

Silent Light

The Holly Tree, a Christmas movie I was watching on TV finally ended with its Holly Day kiss beneath a sprig of mistletoe hanging from the door jamb next to the glowing fire in the fieldstone fireplace.

A bit weary from doing my exercise regiment earlier in the day, I turned the living room light down low and watched the Christmas tree lights bathe the room in a soft, rosy glow. The fireplace flames danced gnome-like shadows on the lacey white curtains by the living room windows.

I decided to close my eyes for a few minutes:

Suddenly, I was flying high in the sky drifting on a golden sunray next to a bank of puffy white clouds. I looked down through the clouds and there was Stone Harbor passing by with its Christmas lights glowing.

With a start I awoke from my evening sleep and immediately the desire rushed into my mind that I wanted to see what Stone Harbor's downtown looked like at this time of the Christmas season. I decided to walk down to 96th Street and see the scene in reality.

It was three days before Christmas when I walked past the water tower and looked up into the night sky. I saw its four huge steel I-beam legs pushing the 500,000 gallon water tank up toward the stars. Suddenly, the night was filled with silence.

When I got to the intersection of Second Avenue and 96th Street, I noticed the traffic light blinking red, now yellow, now green, but not a car did I see or hear.

I looked down 96th Street toward the wetlands and the Great Channel bridge and saw the long rows of the small Black Locust trees, shed of their leaves, growing intermittingly along the curb line of both sides of the street. Their trunks and limbs were ablaze with entwining white Christmas lights.

Near the bridge, the stately Bradford Pear trees' white lights glowing on their trunk and limbs, were lighting up the small landscaped island at the town's entrance like a Christmas scene in the toy department of a city department store.

I looked down the street at the store fronts along 96th Street, most of which were decorated with multi-colored Christmas lights around the store windows. Inside the stores, brightly colored wreaths with large and small poinsettias created the feeling and the scene of Christmas.

I walked past Ace Hardware and over to Hoy's 5 & 10, looked in their store windows and saw green, blue, red and yellow lights blinking and glowing on various toy displays and special hardware Christmas gifts. But Hoy's and all the other stores were closed. I saw no one, heard nothing. My walk was a quiet hush.

Finally, I decided to go home and was just walking by the town's grandfather clock when it started to strike ten. As I continued my walk to Second Avenue, I heard the clock's chimes beginning to play Silent Night.

Indeed, it was a Holly night. As I walked back home I thought about the families that were living on our 7 Mile Island that starry quiet night. Were all their family members healthy, free of pain, safe, and enjoying life? Did they love someone? Did someone love them? Did they understand how precious this gift of life really is?

I searched down the halls of infinity for the answers to my life, but all that I hear is the echo in my mind, "there will be a time my friend, there will be a time when you will hear all the answers".