

On A Clear Day, You Can See...

By Dennis Berry

It was a beautiful spring day in the small southern town. I had eaten lunch in the school cafeteria, and then wandered out onto the field behind the school to relax. As I lay there on my back gazing into the clear blue sky, a wondrous feeling came over me. I wondered at the scene I was in and how I would like to see the scene from above on such a sparkling clear day.

The cool spring air and the warmth of the sun relaxed me. As I lay there my mind cleared of daily thoughts. The next thought I had was one of awe. In my mind's eye, I saw the curvature of the earth where it met the sky. I was struck by the beauty and embrace. In my mind's eye, I rotated my gaze downward to the town below. I could see many familiar landmarks, one of which was the water tower near the high school.

As I oriented myself to the features below, my view fixed on an object in the field. I became afraid, deathly afraid. I recognized the object as my physical body. I thought perhaps I was dead. In that instant of fear I became grounded. I stood up and walked towards the library. My mind was full of wonder. I did not even know how to ask the questions I wanted answers to.

The event I have shared with you happened to me during March of 1972. I am sure of the approximate date because I still have the Bible I checked out that day with a due date of April 3, 1972 stamped in the back. I intend to return this book to the school this fall. I wonder what to expect returning a book 26 years overdue.