

Walking Home: A Micro Fiction

The path of bare roots set to trip the traveler slow her pace, which are yet easily maneuvered by her gentle patient feet. She travels with cause to an unknown destination without pause or conflict in her eyes. Can you see the dedication, the love that drives, the hope that leads, the faith that climbs inside her soul as she prays for something more walking beneath the trees with tops so high she can't see them?

The silence of being far from home swallows what is left to hear of her fading footsteps. The wafting clouds of misting tenderness around her shrink 'till some blue sky is seen midst the rays of light, which call to her, "come home child." She fears to wake, yet she is not sure if she can. And then there is a man with out-reached hands.

Then, she knows. There is no more waking up. Eternal Life has begun and this is the start of the rest of her life. A life with Them from which there is no end.

She travels on. Gazing upwards, her eyes start to water 'till she reaches those outreached hands of the man who understands the difficulty of the journey, and emptiness of her pain. With His hands the pain is healed, Her eyes dry instantly, and He leads her on Thier way. She feels warm. So for now, They walk together. And He takes Her home.

Her Family is here, not just Her Mother and Brother and Sister and Father, but all the Others too. The crowds of multitudes of People go as far back and wide as only His comprehension could find relation. All She has known, and all She has not surround Her. In all the faces, She sees happy, sweet joy and She can feel Her cheeks swell and pucker at the taste of this one and only sweet, golden, celestial heaven.