

The Child

by Rebekah Hill

Innocence

A young little babe, not even two moons, looks around with wandering
eyes not sure what to do.
She gurgles with happiness as she sees her beloved mom. Everything is silent,
everything is calm.
From two days to two weeks, two weeks to two years, she has not a
care in the world for everything is here.

Happiness

Growing a little older, laughing and playing with friends, the child
bursts with happiness. This feeling can never end.
Running barefoot in the grass with her arms out and hair flying, she
laughs and sings aloud for she would never feel like crying.
That little bubble of joy, rising from her toes to her head, grows bigger
and bigger; there is nothing in the world to dread.

Boredom

That wonderful happiness and joy slowly grows dull and fades away.
"No more running around and laughing, I don't ever want to play."
After sleeping, eating, and reading, there's nothing left for her to do. Only
moping around as time drags on, for there's never anything new.

Bratty

Laughing harshly at young children, definitely not in a nice way, and
watching them scream and run away is her only pleasure these days.
After snapping at her mother, having become a grouch and a grump, she
flops onto the sofa, content at being only a lump.
Ignoring her mothers' pained looks and the tears in the corner of her eyes,
the child, once happy and joyful, would now rather die.

Peer Pressure

Her only escape from the prison of her home is the companionship of
“friends” at school, the one time she's not alone.
The pressure of fitting in, of being someone, slowly *took* its toll, and the
now-teenaged child *took* her first step toward her fall.
Drinking and cursing and smoking and more, with new friends she *felt*
rich, turns out she *was* poor.

Adulthood

Leaving behind the parties of high school and college, the child, now
an adult seeks to find knowledge. The child quickly realizes the pains and
stress of life. Now with a home, a job, and taxes, she quickly sinks into
hardships and strife. Working so much harder than ever before, slowly she
gains recognition and life no longer feels like a chore.

Love

Enjoying the calm leisure of wealth, the child, now grown, begins to
think. “Is there more to life than money, or am I just destined to sink?”
Sitting on a bench in the park deep in thought as time begins to crawl,
suddenly appears the figure of a man, young and handsome and tall.
He walks over to her, his smile making everything disappear, and he asks
in an almost musical voice, “May I sit here?”
The child, feeling bashful, moves over to give him room. They *talked* and
talked the whole day long, and love *began* to bloom.
The two began to see each other almost every day for a year, so when one
day he asks “Will you marry me?” she answers “Yes!” while in tears.

Joy

The child, once a bratty and rotten teen, is now a married woman and
feels more like a queen.
A new life with her new husband, no one can deny, is one of the happiest
things that could happen; the happiest in her life.
Yet as the first few years go by, she feels as if something is missing. She
wanted to become a mother more than anything.
But as she lies in a sterilized room, she wonders if it was a mistake.

For when her body was so overcome with pain, she could hardly stay awake. But when the pain was over, the hour had finally come. The child now holds a child of her own, while he cries and sucks his thumb.

The happiness and pride of father and mother is almost more than one could bear. *Yet* the new family of three, on their way home, felt richer than a millionaire.

Responsibility

Bringing their new son home turned out to be more than they could chew. Between nursing, changing diapers, and restless sleep, the child, now a mother, hardly knew what to do.

The little boy grew older, in a way both good and bad. Now daytime was just as restless as the night, yet no more diapers were needed to have. Both mom and dad are working, meaning childcare must be paid. But both are very confident that they will get through without any aid.

Devastation

While life is happy and good, it can also take a turn for the worst. Watching her sickened son in her arms breathe his last, the child, no longer a mother, felt as if she would burst.

Through suffering through childbirth, and the pains and stress of the young, all those trials for this now-still son, to whom she clung.

Encircled in the arms of her husband as she watches the small box in which her son is being buried, the sobs and tears never stop as he is lowered into the ground, and she almost wished she'd never married. That once-joyful bubble is about to burst with pain and sorrow; it's almost not worth it to live to tomorrow.

Heartbreak

In the pains of losing her son, the child now lives in a daze. Slowly, she reverted back to old habits from school, feeling like she's in a maze. Drinking and drugs are welcomed back into her life, but the one whom she loved the most has now been overcome with strife. Her husband felt pain every time she swore, and it soon became too much so he said, "I don't know you anymore."

The two quickly fell apart, no longer in love. And at the sound of the gavel, husband and wife were no more.

Anger

Through the dizzying pains of life, the now-hardened child begins to steam. "Why do such things happen? And what more could this mean? If there is a God out there, what could He be thinking? A good person doing good things, right now is sinking!"

The loss of her husband and son, the child, now alone, begins to see that this just might be a good thing, perhaps her destiny.

Since God out there doesn't love her, she'll be in charge of her life. With plenty of money and new "friends" she'd just met, her life will be better, no longer in strife.

Loss

In becoming the god of her own life, the child is now set up for doom. Losing all her money and "friends", she's ready to lie in her own tomb. Money was wasted through drinking and drugs, her home is forever gone; she now lives with thugs.

Once having a happy family living contentedly in comfort; now carrying all her belongings in the street, with no support.

Abandoned, deserted, forgotten, and lonely, the child has lost everything she cared about, everything homely.

Seeking Jesus

The child, divorced and homeless, is now forced to reconsider. Perhaps there is a God out there, the One to whom she was bitter. In her teenaged years her mother had begged her, "Find Jesus, find Jesus!" Well, there's nothing left to lose, and the possibility He could help her was her only hope. The child, now determined, goes out to find a church. Perhaps someone there, maybe a pastor, would help her on her search.

Finding Jesus

The child, almost in hysterics, now sits down with a pastor. She listens quite intently as he talks about his Master.

This man, Jesus, is the Son of God. He was sent down to Earth by His Father to save everyone, yet they thought he was a fraud. He was perfect in every way with no sin to His Name. Yet the rulers and Pharisees found ways to give Him blame.

He was sacrificed for everyone's sin, crucified on the cross. But once he was dead, He rose to life on the third day to give hope to all of us.

All you have to do is confess your sins, and believe in Him.

All the child would have to do is repent and turn away from all the wicked she'd done and she would be saved by the Son. He would come into her life and forgive her of everything.

All she needs to do is ask, and there would be no more wrestling. With tears strolling down her cheeks, the child cries out to her Lord, "Forgive me Master! I will forever be meek! Thank you for dying for me. I give my life back to you! I will praise Your Name forever, and serve You in everything I do!"

Filled with the Holy Spirit: Joy

Filled with the Holy Spirit, the child feels like she was reborn.

In living her life for Jesus she's no longer sad and forlorn.

With help from her new pastor, she's now back on her feet.

While going to church every Sunday and evangelizing every week, the child's relationship with her Lord begins to grow as we speak.

All those trials and tribulations from the past are now tucked away as she focuses her eyes upon Jesus day by day.

The years quickly flew by as the child lived for her Lord, *but* age never calmed this new love she now stored.

Aged Elderly

The child, now an old woman, looks around at her new surroundings. White walls and white doors, what are these things? In truth, it's a convalescent home. For the ones who cannot care for themselves on their own. The now-aged woman smiles contentedly, thinking about her past. How her life was a roller coaster; it went by so fast!

From sweet child to bratty teen, from joy to strife, the past actually seemed horrible until Jesus came into her life.

Now in a strange place with strange people to see, perhaps those people also need Jesus to set them free.

Peace

The child, who is old and fading fast, felt she's had too much time to think about her past. Her time is coming up, and she knows *it's* soon.

She welcomes it, yet dreads it; she doesn't know what to do.

The thought of dying, it sounds like a pain. Yet heaven is calling, how could she complain? Suddenly, things began to change.

The child thought she heard music, and the room started to move. It was strange.

Afraid, she felt as small and rigid as a gnome.

But all the fear disappeared when a deep, gentle voice called out, "Child, welcome home."