

The first day

It was the first day, of the beginning of my new life. There was electric in the air. There was a certain polarity, that permeated the sanctuary. The conditions were ripe for a paradigm shift. I was looking in her direction, as I sat quietly waiting for her to make her entrance. Then, she appeared. As gracefully as a swan. As lovely as a yellow butterfly, in the middle of summer.

She sat down right next to me, and in that moment I thought. "Oh, this is good. This is very good. I spoke to this lovely damsel, first. It was some simple dialogue to break the ice. I knew that I had to speak to her, I knew that I was supposed to be there. I knew that this encounter was intentional and ordained. I knew that her being right there beside me in that moment wasn't coincidental. I knew then that this moment was the beginning of my new life. And perhaps even, that I was sitting beside my new wife.

Her manner, her poise and her grace exuded calmness and self-control. She seemed to be in total control of the moment. She seemed to know intuitively, that I was so aware of her presence. She knew that I was intrigued. She knew that I wanted to get to know her.

It was like being next to Jesus. The gentle lamb, full of love and compassion. With so much inner beauty, that it just radiates all around. And anyone in their presence, will be touched. She touched me emotionally and mental that morning, as I looked into her eyes and said good morning. It was cerebral yet surreal at the same time.

She responded, with a simple yet commanding and assertive affirming, "good morning". "Where you at the watch night service". I responded that I wasn't and that I'd visited another church. I thought to myself, "wow what a loss on my part.

As the service went on, we got to portion where the pastor asked for all to pray for the person next to them. I was happy to do so. Then he said, "take their hand, turn to them and tell them, that you're praying for them. I was obliged to do so. I was happy to show her my interest in interceding, on her behalf. What I didn't expect, is what came next.

I turned to this lovely inanimate doll before me, who had the biggest most beautiful eyes that I'd ever seen. Well, my grand-daughter's eyes, might be prettier, just a little maybe.

She opened her eyes, and looked through me. Piercing through my soul, looking deeply in my eyes. In that moment, I felt undone, I felt inadequate. Like Isiah in the temple, as the Lord passed by him. "Woe am I. For I am undone."

Then, her sweet spirit spoke to me, in words that need not be uttered. She said it all with her beautiful eyes. She said to me, with her eyes and body, "it's okay". I'm not here to judge, I'm here before you, to pray with you, and for you". She spoke to my spirit, with a warm breeze that ebbed through my body. It felt like laying in grass and rolling around in a meadow, as she investigated my soul. To ask the question, how are you?

I was captivated. I was smitten. I was overwhelmed with joy and harmony simultaneously. I wanted to shout, I wanted to leap. I knew I'd met my Queen. I knew it was intended. I knew that I found my soul mate.

She quietly and softly held my hands, and gently caressed mine, in response to my caressing hers. I'll never forget how soft her hands felt. How good it felt to touch her tender soft hands. I didn't want to let go. I didn't want it to end. It was as though, we were dancing, at a black tie event. Waltzing. She was so elegant, she was charming. She was so kind. She was compassionate towards me.

I found myself tearing and choked, for how to respond. I could only stand, and be honest with her, about what I felt in that moment. There was nothing that I could have said to her, verbally. I wanted to use my lips to kiss you, to explain the joy that she'd given me, in that moment. She simply smiled at me, and kept caressing my hands. I wanted to cry, in her arms. I wanted her to kiss my cheeks and feel my tears.

I wanted to hug and pull her close to me. I wanted to feel her warm body next to me. I wanted to kiss her, I wanted to show her my appreciation, for licking my wounds. She'd seen a glimpse of my pain. She'd recognized my brokenness; she'd accepted my fragility. And welcomed my vulnerability. She didn't judge. She accepted me. I wanted to lay my head her bosom. I wanted to rest my head on her chest, and weep like a baby. She just looked at me, and never said a word, only with her eyes. I knew what they told me, I knew what they said. Her eyes said to me, "we have a new beginning, to look forward to.

It felt like coming to Christ. It felt the storm had been ceased. It felt like there was nothing or no one around, only the two of us. In a moment of bliss. I felt like a baby in their mother's arms. I knew that I was home, in her arms. Her eyes and her body said, "come to me and rest. I knew then that I wanted to care for her, forever. I knew then that this day was our destiny.

She'd heard my silent tears of joy and felt my deep-seated pain. From past relationships and life's trials. In that moment, she knew how to respond. She wiped my tears with her warmth, like Martha dried Jesus' feet, with her hair.

I knew that it was the first of my new life. It was the begging of a fresh start. A new beginning, and another, to show and receive love.

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