of well being. I knew this was where I was supposed to be and the girl with me seemed to be having the same feeling.

As I pondered how we were going to get closer so we could see what was happening, I noticed some of the people were lax and not pressing in as hard as others. I went over there and found that I could work my way past them, but the going was slow. I thought about the girl and looked back, she was still following me. Then my desire to get to the source of the light consumed me and I thought of nothing but finding the next hole to squeeze through. After some time, I looked forward again and saw a golden throne with many winged creatures around it. Then something very strange happened. I don't know how, but I was changing and felt a surge of strength and began to see as though I could see everything all at once. I understood all the secrets of the universe and found a oneness

with the glorious man, whom sat upon the thrown. He smiled at me and a golden gate opened beyond Him and I knew He wanted me to go there.

I was brought up short when I saw what lay beyond the golden gate. It was the world as I knew it, but I knew I was different now and that would make the difference. So, I went my way to be what I was born to be and to bring about the changes in the earth that was my duty.

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