

THE ROOT

by

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On a blustery autumn afternoon a lone man was walking along the top of a high cliff. As he looked down he could see a wild and roaring sea gnawing and tearing at the jagged rocks far below.

Without warning, a gust of wind barged into him, and struggling for balance, the man clutched at the indifferent air and finding no succour or support there, he casually fell over the edge of the cliff. He entered a new reality of falling, flailing, and screaming, and this new reality drove him relentlessly towards the grey teeth and rabid foaming sea below.

As he plummeted downwards his clutching hand locked on to a protruding root, and the man came to a jarring halt about a third of the way down the cliff.

In blind terror the man screamed for help - but it was to no avail. The malicious wind snatched the words and drowned them in the angry sea below.

With sobbing voice and weakening grip, the man called upon his God for help.

"Yes?" came a voice from the top of the cliff.

"Is that you, God?" cried the man.

"Yes... what do you want?"

"Please... Oh please save me, God."

"Why should I?" asked the voice.

"Because, I believe in you, and I have worshipped you all my life."

"Do you believe in me enough so that I can save you?"

The man's grip was growing weaker.

"Yes... Yes, I believe," screamed the man in terror.

"Are you really sure?"

'Yes! Yes! YES!'

"Do you trust me?"

"Yes... Yes, God, I do."

"Will you follow my directions... exactly as I give them?"

'Yes... Yes... Anything... ANYTHING!"

"In that case..." said the voice, "let go."

End

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