

## A FLEETING MOMENT

She was here for but a fleeting moment—like a sunbeam in a shaft of glory or a snowflake whose exquisite beauty is frozen for an instant to be forever an expression of the handiwork of God.

And though she stayed not long among us, yet was her spirit real. And in her mother's womb, knew the breath of human life and felt what humans feel.

Whatever was her purpose in the Master's grand design, it quickly was fulfilled and she was gone—a fragrant breath of God upon the earth.

Can we sense this? Lay hold of it? Catch a glimpse of Christ revealed?

So deep. So gentle—like the morning mist—to touch our hearts with truth beyond the reach of crass concerns that shackle human minds and keep their focus ever on the things of clay.

The mundane things that vanish with the passing day.

There now awaits in heaven a life, a spirit just as real as you and me. She is yours. Though briefly did she stay upon the earth with you, she will not forget, nor you.

In the womb you gave her life and nourished her and sensed her presence, day by day. You knew her thus and she knew you.

And when at last you come to that celestial place she'll be there with Christ, awaiting eagerly the ecstasy of your embrace.

Now she's safe. No earthly tragedy shall ever mar the beauty of the bloom, nor shall its glory ere be trampled in the dust.

And if her coming—like the gentle mist or refreshing summer rain—shall touch your hearts with grace and light for you the things that are most real, then her coming, though born upon a sea of grief and tears, shall not at all have been in vain.

David Morsey