

The VISION

The vision is JESUS – obsessively, dangerously, undeniably Jesus. The vision is an army of young people.

You see bones? I see an army. And they are FREE from materialism.

They are free like the wind; they belong to the nations. They need no passport. People write their addresses in pencil and wonder at their strange existence.

They are free, yet they are slaves of the hurting and dirty and dying.

What is the vision?

The vision is Godlikeness that hurts the eyes. It makes children laugh and adults angry. It gave up the game of minimum integrity long ago to reach for the stars. It scorns the good and strains for the best. It is dangerously pure.

Light flickers from every secret motive, every private conversation. This is an army that will lay down its life for the cause. A million times a day, its soldiers choose to lose that they might one day win the great 'Well done' of faithful sons and daughters.

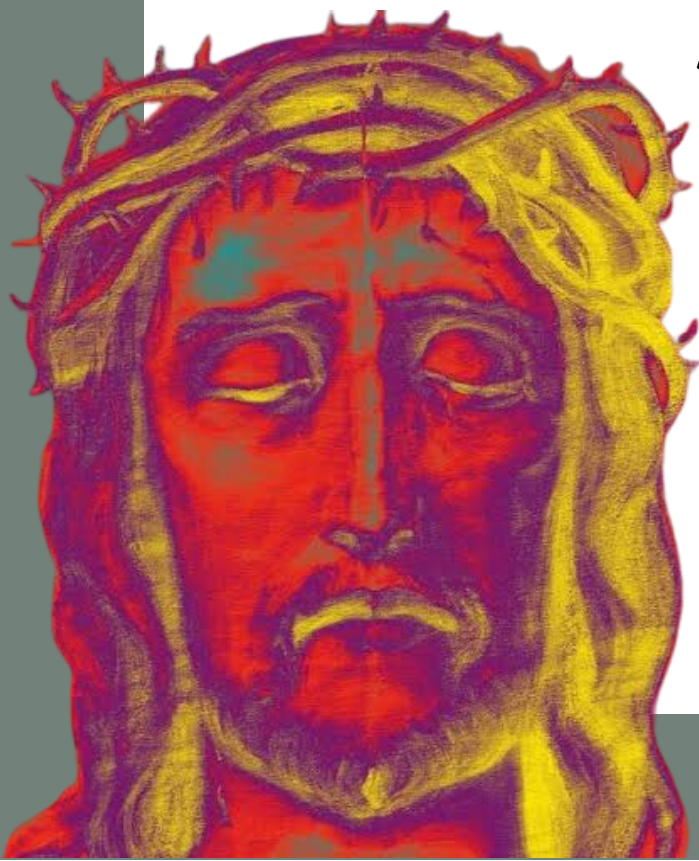
Such heroes are as radical on Monday morning as they are on Sunday night. They don't need fame from names. Instead, they grin quietly upwards and hear the crowds chanting again and again:

"COME ON!"

And this is the sound of history in the making. Foundations shaking. Revolutionaries dreaming once again.

And the army is discipl(in)ed. Young people who train their bodies into obedience.

Every soldier would take a bullet for his comrade at arms. The tattoo on their back boasts, "for me to live is Christ and to die is gain."



Sacrifice fuels the fire of victory in their upward eyes. Who can stop them? Can failure bring them down? Can fear scare them or death kill them?

This generation is waiting, watching and praying. 24 – 7 – 365.

Whatever it takes, they will give: Breaking the rules. Shaking mediocrity from its cosy little hiding place. Laying down their rights and their precious little wrongs, laughing at labels, fasting essentials. The advertisers cannot mould them. The latest trends cannot hold them. Peer-pressure is powerless to shake their resolve at late-night parties before the rooster crows.

They are incredibly cool, dangerously attractive inside.

On the outside? They hardly care. They wear clothes like costumes to communicate and celebrate but never to hide. Would they surrender their image or their popularity? They would lay down their very lives.

With blood and sweat and many tears, with sleepless nights and fruitless days, they pray as if it all depends on God and live as if it all depends on them.

Their DNA chooses JESUS. (He breathes out, they breathe in.) Their subconscious sings. They had a blood transfusion with Jesus.

Can you hear them coming? Herald the weirdos! Summon the losers and the freaks. Here come the frightened and forgotten with fire in their eyes. They walk tall and trees applaud, skyscrapers bow, mountains are dwarfed by these children of another dimension.

And this vision will be. It will come to pass; it will come easily; it will come soon. How do I know? Because this is the longing of creation itself, the groaning of the Spirit, the very dream of God. My tomorrow is his today.

My distant hope is his crystal-clear reality. And my feeble, whispered, faithless prayer invokes a thunderous, resounding, bone-shaking great 'Amen!' from countless angels, from heroes of the faith, from Christ himself. And he is the original dreamer, the ultimate winner.

Guaranteed.

ADAPTED FROM
A POEM BY
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