

AGENCY

By Robert Fitt

Crystal tension hung lightly in the cool mist, as light and darkness battled warmly to sway a mind made strangely inert by the throes of indecision. Yet, a choice is imminent—for agency must make its play—as mortals choose to follow Satan or choose to act for Christ. . . becoming unwitting agents of the one, or of the other.

In this day's scenario, the decision should have been a simple one. A shivering, ill-clad, hand had quivered out a call for help and awaited an answer. Beggar eyes shifted questioningly beneath transparent lids as hunger licked at tortured vitals sapped of vigor. Too fragile, too weakened of resolve, to ask again....he waited, quietly.... stoically.

And still the question hung upon the moment -- unanswered.

His benefactor paused hesitantly. His light side urged generosity -- compassion -- even sacrifice; but all the while self-seeking fondled the whims of his dark side, setting-off a maelstrom of momentary indecision.

Hunger gnawed patiently upon this moment of solitary choice.

Making moral choices is always thus. Our agency hangs upon the delicate, conflicting moment when good and evil stand toe-to-toe and challenge one another in the quiet chambers of an undecided mind.