

Chapter 248: Resurrection by Gary Geick

After a long time – what seemed an eternity – I heard a voice calling my name, and at first, I thought it was my Heavenly Father calling me home. But then my aura, or my soul, or whatever part of me that had left my body, started to move. It began slowly at first, so slowly that it was imperceptible. This was mainly because one part of the seafloor looks so much like the next. It was only after an unusually vibrant blue flower caught my attention that I realized what was happening.

The flower's center was bulbous. There was a plethora of lighter blue flowers that grew from it, and there were weed-like leaves that surrounded the bulb.

The flower entranced me, and I began to count the smaller flowers that grew from the bulb. It was only after I'd counted about twenty or twenty-five flowers that I realized that the plant was getting further and further away from me. And I realized instantly that I was moving. Where I was going, or who was drawing me, I knew not, but as surely as a fish knows when it is hooked, I knew that I was being reeled in.

The progress was very slow at first, and the voice that was calling me was very faint. The speed gradually began to pick up, though, and very soon, I was being pulled along so quickly that the ocean floor became a blur, and the voice that was calling me grew louder and more insistent. "Samuel!" the voice shouted. "Hey, man! What the hell?!?! Wake up! We're here, and you have visitors!"

I felt the essence of who I am – *my spirit?* – slam into my physical body, and for a moment, I must have lost consciousness, because everything went black. I don't know what happened then, but when I thought about it later, an image of a computer came to my mind, one that is being rebooted after a glitch. At that moment, though, as my consciousness returned to me, the Christ image returned.

Like Jesus had been, I realized, my life was also being restored, and I saw God on his throne. And at the moment before I opened my eyes, He smiled at me and said, "Well done, my good and faithful servant."

Joshua had his large hands on my shoulders, and he was gently shaking me. I saw fear in his eyes, and he looked frantic. "Hey!" I gasped. "What's going on? Let me go before you break me!"

"Let you go?!?!?" Joshua laughed. "I'm never going to let you go again!"

"What are you talking about?" I demanded. "I can hardly breathe with you bent over me like that!"

Joshua sat up, but he didn't move away, and the expression of fear did not leave his face. "Samuel," he said. "I don't know what happened today, but I thought you were dead or dying! You slept all the way from where we were fishing to here, docked at Lopez Island. You've

never slept like that in the boat before, during the day, but nobody thought anything of it until we tried to wake you. Erick came down first, and when he was unable, I came down, but you wouldn't wake up for me either. Furthermore, when I first came down, your breathing was normal, but I've been trying to wake you up for over a half an hour, and your breathing has since slowed considerably, to the point that by the time you opened your eyes, I had been certain that you were dead. In fact, the Ambulance should be here any minute."

"Well, you can call them off!" I exclaimed. "I am perfectly fine now!"

"No, I don't think so," Mason exclaimed. "You may be fine now, but I want a medical opinion before you go off gallivanting!"

Someone entered, but I couldn't see them with Joshua standing in the way.

"Mason!" I gasped. "Is that you? What are you doing here?"

"It's me," Mason said, and Joshua moved aside.

I saw her standing in the doorway, and Gordon, Garza, Boris, and Shelley were behind her. They were all grinning, and the two girls were crying tears of joy.

"What are you doing here?" I wondered.

"I had to come," Mason replied. "I couldn't let you celebrate your birthday without your family!"

"M-My b-birthday?" I stuttered. "Is it my birthday? What day is it today?"

"You crazy, man!" Mason laughed. She came to my bed then. She wrapped her arms around me, and she kissed me hard on the mouth. "It's June 6th. Did you really forget your own birthday? I had assumed that you were just trying to get out of having to acknowledge it."

"No!" I replied. I wasn't big on birthdays, but I couldn't believe that I'd actually forgotten my own birthday. "I actually forgot it," I said. "It's inconceivable, but it's true. Being out here, though, in Washington, on Lopez Island, I suppose that it isn't all that surprising. Each day seems to run into the next..."

"Well, we really have missed you a lot," Mason said sternly. "You have been gone too long. The island isn't the same without you. Everybody feels it, including the culinary staff and the janitors. In fact, even the farm animals have been in a funk ever since you left."

I gave Mason a big hug and said, "Don't worry, we'll head back home tomorrow, all of us. I'm sure that the children will enjoy being at sea for a couple of days."