

Anticipation

by Heather Acquistapace

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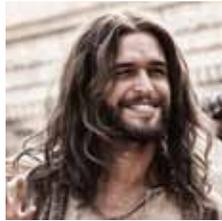
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My King is happy, and I know not why. Our kingdom is now divided for the civil war destroyed much of our home. The separation is nothing to smile about. The enemy who rebelled was locked away in a place of darkness and fire, though my King said some shall be kept out. He said He wanted . . . something . . .to have a choice between Him and the dark ones. That something was . . . I have never heard the word before. . . . People? . . . Yes, I think that was it. He said it would be unloving to not give them a choice.



He is still smiling

He is seated on His throne, one hand lies on the armrest, and the other supports His chin. His fiery eyes look off into the distance; His grin lights up His already brilliant countenance. We know a plan is forming in His vast mind, a plan of wonder that exceeds our imagination to be sure. Now He laughs with delight and lightning flashes above His head amidst the arced, jade rainbow. What is He thinking of?

There has been much talk about the King's plans, and they are all very strange and magnificent. I know He is going to make something from the large void outside our celestial realm. Some say He is going to fill it with things that are far less than what we are accustomed to, dull things that are fragile and afraid of our light. Some say people will be very weak and feeble-minded. Others wonder if they will rebel against the King too. I think not, or at least not all of them. If they would all fall away, why would my King smile with such expectation?

Who knows what He is planning, but I am very excited for it. My wings tremble even now with anticipation! If He is so pleased with what will take place, so thrilled and filled with eagerness, then I am as well. Whatever He is going to create, though weak and dull, it will be His treasure, for I have never seen Him so joyful. I know He will create His own, and they will be His delight.

