## Glorifying God.

This morning I had a dream. The dream concerns a kid from the nearby villages breaking into our apartment to come and watch TV. He came in through our back door and he also made sure his friends can also watch with him, so he tore several places on the curtain. Anyway, we came home, and we saw a kid running away towards the village near the apartment. Someone in the family entered the house and I could see the horror in his eyes. The back door was open. Even the kids who may have been watching with the kid inside the house ran up to see our reactions and. There was one particularly close to the door and I ran out to catch him, but he sneaked away. I woke up from the dream feeling helpless. The feeling of not being able to catch the thieves or be able to take control of the situation was very bad and I hate that feeling. It felt like although I try so hard to take control of my life and to serve God, satan is still trying to get through the back door.

The night before, my teenage son came and asked me if I can allow him to go and watch this local concert. I was sleeping in their room and he came looking for me and I could hear him asking his younger brothers where I was. He was in a hurry. I could tell that his friends were outside waiting for him. He came in and asked to go to the concert. He kept saying he really wanted to go, and he also kept reminding me that his friends are just outside our apartment. I groaned and continued sleeping. He went on pleading, please daddy, please. I muttered something like man that it’s not worthy to go that concert. I was referring to its not Christian related. He mentioned but Rosie Delma is going to be there singing. Now he is trying to make me guilty that if I said no then we are not even supporting our fellow Solomon Islander who would be there singing. I eventually said “all right, and please don’t do anything stupid” I don’t know if he heard the second part as the moment, I said all right, he was already half way out of the door.

He was out till late like 11 pm and that made me helpless. I was already imagining the worst. What if he and his friends are drinking. What if he and his friends are on drugs. Me and the mum walked to the concert organized at the backyard of one of the millionaires in RMI and he came to us with one of his friends. He was ready to come home. He was all sweaty and we asked why, and he said he was playing hide and ask. As we were walking out his other friends came running after them and asking if they were going home. Being with us the boys went yeah.

I was a teenager once and I was free to do what I want in the village. My parents trusted me and I did a lot of stupid stuff. The generation today however to me are so fragile. The generation today are exposed to so many ungodly things if abused. The internet for example although is

The whole episode however made me think that the dream felt like there is someone still tagging in my life, someone like satan sneaking into my house and I need to seal every door.

We often hear that our purpose in life is to glorify God to give glory to God. The question is how do we do that? How do we glorify God? This Morning I woke up and ask myself these questions. As

God has placed a hedge around you—an impregnable fortress—that Satan and his demons cannot penetrate. Whatever comes your way, then, must have God’s permission. Just as God protected Job, so He will protect you.