

PONDERING . . .

by Robert Fitt

Often through the years as birthdays passed us by, dressing our lives with joy fulfilled, I have pondered why? Why a star-crossed life for me? Why has sunshine brightened the darkened corners of a life so insignificant and proud; why has love's rainfall nurtured the thirsty crops of my heart? Why was our childhood friendship allowed to grow from a tiny seedling to a forest of joy?

Our early love was bathed in melody, as we blended our voices, and our hearts, and shared a passion for family and God. It was with a passionate springtime love, and an uncertain future, that we faced life together; but as time progressed, our marriage grew into a bastion of peace and love and joy. Our children grew in nobility and charm as our summer years passed swiftly; and when autumn came, our busy lives gave way to an empty nest of uncertain freedom—until Germany beckoned; and though missionaries are lost in the wonder of the gospel, I bathed in the richness of her love, I and warmed my hands by the glowing fire of her testimony.

And then winter came. And I wondered why it was needful that we spend our last days with life's passion lost in a vacuum of forgetfulness? Yet an angel out of nowhere brought new hope, as a long-lost friend emerged to help us through the frigid blasts of sorrow when she took her journey back to God and I was left alone once more.

Yet again—why me? Why am I so greatly blessed? Why did another angel come to me when she was gone? Why, after thirty seven years of separation and silence, did this new angel burst upon the scene of my sorrow as sunshine banishes midnight gloom; peeking over the mountain of my distress and warming my heart as sunshine warms spring flowers; another angel sent to ease my aching heart. And as time passed, and loneliness beckoned, this friend, this unexpected angel, began to absorb both my thoughts and my time. In a world long bereft of adult conversation she lit up my mind, awakened my heart, enlivened my senses, and sparked a newness of life, long lost. Never had friendship been more rewarding. She was my oasis in the desert of my loneliness.

It all began with a phone call out of nowhere, in a moment of crisis, following a heartfelt prayer, her voice emerged as a voice from the long-past; offering relief through my time of sorrow. Her bastion of faith and loving kindness helped me face death; the tragic death of my beloved. And then, as time passed by and loneliness grew, this friend, this faithful friend, stood faithfully by; and with no intent, with no desire or willful effort—without a thought or hug or virgin kiss—an enduring friendship blossomed into a spring time of new found love.

Her last days with me were her best days, as promised by a servant of God; but it would only be for days and weeks; for two hearts shattered when she joined my beloved in the arms of God, and I was alone again.

Thank God for temples. For I will join them e'er long; and two such loves, rekindled and full-bonded at sacred temple altars, will rush to fill my out-flung grasp—ours is eternity!