

WHY?

Where...?

No Question too Small or too Strange

I can see us together some day in Heaven. I'm sitting beside You as You bring out all the journals we wrote through our times together. There are question marks on so many pages! I don't see a single page in all the writing where there is not at least one question mark. You sit down with me and go over EVERY one of them slowly and deliberately. You talk with me about every one of them. We talk about how I looked at them when we first wrote them, how my perceptions shaped who I became, and what they really mean to You. You don't condemn my indulgences or curiosity. You look at it as a parent who listens to their child asking the never-ending questions of growing up. You, however, don't get frustrated if I ask the same question a hundred different ways. You always love it when I bring my questions to You. It gives us time together. I sit still and try and find the answers. If the answers were provided before I asked, would I even be interested in coming back? (See there, another question!) You keep me spellbound! Will there be more questions when we are together? What will they be like? I can hardly wait to see!!

What if...?

When...?

How come...?

Now I see...!