Blue Roses 1-15-21

He leaned against the wall and peered into the fog. For most, the wall was too tall to peer over. For him, it was a convenient place to rest his arms while he waited.

The mist began to stir, and a shadow emerged. He smiled as he recognized the gait and the long, lean body. He slid the gate aside and stepped into the entrance.

The shadow became a man with a grin from ear to ear. The man was tall. Almost as tall as him, but not quite.

"So, this is it? I was expecting more. No 'Pearly Gates'?"

"Well, this stone wall is as old as time. And this gate . . . it was made by a Carpenter. It was made to last!"

"I'm so glad to see you, Greg. I've really missed you!" the man said, as he hugged his son.

"Me, too, Dad! Welcome home!"

The man turned, glancing back into the mist.

"Greg, I'm worried about your mother. The last few years have been hard on her. I became difficult to handle. I wasn't as kind as I should have been and she's sick."

"I know, Dad. I saw. But she loves you. She remembers all the times you sent her blue roses."

"Is she coming soon? I miss her. We need to talk. My mind was fuzzy, and I couldn't tell her how much I loved her."

"She'll join us when He says so. Trust me, Dad. We'll both be waiting at the gate when she arrives."

"Do they have blue roses here? I'll need a dozen blue roses."

"Yes, Dad, there are lots of blue roses. Now, come on. There's someone you need to meet. After you talk to Him, you have some catching up to do. There are a lot of people who want to talk to you," Greg said, as he put his arm around his father's shoulder and led him away.

"You're sure about the roses?"

"Yes, Dad. They have the prettiest blue roses you've ever seen . . ."

