

Baptism: A Vision Or A Dream?
By Anita Farber-Robertson

Was it a vision...or a dream?

May-June 1996. It was in the City of Lynn, MA. There was a round above-ground swimming pool with a deck and railing and water 3-4 feet deep.

As I approached I could see that I knew the people who were gathered on the deck around the pool. They were the clergy and leaders of ECCO (Essex County Community Organization). Walter Murray, my friend and pastor of Zion Baptist Church was in the water, nearer to me (about 5 o'clock in the circle).

Across the pool (about 1 o'clock in the circle), in the water and beckoning to me, was Jesus – and I understood why they were all there, waiting for me.

It was time to be baptized, to accept Jesus as my teacher, guide, and ...savior?? Yes, savior. And I would do it with the community as my witness, the Christian community, the body of Christ, of which I would become a part, which would hold me, and prod, me, and to which I would be accountable.

UU's were there, but they did not hold the power of definition, of naming or legitimizing. That belonged to the wider cloud of witnesses, of which UU's were welcome to be a part.

Addendum: In July, 1997 I was baptized, an ecumenical cloud of witnesses participated.