THE QUILT

**As I faced my Maker at the last Judgement, I knelt before the Lord along with**

**the other souls. Before each of us laid our lives, like the squares of a**

**quilt, in many piles. An Angel sat before each of us sewing our quilt**

**squares together into a tapestry that is our life.**

**But, as my Angel took each piece of cloth off the pile, I noticed how ragged**

**and empty each of my squares was. They were filled with giant holes. Each**

**square was labeled with a part of my life that had been difficult, the**

**challenges and temptations I was faced with in everyday life. I saw**

**hardships that I had endured, which were the largest holes of all.**

**I glanced around me. Nobody else had such squares.**

**Other than a tiny hole here and there, the other tapestries were filled with**

**rich color and the bright hues of worldly fortune. I gazed upon my own life**

**and was disheartened. My Angel was sewing the ragged pieces of cloth**

**together, threadbare and empty, like binding air. Finally the time came when**

**each life was to be displayed, held up to the light, the scrutiny of truth.**

**The others rose, each in turn, holding up their tapestries. So filled their**

**lives had been.**

**My Angel looked upon me, and nodded for me to rise.**

**My gaze dropped to the ground in shame. I hadn't had all the earthly**

**fortunes. I had love in my life, and laughter. But there had also been**

**trials of illness and death, and false accusations that took from me my world**

**as I knew it. I had to start over many times.**

**I often struggled with the temptation to quit, only to somehow muster the**

**strength to pick up and begin again.**

**I had spent many nights on my knees in prayer, asking for help and guidance**

**in my life. I had often been held up to ridicule, which I endured painfully;**

**each time offering it up to the Father in hopes that I would not melt within**

**my skin beneath the judgmental gaze of those who unfairly judged me. And**

**now, I had to face the truth. My life was what it was, and I had to accept**

**it for what it had been.**

**I rose and slowly lifted the combined squares of my life to the light. An**

**awe-filled gasp filled the air.**

**I gazed around at the others who stared at me with eyes wide. Then, I looked**

**upon the tapestry before me. Light flooded the many holes, creating an image.**

**The face of Christ. Then our Lord stood before me, with warmth and love in**

**His eyes. He said, & quote;Every time you gave over your life to Me, it**

**became My life, My hardships, and My struggles. Each point of light in your**

**life is when you stepped aside and let Me shine through, until there was more**

**of Me than there was of you.**

**May all our quilts be threadbare and worn, allowing Christ to shine through.**

**Author: Unknown**

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**Submitted,**

**Senior Chief Don Harribine**

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