

What Max Lucado Dreamed About Donald Trump and Hillary Clinton

Author Max Lucado previously voiced his vehement apprehension of electing Donald Trump, but now, Lucado has a dream.

Well, maybe not a dream, exactly. But a longing.

I told my wife, Denalyn, "Last night I had the strangest dream." We'd fallen asleep watching the Republican National Convention. Not the most relaxing way to drift off, right? Politicians, pundits, pollsters and picketers. Tongues wagging. Finger-pointing. Accusations. Declarations. Blah-blah-blah.

The convention is warp and woof of our system; I get that. But does it have to be so ... hostile, volatile? The country seems on edge. Every headline a heartache. Officers shot. Motorists shot. Flags at half-staff for how long?

I fell asleep with the images of the convention and the crisis in my head. When I awoke I had an image of a different convention. I mulled it over as I lay in bed. I gave it more thought as I sipped my coffee. By mid-afternoon, I was smiling at the very idea of it all.

Lucado says he finds hope in 2 Chronicles 7:14.

And he's not the only one.

Cultural commentator Larry Tomczak asked his readers to cry out for our nation by praying the passage. Evangelist Franklin Graham did the same.

The National Day of Prayer even offered up the verse on behalf of the country.

Now, Lucado joins their rallying cry:

God will heal broken hearts. It simply falls to His followers to repent, humble ourselves, and pray. So we do. In LA, Denver, Chicago, Miami, NYC ... the people kneel and pray. The participants don't need to be urged. They know the truth: we need help from above. The Republicans are just as befuddled as the Democrats. The Libertarians are as confused as the Independents. Politicians claim to have solutions. But the housewife in Miami isn't fooled. Neither is the truck driver in Chicago. They know the truth. Our hope isn't in politicians. It is in Jesus.

I guess that is how the dream became a longing.

In my dream a change settles over the Convention. People are quiet, reverent. Crowds gather outside, not to protest, but to witness something extraordinary. Word is out that a meeting has occurred. Trump and Hillary talked long into the night. Who suggested the meeting? What was the agenda? Did their teams huddle in corners? My dream gives no details.

But according the news report, the two candidates are going to step out at any moment and jointly address the nation. I know what you are thinking, "In your dreams." True. But they do. When they do, a fresh wind blows across the country. They've come to a conclusion; they've reached a truce. No more tackiness. No more below-the-belt stuff. Too much is at risk. People are dying, for crying out loud. The nation needs to calm down. Take a breath. Come together. And, what better place to begin than with Trump and Hillary. The election will go on, but the rancor, the arrogance, and bitterness will stop.

The dream stops here. But the longing? It goes another step. Wouldn't it be something, I mean, really something, if one or both of them said: "Here is the truth. We don't know how to heal this country. But God does." And right there, on national TV, to the shock of viewers worldwide, to the utter chagrin of the devil and the joy of almighty God, they get down on their knees and ask heaven to send mercy to our

land.

Now that would be something indeed.