

Primerica

Once upon a time in the land of Primerica, there lived villagers of many colors reflecting the most brilliant rainbow one might ever envision. Picture your favorite color showcased it all its glory gathered with colors you didn't even know existed such as cerulean, burnt sienna, corn flower or inchworm.

One ordinary, richly colorful day, a tall, Navy blue beamed into town followed by a cheering crowd. They chanted, "Blue Blood, Blue Blood" in reverence of his royal, stately lineage. His stature cast a blue hue over the gawking admirers. He was the brightest of his family, destined for a colorful legacy.

Navy Blue set the trend. He made the rounds on all the color TV talk shows. Soon everyone wanted to be blue. Blue water pool parties were the rage. Blue jeans flew off the shelves. An event wasn't worth the blue ink on the invitation without the Blues Brothers to help the guests sing the blues. The Blue Man Tour Group was sold out months in advance.

Every color wanted to be blue. Red was so last page. Green? Distant cousins but clearly outsiders. Yellow? Too brash. White? Ah, not a color!

Competition to be the brightest blue grew fierce. Factions broke out. Conservative Blue and Progressive Blue groups argued across the aisle with more interest in battling their beliefs than brightening the future. Separate Royal Blue Party and True Blue Party conventions rallied. Campaigns were formed. Platforms were advanced. Primerica was terribly divided.

Like too many to count and too few to admit, one multi-colored young lad tried his hardest to boast his blue side. He used @SkyBlue with no success because everyone knew he was really azure. His obvious, not well hid, visible colors left him odd man out. In a clump of despair, he wandered off alone outside of town for a quiet place to doodle.

Losing track of time, @SkyBlue (really azure) wandered aimlessly until he found himself in a spot he'd never been. At the top of the hill he discovered a huge prism positioned on the peak. Legends swirled of such a sight but no one ever believed it was really true. Behind the prism beamed a bright light so bold and so radiant he could barely look but so beautiful and so warm he could not turn away.

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He gasped at the beauty the light cast through the prism across the village below. Sadly, the majority of the town crowded in one area of the prism's rainbow display. Astonishing colors spanned the landscape untapped except for a few radical fringe like the Camel Hair Brown ascetics and the Go Green purists. He then learned his colors were not his to boast or betray but solely a reflected radiance from the bright, white light through the presence of the prism. He longed for his friends and neighbors to stroll the village like they use to, admiring, encouraging, celebrating the unique beauty of each other's colors. He pondered out loud as if a request to an unknown listener, "If only they could see what I see..."

In that moment he noticed he was no longer Sky Blue (or even azure) but transformed into the purest, brightest vision of white he had ever witnessed. White never looked so colorful...

Parable explained...

The Light is Jesus

The prism is the Kingdom of God

The competition is our kingdoms

Theme - The loss of God in the modern mind. It's all about the blue.