

The Church Of the Frigid-Air

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It was happening again. Scott had scheduled a counseling session with his pastor. But, once more, he was witnessing the purpose for the visit right here in the man of God's office.

"Scott, is something wrong?" the pastor asked. "You look a little upset."

Stammering over his words, Scott replied, "Your face is, uh, covered with frost and ice particles are hanging from your hair."

Caught off guard by Scott's words the pastor, instinctively but unconsciously, constructed a mental barrier between the two of them.

"What are you talking about ice hanging from my hair and frost covering my face?" Are you under the influence of some drug, Scott?"

Scott detected the barrier and retreated mentally to a place of protection. "I told you that I had been seeing things, pastor. Seriously I need someone with spiritual experience to help me understand them." Scott had hoped this pastor would be the one who could help him.

"Go on, Scott. Tell me what you are seeing," the pastor urged.

Taking a deep breath he said, "Pastor, I see the members of our church much like I see you now. All of them are covered in frost. Their clothes are caked with ice and make a crackling noise when they sit or move around. I see their breath as though it were winter as they rest in the pews listening to the sermon."

"This boy is nuts!" the pastor thought to himself.

"That's not all, pastor. When you are preaching I can see a large metal door behind the pulpit allowing cold air to enter the church sanctuary. You appear from behind it, and when the sermon ends you exit through the same door."

By this time the pastor was becoming troubled. As most directors of

mainline denominations he focused more on the moral and social aspects of faith rather than the spiritual side. The pastor had no clue as to how to help Scott. He had no idea what these visions meant. Feeling uncomfortable with the entire situation the pastor referred Scott to a physician.

Scott felt confused and damaged that the pastor was unable to recognize that something spiritual was happening to him. If his own clergyman were unable to decipher the meaning behind what he was seeing, then who could?

"Scott, I feel that you have probably been working too hard. Your friends are concerned that you have been spending many late hours at the office. Why don't you see a doctor and ask him if what you have been experiencing might be caused by exhaustion," the pastor suggested.

It was true that Scott had been working extended hours, but he felt fine. He had worked many more hours in the past without ill effects and certainly with no visions of freezing church members. Scott left the office wondering where to go from here. Feeling somewhat fatigued he drove home where he slept for several hours. As he slept an odd situation occurred. A cold breeze blew through his bedroom. Instinctively he arose and checked the window to see if it were open. It was closed.

"That's weird," he thought. "It's the middle of July. How on earth could cold air be coming from anywhere during this time of the year?"

Lying down he gazed at the window. He saw that the curtains were being blown into the room. "That's impossible," he thought. "There is no way that wind could be entering this bedroom." He rose to his feet and walked toward the window. Air was gusting through it although it was closed. Chill bumps surfaced on Scott's arms. The air temperature was frigid.

"Could I be losing my mind?" Scott asked himself. "If I were to tell anyone about this they would think I was insane."

A thought entered his mind. "Perhaps if I open and close the window the wind will stop blowing." The nearer he walked toward the window, the colder the temperature became. With one hand lifting from the bottom and the other pressing from the top the window slipped open. Pausing for only a moment Scott proceeded to close the window.

"Man, this window is difficult to close." Bending to observe why the window would not budge he saw ice had formed within the guides and caused it to freeze in an open position. He waved his hand over the opening, but quickly jerked it away.

"Whoa! That air is cold," Scott said.

Scott had the idea of trying the other doors and windows in the house. Each one revealed a typical July afternoon of ninety plus degree temperatures and not a cool gust of air was to be found. Puzzled by the differences Scott returned to his bedroom. The window remained open allowing freezing air to blow inside. Catching a glance of objects through the window caused him to observe the situation more closely.

"I must prepare myself. There is no telling what lies on the other side," he thought.

With this in mind Scott grabbed his coat and gloves from the closet and slipped them on his body. Then he ventured toward the window. "Okay Scott, it's fine, bend and take a look," he told himself.

His face felt the deep chill of the wind current. As he blinked vigorously to ward off the drying effect of the wind. Scott saw an office where his backyard had been. Immediately he recognized it as his pastor's office.

"How could this happen?" he asked himself. "I must find a way to stop these visions." But he knew the first thing he must do would be to investigate this office. Whatever was triggering the visions must begin there.

Grabbing a toboggan and pulling it over the top of his head he climbed through the window. Scott saw immediately where the air current was originating. Papers that had been placed on the pastor's desk flapped uncontrollably. While taking a deep breath and watching the frost form from his breathing he approached the desk. He placed his right hand on the papers and calmed them enough to be able to hold them. They were difficult to control. It was as though a huge tornado lay within the papers. Having taken a firm grip on the pages he opened them and gazed inside. The wind blew with such velocity that Scott's hair was forced to the back of his head.

"I do not believe it! I do not believe it!"

Scott now read the pages of his denomination curriculum. It described in detail how many songs were to be sung as well as the subject of the benediction for the evening service. The scriptures and the direction in which the teaching was to follow were both contained within this publication. The pastor had little control over his sermon's direction or content. The morning's visit and the inability of his pastor to identify the problem made sense. The pastor, though in love with God and being guided by Him, was led through the direction of denominational teaching. Scott paused a moment to catalog the information he was viewing.

"Why is this discovery so important?" he asked. "What was the difference? Whether controlled by his pastor or the denomination to which he belonged one had to be led by God in what he was teaching."

At the rear of the room was a large round metal disk attached to a plunger.

It was a standard meat locker door. First you press and then the ring and the door opens allowing the butcher to exit. A question then occurred to Scott. "What lies on the other side of the door?"

Quickly he approached the door and pressed the ring. The door opened into the church sanctuary. Scott was not shocked. He saw what he had expected to see. He looked at his watch. It was six o'clock and the evening service would begin shortly. People were entering looking as the pastor had this morning. Frost and ice covered them from head to foot. The pastor entered the office unaware that Scott was present. He walked through the door carrying his Bible and the periodical containing the cold raging wind from the stairs of the platform to the pulpit. The pastor laid the items on the pulpit as the periodical spewed its cold in all directions. The congregation began rubbing their hands together or cupping them blowing warm air into them. It seemed normal for them to be so uncomfortable.

Scott watched as the periodical's importance controlled the service. The Bible was placed to the side of the pulpit the pastor read from the cold pages before him. From the periodical's wind to his mouth came frost so cold that each person in its path were being frozen. Everyone clapped and shouted "Amen" while a foggy frost hovered above their heads. It occurred to Scott that these people were dying. They attended church, but due to what was being taught grew cold. This cold was of sufficient force to freeze all who listened. Its force was denominational doctrine and not Biblical instruction.

Words rifled through Scott's head. "No healing, no prosperity, no intimate fellowship with God! Only moral instruction and conformity to certain behaviors and emotions."

"Lord, why do people stand and listen to words that freeze them into a state of death?" he asked.

"Scott," he heard within his thoughts, "people will flock to teachers and preachers who say what they want to hear. They have itching ears that do not seek the truth. Hearing the truth requires accountability and responsibility. It's easier to justify sin if you are continually told that you can never overcome it. It takes no effort to stay in a place of defeat."

"Lord, don't some of the people truly wish to serve you properly?" Scott asked.

"Yes, of course. The problem lies within the clergy who is teaching the defeat they learned through their denomination. They believe themselves unworthy in my sight and perpetuate this into the hearts of everyone they contact."

"I have to leave," Scott thought. "I have to break free of this place or it will cause me to grow cold as I sit underneath these teachings. I must search the scriptures for myself to verify that the word ministers teach has its origin in the Word of God."

Allowing the meat locker door to close behind him Scott reversed his steps through the office and re-entered his window.

"I feel cold," Scott said slightly panicked.

Scott had already been affected by the church's teachings. After all he had grown to adulthood attending the services. Feelings of cold increased causing him to look at his appendages. They were blue in color and covered in a slight frosting of ice.

"I'm infected! The teachings have already taken control of me," Scott thought. "God, what do I do? How do I reverse this coldness?"

Dark spots appeared on his forearms as well as places on his face. Frostbite was attacking exposed portions of his body. Fear arose replacing apprehension. Scott needed to rid himself of the cold, but did not understand how to do it. A voice spoke within his heart saying, "If the cold were placed within you through misinformation then warming and recovery can be brought about by hearing the truth."

Scott repented turning from the denominational ascendancy that had trapped him. He, then, re-dedicated his life to Jesus Christ and began his quest for Biblical truth. Each day as he opened his Bible, or attended meetings proclaiming teachings of truth rather than what felt comfortable, a light and a warmth erupted from its pages melting the ice healing the frostbite.