



"You will know them by their fruits." Mt. 7:16

The Cannon

In Believer's City they occupy their time getting and spending much as they do in other cities, but there also is a strange thing. Some have large mouths and some have small mouths.

Those who have large mouths and use them to speak great things after a while begin to strut and think themselves as great also. And those who listen soon gain the same swagger and think themselves great also. They also give their goods to first one and then another of the speakers so that they have a large pile of goods to stand upon while they speak.

But outside of Believer's City is a mountain. And going up this mountain there is a path. And as I watched I saw ones who became tired of the games in Believer's city begin to walk up this path for the view. But as I watched I saw that most soon became bored here too, and started to complain that the path was too narrow and winding. It took them away from their city comforts, and so they went back before the path became hard.

Others were more determined to climb and they climbed to the top of the mountain. But as I watched I saw there was much foolishness here also.

For up here was a great cannon with the name "Sanctification" written on it that was pointed up above a cloud. And every once in a while the cannon went "boom" and somebody was shot off above this cloud, and did not return! So I watched more closely to see what was going on.

Well, here is what I saw. At the foot of the great cannon there was sign entitled "Rules for Travelers". Behind this sign was a little hut where where the old man who was the keeper of the cannon lived. I learned his name was "Holy Spirit". He did not say much, but he had strict rules written on the sign for ones who wanted to be shot from his cannon.

The "Rules for Travelers" sign said in bold letters for all to see:

This cannon is off limits to all but friends of the King.

- Wear the special fire-proof cannon suit and shoes provided here.
- Wear the special safety helmet "The Word of God" provided here.
- Take nothing with you, in heart, in mind or on your person. No exceptions.
- Believe with all your heart that I will send you. No exceptions.
- You will be sent as soon as all the conditions are fulfilled. Not before. No exceptions.

It seems almost everybody had brought some of their favourite things along with them from the City. At the foot of the ladder up to the mouth of the cannon they had to leave all of these things behind, but quite often people would not take the keeper and his rules seriously and tried to smuggle things with them to take above the cloud with them. This was strictly forbidden because as the keeper said, they would then, “fall short”. So whenever one would climb into the mouth of the cannon carrying something, the keeper would say nothing. But he would not fire the cannon. No matter how long they waited, he would not fire it: for he had a heart that cared. These ones would whine and cry and moan until they would finally either lay down their contraband or go away back down to the city in disappointment. Many of these were successful as soon as they tossed away their contraband.

But some did not go back down. They just camped near the cannon with their favourite things and foolishly strutted and boasted to one another that were special and “sanctified”! I have no idea what they meant by that, because nothing had happened to them. Maybe it was because some would show off patched old cannon suits they were wearing, that had never been used for being shot through the cannon. Some would boast of their helmets -but again they were unused!

Meanwhile there was a small but steady stream of honest travelers who went to the cannon and carefully followed the rules. These would climb the ladder after they were all equipped. They would not try to smuggle. They would climb into the mouth of the cannon, full of faith, and instantly the cannon would go “boom” and over the cloud they would zoom until they were out of sight. No fuss. No muss.

But once in a long while while a shining figure would come out of the old man's hut. They would embrace and shake hands like old pals and then the shining figure would go forth and talk to any who wished. The shining one did not strut, nor did he boast. He spoke quiet words and not swelling words, and so most disregarded him. Some even scorned and mocked his quietness.

But I spoke to him, and freely he told me that he was one of those who had been shot from the cannon named “Sanctification”. After being shot from the cannon he landed softly in a beautiful and shining land called “Beulah Land”, “The Land of Promise” and also “His Rest”. He had returned to extoll the glories of this higher land that was over the cloud to us who still lived in this vale of tears here below. He said it was a land of peace and plenty that was untroubled by any who boasted and swaggered. There they had full, free, and joyful fellowship with the keeper of this land, who was God's Son Jesus. They were free to grow and flourish in godliness without being held back or distracted.

As this shining figure spoke my heart was strangely warmed. His words penetrated to my heart, so that I too now am getting ready to go to this bright land that is not quite Heaven, but is God's dwelling place.



A parable

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