

A man, noted to be sought out and successful, sits surrounded by people feeling completely alone. Head buried in his hands, he deliberately lifts his eyes to view those vying for his attention. Each has a suggestion, a plan, and a voice that wishes to be heard.

Shaking his head, more to keep awake than to affirm agreement, he listens patiently while they continue. They are trying to live their lives and fulfill their place in the world. He dismisses everyone with the line "I'll take what you all have said into account."

He was missing Mary again.

His anger at the God she loved who took her from him was pulsing within him, still unrelenting with its demands. His wife was his real source of life and peace and joy. With his temperamental attitude, and selfishness and even that short affair he continually regretted, she still loved him. She had died over ten years ago, and had spoken to him that last day to remember where she would be waiting for him, with the Giver of Joy who loved him more than she did, and was only asking for his heart so they could be together forever.

Going inside the doors to the home they had shared, where he refused to embrace eternity as a reality, he knew this was the day of surrender...the day all the love she had poured into his broken heart would be satisfied and wash away the anger within.

He sat in her favorite chair, with the arms worn from her touch, picked up her precious bible she requested to be left in that chair, and read what was highlighted on the page it opened to.

"This is the day that the Lord has made; let us rejoice and be glad in it." Psalm 118:24

As he sat, with tears as his only prayer, he was transformed and filled with the joy she radiated, and he had resisted, all his life. He knelt, again with his head buried in his hands, and as he lifted his eyes heavenward, he knew somehow that she was watching from that place of glory, seeing him kneeling before the Lord of Love she had spoken about all their life together.

He arose and went out of those doors as a new creation, and everything looked different.

Going down the street he saw many people who existed moment to moment like he had been just a few minutes before. They had not yet seen that life was empty without Christ. They had not yet stopped long enough to wonder why they were here and where they were going. He knew they would not if they did not have someone to tell them. Now he tried to remember all the things Mary had spoken to him, so he could begin to share that love with others.

He carried her bible with him, and knew he would begin to learn speaking words of life to those around him. One thing she said over and over again was, "love never fails."

Today he was determined he would never fail to express the love he finally let embrace him!

He knew the first person he would share the news of his new life with.

He remembered all the times his son had tried to convince him about choosing life, real life, he too had chosen. He began to weep again because he had not talked to his son for many years. He had pushed him away with his anger and bitterness in losing his precious wife to cancer, and watching all that she suffered. Mary was the most kind and pure person he had ever met, and when their son was not mad at God, but rather seemed to love Him more as he spoke at the funeral that day, he coldly refused all communications attempts.

Now he turned around and found himself walking faster and lighter than ever before. He sat with joy in that old worn chair, clutching Mary's bible to his heart, through falling tears call his son and spoke, "Johnny, this is your daddy. I want you to know today, I am now forever your brother."