

The Sitting

By Kathleen Cook

She walked down the long, dark hall toward a looming and great door. Behind her was a frightening whirlwind hitting the walls of the hallway, screeching, and wrapping around her. A tsunami of dissent, dispute, and resistance. The hostile hurricane winds blew her roughly and battered her head and shoulders. These were the adversaries that she met in the world, and when the noise grew louder, and the hall became pitch black, she began to run sightless.

She reached the great door and put her hand on the doorknob and pulled it hard. It jolted open. She slammed the door behind her and she could hear evil foes hit the closing door with crashing impact. They slid down the door and crumpled, a heap on the floor, a defeated lump. She locked the door behind her.

The early morning light filled the empty room; a rose gold hue and the air was fresh. There was silence, and her heart stilled. She blinked and closed her eyes for a moment to regain composure. Stepping out of the world can be overwhelming.

The warm breeze that flowed through the room hinted that a window was open. She heard her name and walked toward the voice with guilty hesitation. She felt woefully small and her sweater pockets were full, bulging, and dragging. When she got to the footstool on the other side of the room, she knelt, and the tears pattered on the floor

around her. He was there and He put His big, scarred hand gently upon her hair. She greeted Him and told Him that she loved Him. She confessed that she knew she broke His heart again, just like before, and the time before that. And if she really thought about it, some of her bulging pockets were full of what He had already forgiven.

She began to empty her pockets slowly, placing the putrid things on the floor around her one by one. Her heart stopped as she awaited His Word on this. She knew that He could punish and she could easily get her just deserts.

Quickly a gentle breeze of grace kissed her face and though his hand remained upon her head, His other hand held her quickly beating heart. She told Him of her regret and that she would try again to go back out in the hallway. This time she would remember He walked beside her. She would not forget. She stood up free, and lighter though deeply saddened that she had to return to confronters and noise.

He whispered He would not leave her ever. She tightly grasped this promise in her fist.

Before she turned to go there was one more thing. She asked if she could bring a friend next time, whose sweatshirt pockets were bulging large and weighing her down. He nodded sweetly and smiled. She pocketed His facial expression with her as treasure, and reluctantly headed back.