

The Secret Door

I hunted for the secret door,
Up hills, down valleys,
In the midst of the bustling city.
I thought I might find it where the people gathered to argue and discuss,
Behind the door would be all I had longed for.
I looked in the cafes among the artistic and the beautiful,
I looked in the boardrooms among the powerful and the decision makers.
Over time the search for the secret door became less urgent and busyness
crowded my life.

Then one day, with nothing better to do I climbed the old stairs to my dusty
attic.

There among my grandmother's chest, cast off toys,
and boxes of books covered with cobwebs I sat dreaming.
Dreams of the past - of memories half forgotten.

A shaft of light from a skylight brought me through the years to the present.
It ended in a corner on an old rusty handle,
I walked to the outline of a door, its wood peeling away.
The handle creaked and the door needed several thrusts.
At last it opened;

There standing in the light was the most beautiful person I had ever seen,
He took my hand and gently led me into the room,
A room perfectly suited to me,
Its center held a softly flowing fountain.
In the soft light I sat beside him and told him everything.
His eyes showed He already knew - and understood
He had been waiting for me.

I wanted to linger but he said I must go back to the market place,
taking with me what I now knew.
"You can come again anytime" he said
"Come often".

I left, light in my step, and my heart filled with love.