



Weep No More

by Cheryl Thomas

I feel the wind. At first, it's just a whisper through my hair but it gradually becomes stronger as it whirls around me, wrapping me in its embrace. I cannot resist. I have no desire to resist. I lay quietly in my bed, hoping the wind will take me far away from here, far away from my pain.

A tear slowly escapes and slides silently down my cheek. It comes without thought and without witness as I squeeze my eyes tightly shut against the darkness. I am alone. I cannot move. I hear everything and yet nothing. Crickets chirp in the night. An owl hoot somewhere nearby. A clock ticks and ticks and ticks. Yet those sounds fade away as the wind pulls at the sheets covering me. They flap noiselessly and tug, straining to fly away. I want to grab them, to keep them close and comforting, but I cannot.

I am still. I am frozen. I hear music. I cannot tell if it is just outside my door or far away. It is very faint. Somehow it reminds me of carefree childhood summers, of days running along an ocean beach, of lullabies and popsicles with friends. It compels me. I want to hear more. I listen but I cannot yet open my eyes to find it.

The wind caresses my face and I feel, I feel... love... happiness... I do not know. I have never felt anything even close to this before. It is overwhelming yet I want more of it. I must have more of it. Nothing else matters now but this. I feel the pain slipping away and I know in an instant the true meaning of overjoyed. So much joy. This joy radiates within me but it does not come from inside. It comes from something, no someone, just out of reach. I stretch out both arms and feel the wind increase around me. I feel as light as a feather as the wind picks me up. My eyes open and I see two beings as tall as oak trees, dressed in white and shining as brightly as the sun. They smile and take my outstretched hands in theirs.

We float on the wind through the windows and out into the night sky among the stars. A voice calls to me and I answer. I know this voice. I have heard it in my dreams. I have heard it in the Sunday sermons. I have heard it in the prodding of my heart. I have heard it in the laughter of children. It is deep and warm. It resonates within me. I hear it in my head and in my heart. The voice says, "Come." and in that word I hear love, acceptance, forgiveness, and welcome, as if the person behind the voice has been waiting a long time just for me. As if he has willingly endured pain and suffering to lesson mine. As if he has known I was coming and prepared a place for me.

Then I see him. I see Jesus. I see the source of the overwhelming joy. He reaches out and I see ugly scars on his hands and wrists. I fall to my knees, overcome with emotion. Somehow, I know that I am to blame for these yet I do not recoil from them. I feel awe. I feel grateful. I look up into his eyes. He is not angry. His smile tells me that it was necessary, and it is finished. He is happy I am here. He lifts me up and embraces me. His love envelopes me and I feel... finally... at home.

Some would say I am no more. I say, no, I am more. There are no limits, no restraints, no laws of nature to hold me down. I am free. I am loved. I am happy. I never tire, never thirst, never hunger for food, never feel pain. I am protected. I am honored to serve, to sing, to worship. Being in his presence is heaven. There is nothing I desire more. You sit by my bed weeping. You sing sad songs. You reminisce and tell stories. You think I am gone. You are wrong. Because of Him, I live.