

Waiting at the Station

It's hard to believe it's been almost 4 years since I wrote this in my father's hospital room. I reflect now on the grace of God as he carried us all through this transition. If you want to read more about our families journey. My blog that I created back then is still live. walkingthemhome.com

We are waiting at the station with Dad,
metaphorically of course.

We can hear the whistle of the train.

We don't know how far away it is.

But eventually it will arrive.

He has no baggage.

No one does at this station

but he knows the Engineer.

His body, weak and weary from the journey...

but this will be the last for him.

A rendezvous with bliss.

He has no appetite for the food here.

He speaks in mumbled whispers and sings short lingering tones.

And we are waiting by the station.

Even as the days pass, the exits are closed

He's entered a place where only boarding passengers can be... to wait

But I see him through distant glassy eyes.

I know he's in there.

Waiting, hoping, weeping, silently

until the tickets are torn and He waves to us and sallies
forth into the great glass, darkly...

face to Face.