

Dear King Nebuchadnezzar,

Hey, for starters, mind if I call you King Neb? Nebuchadnezzar seems so pretentious, hardly very fitting for the message I have for you.

Listen, King Neb, it's about that pride thing I've been trying to get through to you about. Haughtiness is not a kingdom virtue. (Not happy about all the sacred vessel stuff you stole in the Jerusalem raid, either, but we'll deal with that a little later.)

For now I want to deliver a dream to you that admittedly will shake you up a bit. I know your memory is not so hot, and you may forget the dream as soon as you awaken (a lot of people do that, and I'm not pleased with it, but what can you do?). But my guy, Daniel, has a direct pipeline to me, so I'll give him the info when it's needed.

The key thing you need to know is that change is coming in your kingdom, and it's not going to be pretty.

O king; this is what you saw: a statue, a great statue of extreme brightness, stood before you, terrible to see. The head of this statue was of fine gold, its chest and arms were of silver, its belly and thighs of bronze, its legs of iron, its feet part iron, part earthenware. While you were gazing, a stone broke away, untouched by any hand, and struck the statue, struck its feet of iron and earthenware and shattered them. And then, iron and earthenware, bronze, silver, gold all broke into small pieces as fine as chaff on the threshing floor in summer. The wind blew them away, leaving not a trace behind. And the stone that had struck the statue grew into a great mountain, filling the whole earth (Dan 2:31-35).

Respectfully yours,
Yahweh