

8-May-2021_the unexpected stage show

(A parable of sorts)

(Spirit speaking:) The curtains are drawn on the world stage. You can't really tell what is going to happen next. The crowd is waiting, watching. Some are snacking casually, or chatting. Others are waiting in the dim lighting of the theatre in a sobered state of mind.

The stage hands are meanwhile getting everything set up according to the instructions they are being given. You don't quite know what to expect.

You know one thing: The play ends well. The good guys win in the end. But how that "end" comes about, you aren't too sure.

All of a sudden, you are taken by surprise. You hardly were aware that something entirely different was being planned. You were looking and waiting with bated breath in one direction, thinking one thing was going to happen, but what splashed before you was something you certainly were not ready for. It wasn't even taking place on the stage, or not completely. It started off as a rumble in the crowd. You took no notice of it, but kept looking at the curtains.

The curtains were made to rumble a bit, and there were some hidden folks voices that were heard that seemed to come from the stage area. But something unplanned, or so it seemed, suddenly took place. It had to be some mistake, you think, as it didn't happen as you thought it would.

You were imagining what would happen when the curtain was at last pulled away. You wanted it to be all clear and simple, tidy, as expected. But the movement that started in one area of the crowd soon spread to all in the room. Wild activity, and yes the curtains were moved out of the way, but in a new way. They were nearly torn to shreds by what seemed to be onlookers gone mad who made their way on to the stage. Props were knocked out of place. The people posed to act were definitely upstaged by a totally different crew than what it seemed was planned. But was it? Or was it all part of the surprise tactic? Was it part of the play anyway?

You don't know what to expect.

Thinking that wild anarchy is taking place, the crowd is mixed in their reactions. Some want to run out of there and they try to make an exit, only to find the way is blocked and they are being commanded by those guarding the doors to sit down.

"Sit down?" some scream, and look over to see their seat is being tropped over by others. They can't sit or they will be stepped on. They can't leave; the doors are bolted shut.

The other part of the crowd chooses to join the throng in wildly breaking down everything that was part of the play. They do it in sport, nearly. They were bored with the wait, and they didn't like the story line anyway. This seems far more fun, active, and they get to partake of the action, feeling important, like they are an actor. Not that they know what they are doing, but wild play seems better than doing nothing.

"We want to be part of the story," they say. "We are making a new play, come join us. We'll make it up as we go along," says one wild participant as they knock down another chair and pull an old man out of his.

Finally, when there is little left to destruct, a lone figure comes on the stage. It is dark there, but a small spotlight shines on his ominous looking face. Everyone is ready to watch now. They can do little else. With a wave of his hand all are scrambling to take their seats—anywhere they can; the floor, on each other's laps, on the heap of discarded items in the aisle, on broken debris, or upside down chairs, wherever.

They watch practically spellbound, for in deed they are captivated.

The lone figure doesn't need to do much. He had their respectful gaze, simply because they are tired of doing all they did, and there isn't more to disrupt that hasn't already been destroyed.

The other crowd that tried desperately to get out are glad that finally there is a resemblance of peace; something at last going on on the stage and they are content to watch, though it's nothing that they too were expecting.

The music begins to play, and the dancers find their places on the stage in a wicked short of dance. They dance all around this lone figure that seems to have the crowd in his grasp, nearly magically. The exhausted crowd have yelled all they could, and their tired voices and bodies are ready for rest.

If it weren't for the wild confusion and freedom to do absolutely whatever they wished to do, before hand, there is little chance they would have been watching so spell bound now, perhaps even just out of exhaustion. All possibilities have been exhausted.

The show ends in a lame short of way, nothing spectacular is seen. That is until you looked around at the crowd. The lone figure seemed to vanish or slink away from some sort of light, as if its shining was totally not in the script. But the crowd that was once so loyally watching is now writhing in pain. Something or someone is going around spreading pain dust all in the air.

But that is not all. There are gaps in the crowd, huge holes where there used to be people seated thickly. Portions of the onlookers are gone. No, it wasn't by the door, for that is still locked. It wasn't through the stage, for that too is guarded. But look up to the ceiling. The source of the light that caused all on the stage to retreat into the shadows is streaming in from above. Up and up then streamed many who had been seated. They are going up and out through this hole.

This was the best part of the show indeed, and entirely unexpected. Unnatural. Seemingly unplanned for. But where are they going? Upstairs to prepare the true ending of the show.

"Arrgh" you hear, and then "clunk" and "click" and a sound of pounding, as if someone is trying to great free from being boxed in somewhere. It seems those on the stage have fallen into, or rather have been placed into a trap door that was on the stage floor. Down they went in to the hollow compartment, and click it was shut.

"Boom!" the doors of the theatre are broken into from the outside, thoroughly knocking the guard out of the way into a semi conscience state. What broke them open isn't too apparent, but the sudden gust of fresh air at last is truly refreshing.

Yet before any of the mob can leave, the reason for the opening of the doors is plain. There is a troupe coming into the theatre; a clean-up crew of sorts.

The crowd can either watch, or help, or be escorted out if they wish to do neither but instead are objecting to the change of hands and whoever it seems is now in charge.

It took a while, but at last things are ready for the final scene to be played out.

This one ended dramatically, with the floor boards of the stage being pried open to reveal the hidden-away evil cast. They are let out not to play a key role and to make things end their way, but they are let out so the new stage players can use them to end the show with drama, the like no one had ever seen before.

Soon the whole stage is lit on fire and flames engulf the wicked crew. Ashes and dust are all that is left when that scene ends.

Or is it the end?

Soon, right over the burning embers and through the smoke walks a lone figure. This one is dressed in white. He too commands the attention of all who are watching, the sword adorning Him commands respect.

"Be Mine!" is all His voice booms out saying. It echoes all throughout the theatre.

As soon as he says that, the very walls around the theatre start to crumble, topple, and are removed away.

Suddenly you find yourself in a new reality. You are no longer confined to one state of being in, but there are vast spaces all around. And the light, the light is now so bright, and it surrounds you all; it surrounds everything. There are no shadows, only light.

The lone figure in white grows in size until his foot could trample everyone there in one step, if there was reason to. But each one there, one by one, made the choice, the wise choice to say to him,

"Take me. I am yours."

To this, he smiles and says,

"Shall we be going then, team?"

And it is as if wings are given to each one there, and up and over and all around they go, every which way, almost like a dance. They move and flow and are transported to the furthest places, far distant than their eyes could see.

"This is a wild show—and I'm liking partaking of it," one previous onlooker says to another.

"That's a good thing—that you are liking to do as he has bid," comes the reply, as they motion over to the molten and melted and smoking remains of the rebels in ashes on ruins of the stage floor.

They both nod, and they are off to dance in the light and find out just what is over there, just beyond what they can see now.