

Broadcasting a Dream by Jim Curtis

This has got to be a dream, Verna breathed, while looking high in the night sky. A red light atop the broadcasting antenna faithfully flashed its continual "Stay Away" warning to passing airplanes and maybe a star.

Chills ran up her spine, not from the 10pm dampness, but telling herself that in 37 minutes she'd be sitting in front of a computer and microphone within the broadcasting studio not far from where she now stood. This would be her first of many broadcasts from such a powerful radio station.

Verna tried to picture a little girl maybe a thousand miles away listening to Verna's words being received through her parent's barely running radio. Verna decided she'd name this fictitious little lady, Neenah. Maybe this Neenah lived on some remote Pacific island where the electrical generator only ran for 1 hour a day to Neenah's house.

Verna spent the better part of the 37 minutes reviewing in her mind, all the events God allowed in shaping her life and talents from that afternoon youth rally in Colorado. The rally changed her heart and future immeasurably.

She could still picture herself holding her fist in front of her face. With the glow of the stars in her eyes, Verna spoke at her fist like it was a make-believe microphone. She wanted to flip a make-believe switch and speak words of Heaven's hope and peace into her microphone (fist) to the whole world. Verna knew she wanted to broadcast God's simple saving truths across the oceans and mountains. Her heart ached to give Heavenly direction, with carefully chosen words, to simple folks and their shattered dreams.

Over the next couple weeks long ago, Verna's mom noticed the stuffed animals began disappearing into boxes in the closet and basement. But the teenager's mom couldn't figure out what the cardboard box with an old hairbrush shoved in the front of it was for. A junk alarm clock from the attic was inserted into the face of the box. Her mom soon learned that it was a teenager's broadcasting studio that transmitted dreams made in Heaven. On the wall behind the hairbrush (I mean microphone) were pasted magazine pictures of boys and girls; big and little, moms and dads; some old and some young. Even a few of them appeared to be from foreign countries.

All those following months of writing down thoughts, stories, and favorite Bible verses on every scrap piece of paper, brought a

smile to her face. Verna decided God knew exactly what He was doing, when a school assignment required an oral report of what each student would like to be. Her teacher gave her an A- and told her she had a very mature attitude about wanting to help teach others in simple ways.

Verna took one more hard look at the dependable blinking light atop that antenna tower. She then turned and briskly walked into the real life studio. She quickly glanced to see all her notes were tightly in hand as a fire cracker spirit was about to go off inside her. She took her place in the broadcaster's chair, carefully laid out her notes, and took a deep breath followed by a prayer of thanksgiving to Her God that loves to be bragged about.

The second hand on the large wall clock quickly climbed toward the top of the hour as Verna flipped the "open mike" switch on. This also made the bright 'On the Air' sign begin to slowly flash a warning to spectators to whisper or leave.

As she looked at her notes, her first words, not written but spoken with every bit of intent, were, "Neenah, this is for you, 'cuz God told me to."

About 2 weeks later, Verna was opening some mail when a letter revealed the picture of a little curly haired girl drawn with a blue crayon showing a big smile. The words written with a child's hand said, "Jesus loves me, this I know, 'cuz Verna's Bible tells me so. I'm Neena. My dog's name is Mickey-Mike." Two nickels fell out of the envelope onto the studio floor. They might as well have been the Bible's two mites.

Thinking about Verna, I ask myself, "What does a missionary do? I mean, can anyone learn to be a missionary with... say... an old hairbrush and a cardboard box?"

Dedicated to another courageous
Colorado Verna I'm blessed to know.

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