

EL VALERO

Alain Auderset's
newsletter
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The world I was born in, is a vast airport. The inhabitants of this world are just waiting passengers. Of course, there are those waiting for the big departure, but also the expectation in us of something that is beyond us and is the very reason for our existence. To tell you the truth, it isn't «something» but «someone»...

The airport for amnesiacs

...and He's not just anyone, He's the One who is the very reason we are who we are, an entity to whom - since the beginning of times - we have been giving various names. The most commonly used is «God». Whether we wait (live) long or not, we absolutely have to establish a contact with Him. Failing to do so is ending up missing His flight, missing the goal, missing His life.

The bug

When, at random in a discussion, the question of why we are here on earth comes on the table, people feel uneasy. Answers remain evasive and are postponed because, we all have so many «important» things to do, you see (homework, study, work, seduce, tidy up a room, level up in a video game, etc.). As for me, I want to live my life full speed, as if it wasn't ever going to end. But suddenly, the departure of a loved one occurs without warning and, with it, arises the inevitable reminder of my own departure.

Paradoxically, this flight is called a funeral. While some speculate unconvincingly on a possible destination for the plane, others claim that it leads nowhere. I have no opinion, but what is sure is that these departures are a tragedy. A misfortune that jumps in my face along with a thousand unanswered questions, choking with revolt and a feeling of injustice. Yes, because for me and my buddies, life is just like some kind of waiting room. And I tell myself we're not enjoying it enough!

Enjoying life

My main occupation is to customize my seat in the waiting room! I feel this seat belongs to me because I sat in it first! So, I am concerned about my home, my education, my hobbies and anything that makes my perishable body feel comfortable... instead of my soul!

Yet, it alone can take off... And soon, my seat is no longer enough for me, I now lust other people's seat (in order to be able to stretch my legs, put my luggage and also because... uh... well, you never know, it can be useful)!

I'm looking for a place in the sun and if some people take all the seats while others are sitting on the floor, I find it regrettable, of course, but... after all, I'm just doing like everyone else.

Despite the appearances, the «seatless» can consider the situation with irony: they're not to be pitied most if they have their ticket!! ...yeah, coz' you need a ticket to take the plane?!... Seriously... I'm too young to talk about such matters...

The sign

Life at the airport is animated and lots of efforts are made to keep the passengers entertained. There are screens and billboards everywhere, indicating every and anything! Whether it be advertisement for the decoration of your seat, conferences organized by those who have several seats or relevant information about the composition of the floor and all the furniture available in the departure hall, it never stops!

Everything about the «how», but none about the «what for»! And if by chance, a board indicates something about the flights, it's inevitably followed by a question mark, making it useless.

But today, something very peculiar happened. At the foot of this forest of billboards, I come across a sign that is quite different from the others. It litters the ground in an unusual location*. It must have fallen inadvertently during some kind of illegal transport, because it doesn't look «official». Handmade, by someone with good intentions, it says «Jesus»...

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*(probably outside its cupboard)



And I who thought «Jesus» was a dusty thing that could only be found in museums or obscure sects...?!
On top of it, this sign is in shape of a comic book (my favorite books)! It is made by totally unknown authors, a collective of Christian artists called «Tournesol» (Sunflower, in French) or something like that...(?)
Curious by nature, I follow it and it leads me to a treasure: the Bible, which is nothing less than the plan and the instructions of the genius architect behind the airport (and rightful Owner of everything that exists)!

This atypical book is also a concentrate of information that leads to Its Author. To follow these new directions, I have to step out of my comfort zone and stroll around uncrowded floors to finally realize how catastrophic my situation is. At the boarding gate, I understand I'm not ready. I don't meet the criteria to take the flight. I still need a ticket... And this one was really expensive!

One-way ticket to hell

The ticket to Heaven is so expensive that even with a thousand exemplary lives, made of goodness and purity, I could never afford it. Let's be clear: no one is good enough to afford anything but a one-way ticket to hell! I'm appalled, what can I do? Out of desperation, I cry out for help in the airport hallways... so loudly that the Director's office door opens!

He had heard that a heart was crying out to Him and this is when something amazing happened: Jesus Christ came to me, the Director of Directors' One and Only Son...

It was He who paid the exorbitant price of my ticket to paradise with His own blood (and He did so for every one of us)! By His sacrifice on the cross, He bore the burden of our debt.

By this undeserved favor, I am offered a free and unlimited access to Heaven. Shaken by so much love, I weep with gratitude. This immaterial ticket is now etched on my heart forever.

Jesus is really someone!

With Jesus, we see each other every day now, and I have to admit He really is a great guy! With Him, I don't feel judged. On the contrary, I have the impression that He understands and appreciates me; I finally feel I exist! I am a fan, I'm in love with Him! I introduce Him to my loved ones, and He makes me discover His friends. He takes me to places I never would've imagined. We sometimes watch the planes take off, sitting at a bistro table at the end of the runway. He shows me some of His great works of art (yes, because in addition, He is also the greatest artist)! The more I hang out with Him and the more I find out what He's capable of: I can't get enough of Him, I'm in awe of so much genius...haaaa Jesus... I can even say I'm in love with Him!
All I need is for my eyes to meet His' in order to reload my batteries of hope and strength, for He warms someone up better the sun!

The transparent passengers

Back «at home» (or to my seat if you prefer), I announce the good news of the free ticket to all those around me. Some of them, in turn, come to meet this Jesus, but the majority choose to think they have better to do and that I probably fell in the clutches of a sect, or that it was a delusion of youth.
To my surprise, I discover that a lot of other passengers had, like me, the immense privilege of owning the famous ticket. However, they prefer keeping this information secret! Out of fear for their comfort (and in order not to be confronted with different thinking and mockery), they just smile to the «ticketless», as a «testimony»... In that way, their neighbors realize that there actually is something going on, but are not able to discern exactly what it can be.

I also realize that those who do not make the effort to maintain a personal relationship with Jesus, end up dying out. Little by little, they let themselves be influenced by the ways of the ticketless and finally forget who they are. They have a ticket, but start melting in the crowd, behaving and becoming like everyone.



Grounded Passengers :

I made friends with passengers who are fans of Jesus, just like me. We talk about His feats and it amazes us! Okay, it's true that we don't always understand what the Lord (we also call Him like that!) is up to with His latest piece, but most of the time it's just because we're too close to a detail and don't have enough perspective... to admire the big picture (yes, because even if He looks after the details, Jesus does in the huge)...

Every time I meet a ticketless and I feel his inner misery, I can't help but share my wealth with him. I sometimes do so very clumsily, and try to guide them and even if I managed to have some of them take their own ticket, I'm still appalled to see how many are completely lost. I tell myself I have to do something.

The religious boards

I found out that there were lots of boards indicating what I found, but few can read them (uh... isn't something wrong?! They are often locked up in luxury closets, commonly known as «churches», where they can only be looked at by those who just squat the place. It's sheer madness!

Especially since the few indicators that can be seen by the people outside do not clearly indicate «Jesus», but rather byways to dusty religions... The good thing is that it allows the youth to exercise by running in the opposite direction!

My boards

I adopted this effective means of draining crowds, as well: drawing on signs! They're in shape of comic books, short films, cartoons, sketches, blogs, music, etc. Nothing new in fact...

But what they say is really cool since it's «Jesus» (just as «Tournesol» already does).

I just try to put them in visible places, with intelligible words and no cultural gap.

And so much the better if it's fun (people so easily tend to think the Director is just a wet blanket)!

Your role in all this?

Well, here I am, creating signboards of faith. And I surround myself with people to help me create new ones (more visible, efficient and related to our contemporary world) ... because I could never do it by myself!

You could help me place them by making them visible to the other passengers: in your toilets, on your front door, in the hands of your relatives, in the storefronts, the libraries, the public stages and newspapers of your city, on the screens of your contacts, in your favorite TV programs, everywhere on the net and in every tongue! Inform the media, your town halls, the show organizers! I've got a lot of signboards at your disposal (have a look at www.auderset.com). Helping people find Jesus is everyone's job, no one will do it for us!

The supreme sign

The most effective sign is not the one that is covered with Christian slogans, it's YOU. It's your life, what you really think (and not the impression you think you give), it's your whole being, connected in friendship with Jesus. 'Coz that can be seen from a distance! Him in you, it's a light board!

