

A Prophet in His Own Country

Have you ever opened your email to read that you have been invited to a “flash mob”? This is an orchestrated, seemingly meaningless event in which you and a number of others are told to appear on the scene, sometimes with something specific (like a pillow or a red hat), and to wait for further instructions.

Last week, my email invitation to a flash mob read, “Go to the corner of Main and State this Saturday at noon and stay until 12:15 p.m. A prophet of great renown will be there to make dreams come true!”

What the heck? I decided to go. On that wintry day, a mob of maybe 30 people gathered on the scene. They all looked like relatively normal, regular folks. Some were young adults, some were older. No one looked extraordinary. No one wore robes or looked mystical or otherworldly. Like others, I waited for a prophet to announce himself or herself. At 12:05 p.m., someone asked, “Where is the prophet?” “Who is the prophet?” At 12:10 p.m., someone yelled out, “Five more minutes until we just exit this hoax.” “What a disappointment!”

From the grumbling and mumbling in the crowd, I heard,

- “I dreamed that the prophet would help me win the lottery. My co-workers at Farm Fresh Foods have pitched in for a year and have yet to collect a cent.”
- “I dreamed that my kid’s swim team at Northside High would win today’s meet and become county champions.”
- I expressed to an old friend, Marge, “My request for the prophet was to grant my clients the success they seek, thereby knowing that my work has made a difference!”

A Prophet in His Own Country (Inspiration Speech)

- Marge confided to me, “My dream is that my estranged, but much-loved spouse appears at the door, with apologies, flowers, and kisses.”

Well, it was 12:15 p.m. and the flash mob, along with their varied dreams, dispersed. I stopped at a diner for lunch and picked up the morning newspaper paper.

- While flipping through the local section, I read, “Winning lottery ticket goes to workers at Farm Fresh Foods.” Hmm. What a coincidence. A dream came true – without the help of a prophet.
- With all the applause and screams coming from the tv in the diner, I picked up my head and read the caption, “Northside Swim Team Wins Championship.” Another case of serendipity? Another dream come true?
- I finished reading the paper, finished my lunch, and went home. I picked up my business phone and heard, “You have one new message.”

A familiar voice said, “Thank you. Thank you. The proposal you wrote for us was approved. The grant came through. We can build our new lab.” Uncanny.

I called Marge, all set to say, “You’ll never guess what I read in the paper, what I saw on tv, what I heard on my answering machine.” When her husband answered the phone, I was speechless.

Mere coincidence? Mere serendipity. Something uncanny? Or something else?

It is said that “a prophet is without honor in his own country and his own house.” Maybe the prophet appeared incognito at the flash mob scene and made the many dreams come true.

Whatever the explanation, I will accept all invitations that are filled with mystery and promise. It is clear to me that dreams can and do come true!