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## The Head of the Bull

January 8, 2004

### Passions Narration

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In the dream I was on a canal with water white and turbulent. I was on a curve in the canal and striving to turn the head of my craft into the main current. I knew that once I did so that it would be easy sailing because I would be drawn forward. In the dream the head of my craft was a literal head but it was the head of a bull.

While I was struggling with the wheel there came the cry for help behind me. Directly behind my craft was a small rowboat. It sounded like someone was being swept under by the current though I could not see them. All I heard was the cry for help.

I was torn because the head of my boat was striving to go with the current and head back downstream.

When I awoke I thought the dream was telling me that mom or someone close to me needed help and I had to help them. I should mention that the voice was neither male nor female, child nor adult. It was every voice and no voice.

I knew mom was suffering as she had been up pacing most of the night. I could hear her each time I would awake. And she had a major setback yesterday which was key to this dream and I'll bring that out in a minute.

But as I sought the Lord on this dream some things became clear. The head of the bull represented my will or natural man. It was striving to head back downstream where things were comfortable. The curve represented the trials life was throwing at me. As in 'curve ball" I believe. And the rowboat

with the cry for help? It became clear to me that it represented everything God has been showing me. The lesson I've not wanted to learn or heed. That seeking Him first comes before even rescuing others. For if I let go of the will I will return to where I've been. That no man is indispensable.

This is a lesson our family learned yesterday. The McTaggerts came by yesterday and told us they were moving to Saskatchewan. They have come on a weekly basis for one year now bringing food, fellowship and more. Their friendship has been a source of help in more ways than one. So last night both mom and I struggled separately with their leaving. I felt sad and she felt forsaken. But God was saying that they had to do His will and He was more than capable of taking care of us.

Back at the end of August and the first part of September my health declined and I had to give up my friendship with my friend Gene, except for the occasional e-mail. He felt betrayed by God and forsaken and for months he shared that sorrow with me. But the past few months his life seems to have started moving forward. God told me back then that I had become a hindrance and thus He had to move me forward and allow Gene to sink or swim. He said to me so many times "Am I not capable of caring for them better than you?"

This is a hard lesson but essential. In fact I feel this is exactly what God has been warning me about. Having the ability to ignore the cries and allow God to take care of them. I know the day will come when He will let me heed those cries but that day is still far off. For now I must train my will to serve God above all else and not turn back no matter what my mind thinks or feels.

For as I shared with another friend going back is ministering in my own strength. And like a sword un-tempered it will shatter and break in its first major battle. But once tempered I can reach out to those in need and help them as God would desire.