

By Jen Schroder
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There was once a silly woman who had spent the better part of her adult life looking for something or someone, never sure what. She had done a lot of silly things by this time, silly and painful. In fact her life was become quite frantic.

One day she picked up a book about Christ and Christian living and began to read by her condo complex pool. The pool was alive with splashing children seeking relief from the sweltering sun. The silly woman settled near the edge of the pool near her neighbor and began to read.

It wasn't long before she noticed a distinct thin, oblong halo of light encircling the sun in the clear blue sky. How odd, she thought, and mentioned it to her neighbor, who agreed she had never seen anything like it before. They both stared at the halo, which stretched out across most of the sky.

The silly woman went back to her reading, but felt continually interrupted by the halo almost as if it was calling to her. She looked up at the sky, and, aware of the many people close by, whispered an exasperated "What? What? What do you want?" The only response was the dancing lights of the water beckoning her in. "Nope, no way. I've got a hot date tonight, my hair is just the way I want it. My makeup would run. There is no way I'm getting in that water. Nope. No way. Not."

Silence. Dancing lights. Calling. An urgency that grew until finally she shouted within: "OK, fine. One time. I'll just jump in and get out one time, just in case. But this is the stupidest thing I have ever done."

Kids were still splashing; there was activity everywhere. Nobody noticed the silly woman as she grudgingly jumped in the water just deep enough to submerge completely. With her last glance at the pool before she went under, she noticed nothing unusual, but within the few seconds it took to jump in and pop her head back out, everything changed. She emerged to find the sky thick and dark with thousands of bees.

Everyone by the pool started diving for cover under towels, low to the ground where it wasn't so thick, or into the pool. The silly woman stayed as low as she could in the water, as the bees were getting thicker, blackening the sky. She had never seen anything like it. It lasted about 10 minutes until the bees dispersed. Many bees had gathered across the pool to a hanging branch. The silly woman and a young child walked to the branch and peered at the bees as they collectively hung from the branch. "It looks like a heart!" exclaimed the child, and it did. No one, not a man, woman or child had been stung.

The only conclusion the silly woman could come to was that the bees must have been or symbolized her sins, and she had been forgiven. She tried in vain to come up with a different conclusion, as her sins were so very many that they blackened the sky. It was humbling to see the vastness of them and she said nothing to anyone of it for years.

In the 10 years that passed, the silly woman committed many of the same sins. Sadly, the silly woman misinterpreted the event as a simple pat on the back from God. She felt she must be doing something right if God was giving her so much attention. She had no idea that this was a pursuit for her to come to a better life, to come to him.

It wasn't until this silly woman came to a crisis 10 years later that God exploded into her life and she realized how wrong she had

been. I have never been the same since. You see, I am this silly woman, this story is true and exactly as it happened.

Have you ever heard Rev. Fred Weatherly speak? Rev. Fred's soul is like a shimmering butterfly that need only feel the shift of the breeze to know the direction of God's will. In contrast, I feel like a cow that needs a good slap on the you-know-what to tell me which way to go, and I still get it wrong.

The point is, if we take the smallest little steps, if we barely peek through the door by doing something as small as reading a book about Jesus, he will be there, waiting to be let in if invited. If you don't believe in God, pray, just pray and ask him. If you ask in sincerity, you will feel his presence in whatever unique way he knows you can sense him. Hopefully you're not so far gone that he

has to do as much as he had to for "this silly woman." *MT*

Mystery Among Us

**My Teen Medford
Home-Like**

Myerson begins with a seed of truth, and the truth was he was here among us and no one knew him. His name was Francis and he was a walker. You could tell by watching his stride that he was angry and solitary, seeking to maintain his isolation as if it were a precious gift from God.

He walked stooped forward over his slight frame, eyes fixed on the pavement just ahead.