

"This Great Day"

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—to Ganti—

I can see her!

This one who trusted the "angel of light" to fill her spirit with the love of God — as she sought the truth.

Now this great day...

It is the first day of "new" life. After a long sleep, her first thoughts will hunger, naturally, for an explanation.

And, with Jehovah's help and will that I am there — I will tell her the truth... and that I love her, my sister — so very grateful for the second chance to be her friend — a blessing the first time!

I will help her, as a vehicle, to guide and heal her heart, and in the process open mine; filling it evermore with holy spirit — so tangible that the peace I transfer fills and heats her soul with love for the true God —

This one whose name, also, means "peace" — my dear sister.

Still, a little slower, she comes.

Eyes bright with wonder.

Close behind her, he comes — his step still lively; just lacking its source.

That very long rest ~~has~~ revitalized
their old bodies.

They are joyous to be together again.
Happy to be alive.

The joy of rediscovery will lead to
inquiry,

And I, again with Jehovah's help & will,
can share with them the promises
of our God.

The book of James, her favorite, will
shed new light as we pore over
its contents.

Their faces will be so wondrous to
know what has truly been purposed.

Then we will build a warm fire from
the rubble -
his flannel shirt will be full of the
aroma of burning wood & leaves -
the cool brisk air....

And she will busy herself with our
evening meal - the fragrance of
baking bread, unlike any others.

Nearby, a toddling child fumbles trying
to catch the tail of a young
cougar.

She chuckles when the child falls -
unhurt....

We are home.