

## WHY DO I BELIEVE? A Conversation with Jesus

2019

Dreams... A lot of research has been made on them but the full explanation of why we have them is still unclear. One thing I can say is that I dream a lot. I may not always remember them when I wake up, but when I do they usually don't make much sense at all. The nightmares are obviously the worst ones. But when I have the chance to wake up to lovely and happy ones, I always try to go back to sleep and keep dreaming about them. And that's exactly what I wanted to do when I woke up this morning. It was one of those sweet dreams that I wish it would have been all real...

In this dream I'm just a kid, probably ten or twelve years old at the most. It's a beautiful sunny day and I'm running barefoot through a field of knee-high grass and wildflowers. My dog, Prince, is with me running, jumping and making several stops either to sniff at something or to mark his territory, only as dogs do. I'm very happy and carefree, but after a while I get out of breath. I stop to pick a few flowers, hold them tight in my hand and start running again. I see a lake from afar. I keep running in its direction and then stop dead in my tracks with Prince panting and standing by my side...

A man is sitting on a log on the water edge holding a stick in his hand. I'm too far to see if he draws or writes something in the dirt with it. He has long brown hair, a beard, and wears a white robe and sandals. He looks like an angel but without wings; not like in pictures I usually see in books. I'm not supposed to talk to strangers, so I'm getting ready to leave. But before I do, Prince barks and attracts the man's attention who then turns around, looks up at me and says with a smile:

"Hi, kiddo! Here you are! I was expecting you!"

"What?.. What did you say, sir?"

"I said, I was expecting you... Come and sit down. And bring along your cute dog!.."

"Oh, sir, I don't think so... I don't know you and I don't hang out with strangers." I reply, already frightened and ready to run back home as fast as I can. Prince growls, which doesn't seem to scare the man at all.

"Well, I can see that your parents raised you well. And you're doing well to obey them. But you're no stranger to me... As a matter of fact, I know you very well."

"It's impossible... I've never seen you before!"

"Fair enough... Would you trust me then if I say something about your life that a stranger would not know?"

"Maybe?"

"Well, when you were three, you lost your mom to tuberculosis which, unfortunately, you caught from her. But you didn't die, and the reason you're standing here today! You also have two brothers, Guy and Luc. Your dad's name is Lucien and your mom's name was Elmeria but since she didn't like it, she wanted to be called Maria. Should I keep on?"

"I guess not... But who are you?" I say as I slowly make my way towards him.

"Please, do sit down. I'm not here to hurt you. I just want to talk to you."

"Talk about what?" I say a bit frightened by this whole situation.

“About you... me... your life... my life... My name is Yeshua by the way.”

He extends his arm and wants to shake hands but I back away. However, I have time to see a scar on his hand... He doesn't seem threatening and I finally sit down, keeping a safe distance between us... Prince sits by my feet.

“First time I hear a name like that.” I say.

“I'm Jewish. But people also call me Jesus.”

“What? You must be kidding, right?”

“No, I'm not... You don't know this but I've been waiting a long time for this moment but you were not ready.”

“Not ready for what?”

“To have this conversation... you and me.”

Then, there's a pause, quite a long pause it seems, and he keeps doodling in the dirt with the stick. I finally break the silence.

“I think I'll head back home now.” I say as I stand up.

“Before you go, can I ask you a question?” he says as he draws the shape of a cross in the dirt.

“Ok...” I reply, not sure if I should stay or not at this point.

“Have you ever heard the story of my life, of who I am?”

“Well, sure, if you're really who you say you are... I go to church with my family every Sunday. There's also in front of the church a cross with a man on it. They say it's Jesus...*you* who died on a cross for us, for our sins... I don't like to look at it though.”

“Why?”

“I don't know... The man looks like he's hurting a lot.”

“Well, to tell you the truth, I was... And do you know why I was hanged on that cross?”

“Like I said, it's got something to do with our sins... I don't want to lie to you since you're supposed to be Jesus and all, but I don't always listen to everything they say... I'm going to church because I have to, and I'm happy when it's all over.” I say as I finally decide to sit down again.

“You know, there are more people than you think that feel that way too. And they're not only kids like you but big people, adults. And some people don't go to church at all.”

“Really?”

“Yes, really. Well, I have to say that my story isn't an easy one to believe either... Many people can't understand why I would come down from heaven to live on this earth as a normal person and to suffer as I did; being hanged on a cross and to die for them... They can't understand that I had a mission to do, which was to tell them about the amazing love God has for them...”

For a few seconds he doesn't say a word, and then asks: “Do you know the story of Adam and Eve?”

“This one I do... I always like stories.”

“Well, you probably remember then that God created Adam and Eve, and made a beautiful garden for them to live in. They had everything they needed in this garden. God told them that they could eat the fruit of every tree in the garden except one. At first, Adam and Eve were very happy but one day someone else came into the garden. It was Satan, God’s worst enemy, who came in the form of a serpent. He wanted them to rebel against God like he did, so he first told Eve to eat the fruit of that tree even if God said not to eat it. Eve thought the fruit looked very good, so she took the fruit and ate it, then gave it to Adam who ate it too. Adam and Eve had disobeyed God... Disobeying God is called a sin. And because of that they could no longer live in the presence of God, so they were sent out of the beautiful garden. A very sad story...

“Another bad news is that because of their sin, their children had sin in their hearts too. And not only them but everyone that is born after them. And that means you, your brothers, your parents, your friends, your neighbors, everybody... Every person is born with sin in their heart and the reason why people do bad things. For you, it could be to disobey your parents, to tell a lie, to be mean to your brothers...

“The good news though is that even after what Adam and Eve did, God still loved them. And he made a wonderful promise that one day he would send a Savior into the world. And he did!.. He sent me, his only Son, to die on the cross to take the punishment for all the people’s sins so they’d be friends with God again.”

“Wow! I don’t think my dad would ever ask me or my brothers to die like that for other people... But did you know what was going to happen to you before you came down from heaven?” I ask, my heart now beating a little faster.

“Oh yes, I did!.. But you see my love for all the people on this earth was also so great that I accepted my mission without even thinking twice about it...”

“Not everybody would have done that... But you could have said ‘no’, right?”

“I could have... But I didn’t. And you know why?.. Because there’s no greater love than giving your life for someone... And if my death on the cross means that it’s the only way to bring people back to God and for them to live in his presence, I would do it again...”

*Then a strange thing happens... I’m not a little girl anymore. I must be in my late teens, early twenties. Prince is gone but I’m still sitting on that log with Jesus. And our conversation continues...*

“So, are you enjoying your life so far?”

“It’s awesome! I’ve got a great job and great friends! What more can I ask for? I’m super happy!”

“Well, that’s fantastic! But, any chance while you’re enjoying your super happy life that you sometimes think about me and our little chat we had when you were just a little girl?”

“Sometimes I do...”

“I see... Any big plans for the future?”

“Of course! I’d like to get married and have children. Since I was a little girl, I always wanted to be a mom. Maybe because I didn’t know mine, I guess?... But that’s my plan!”

“And have you found the man you’d like to start a family with?”

"Well, let me just say that my love life is a bit complicated at the moment... There's this guy in my office who said to me the other day that he was in love with me, but I just consider him as a good friend. I told him that but I must say that he's very persistent... So, it complicates things a lot!"

"The matters of the heart are sometimes complex, aren't they?"

"I guess so..."

"Life does have its ups and downs, you know... And I want you to know that I'm always watching over you... Oh, you may not see me like you do now, but I'm always present in your life. I'm never overbearing. I respect your freedom too much to be... But I just want you to know that whenever you're really looking for a friend, for someone to lean on, to confide in, I'm within reach..." he says, looking at me tenderly.

*Then in a twinkling of an eye, I'm in my early to mid-thirties... Jesus and I are still sitting in that same spot. And our conversation continues...*

"So, you finally married the man you were talking about last time we had our little chat."

"Yes, I did marry him, and I have to give God credit for it!"

"How so?"

"Well, I must say that I began questioning myself after I learned one day that he had decided to stop trying to win me over... I felt relieved in a way but then I started to ask myself why I couldn't return his deep love and affection for me. I figured the possible reason was that he simply didn't fit in my plans at this particular time in my life, or he wasn't the type I pictured my future husband to be... You see, my list of potential 'candidates' - as I liked to call the men I dated - were definitely not husband material, but this one was different. So, you can see the dilemma I was in... And that's when I turned to God for help."

"And why did you come to Him for guidance at this point? You had never done it before!"

"Well, I'm not sure why... I had never faced such an important matter before. My entire future depended on the decision I was going to make. And somehow, I was convinced that he'd be the only one who could really help me. So, I specifically asked God to change my heart toward this man if he was the right one for me. It didn't take long after that to realize that love had started to grow in my heart for him. What an amazing feeling that was!"

"I know it was... In fact, God did answer your request because you reached out to Him... So, I'm sure you're the happiest woman in the world at this time in your life!"

"I truly am, and I have to thank Him for it!.."

*And I'm still getting older... At this point I don't even try to keep track of what age bracket I'm in! The events are unfolding too fast! And our conversation continues...*

"I see that you've been blessed with three wonderful boys! You're a mom! How does it make you feel?"

"I'm ecstatic! They're truly the joy of my life! But I have to admit that I'm exhausted and I find my responsibilities overwhelming at times... I don't have much personal time anymore. I feel restless, and I'm looking for something to change that... But I'm not sure exactly what or what to do about it. I tried yoga and transcendental meditation for a while as a means of relaxation. I go to church every Sunday for spiritual fulfillment, but they don't fill a deep void in my heart..."

“Oh, dear one... You’re trying to find peace and add meaning to your life in ways and things that never really bring what you’re looking for... A temporary fix, that’s all you can get from them. It saddens me because when I came into this world, I specifically expressed what my mission was; that it’s only in me and through me that you can find your way back to God, to have that abundant life, peace and joy that I talked about... Oh, if only you could have ears to hear, eyes to see and a heart to understand...” he says with sadness in his voice.

As strange as it may seem, I’m still holding the fresh flowers I had picked in the field on my way here as a little girl. I hesitantly offer them to Him, hoping they’ll cheer Him up. He takes them, smells their fragrance, and smiles...

*And my life continues to unfold... I can see myself aging with each passing season of my life. And our conversation continues...*

“So, anything special going on in your life?”

“Yes!... As you know, I finally understood the reason why you came on this earth, and I asked you to come into in my heart... I’ll always remember that evening when my husband and I were sitting in a huge auditorium to hear a preacher-evangelist speak about you... At the end of the meeting, when he asked for anyone who needed prayers to come up front, you had to virtually pull me out of my seat and push me in front of the podium. But why did you have to do that? I felt so humiliated, helpless and shameful standing there...”

“Oh, I gave you a little push because you were still not convinced of what was required of you. You were raised with spiritual beliefs and to attend church had been something important to you. But that didn’t make you righteous in God’s eyes. You were also seeking for a constant peace, fulfillment and happiness in your life, and I knew I was the only one who could provide that for you. I was the only one who could fill the void in your heart. So, I had to intervene and I chose that opportunity to do it. You had been walking in darkness long enough, and I had to bring you into the light...my light.”

“You call it a ‘little’ push?”

“Well, maybe not... But I’m sure you’re now very happy that I did!”

“Actually, I’m the happiest woman in the world! And I could never thank you enough for having totally transformed me from the inside out on that special evening!”

“And at that moment, I must say that it was just the beginning of a love story between us...” he says, smiling at me tenderly.

*The Word of God never mentions that Jesus smiled or laughed while on this earth... He probably had more of an overwhelming sense of sadness over sin. But, it also says that Heaven rejoices greatly and celebrates when a sinner acknowledges Him as Savior and Lord in his life. I also imagine the reason I see Him smiling from time to time in my dream is that he also rejoices over this candid conversation we’re having which, by the way, still continues...*

“This is strange...” I say. “I’m now a seventy-four year old woman still sitting on that same log when I was just a kid! Are we going to miss the most important forty years of my life following this amazing personal transformation?”

“Oh, I know that these years in your life are too important to skip. So, why don’t you start?”

*From thereon, it’s as if someone had hit the fast-forward button on this period of my life...*

I remember though sharing some moments that were very dear to me and where I had been especially blessed, as well as some of the struggles I went through and how he helped me during those difficult times in my life...

I also remember Him telling me that his love for me and for humanity has no bound and that I'll never be alone, that he'll always be with me because before he left this earth, he promised to send a helper, the Holy Spirit. But what I remember most is that near the end of our conversation, I experience the most touching and amazing moment I can ever imagine...

He takes my hands in his and says: "I have to go now, but don't be sad... I have died on the cross, but the good news is that I rose again and I returned to my Father in heaven to prepare a place for you. So, be of good cheer! We will see each other again one day!.. In the meantime, always remain in me and I will remain in you... No branch can bear fruit by itself; it must remain in the vine. Neither can you bear fruit unless you remain in me..."

He then stands up, makes his way closer to the water edge, and starts to walk on water...

I am still sitting on that log wishing he would have stayed a little longer... Oh, I may be feeling sad but there's also hope in my heart as I watch Him walk away until he disappears beyond the horizon...

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