

Dream On

By Donna Bishop

Being startled awake has left many a dream unfinished. However, the significant dream of my lifetime remains. In my sixth grade Sunday school class we studied the impact on people's lives that were "called" by God to follow certain actions. I took this discussion very seriously. The teacher asked us to give careful thought and prayer on how God was calling us to serve Him during our future as adults. I prayed very hard that week for help. I did get an inspiration and headed for Sunday school class with great confidence in the direction of my future calling.

The teacher provided each of us with a blank note card and envelope on which we were to write our calling. The envelope was to be opened in ten years. The class took turns sharing their directions from God. My turn arrived and I said I felt I was called to be a minister for the church. The teacher explained to me that God could not have given me that message because women were not allowed to be ministers. I did not understand why God would not want me to serve Him as a minister. The teacher tried to explain a little church history and church law. I'm sure I didn't understand. I felt confused and that I had done something very wrong. The teacher said there are other things one can do to help God like be a nurse, a missionary or a teacher. I shook my head no. How about a social worker? What is that? I asked. After explaining that social workers serve God by helping people who have problems, I wrote social worker on my note card to be opened when I became 21.

I did enter the professional field of social work but continued to also work through the established church on social action efforts and adult education. Upon retirement I again entertained the idea of entering a seminary which now trained women for the ministry. I also explored the option of classroom work in Spiritual Direction which would aid me in counseling people relating to their spiritual lives. The dream was interrupted by a family emergency out of state. I was nearly seventy when I returned to Colorado feeling my dream would indeed be left unfinished.

Over the last six years I have finally realized a truer meaning of serving God. I do it every moment of every day with those I meet. I do it whenever I allow the love of God to radiate through me to reach others with a helping hand, a gentle touch, a welcoming smile or a word of encouragement. In eternity my dream of serving God is always unfinished.