

I SHALL LIVE AND NOT DIE!

Psalm 118:17

The little girl ran across the floor flashing a big grin and waving her hands quickly.

She received quick hand waves back to her.

A man was walking behind the little girl, as she ran across the highly polished and glazed floor.

The man stood and looked after the girl as she ran.

The man slowly began to walk where the hands were seen waving.

He was carrying a bruised, banged up wrecked little tricycle.

He stopped a few feet from the men the little girl waved to.

He bowed his head.

He bowed to his knees and held the wrecked tricycle out in front of him to present it to the men.

One of the men, who was seated, stood and walked down golden steps and held out his hands and took the bike from the man and held it.

He turned the bike back and forth and examined it.

He twisted the bike at every angle, as he examined it.

There was a voice from behind the man.

The man stopped and looked behind him at the one who spoke.

The man that was on his knees said, "What will happen when she . . ."

The man's voice was cut off by a great scream from the little girl.

Everything was quiet.

The only sound that could be heard was the little girl's feet hitting the crystal floor as she ran through the hall screaming.

The man with the bike walked up the steps and handing the terrible wrecked red bike belonging to the little girl to the one who sat on the throne.

The man proceeded to his throne and sat and waited for the little girl to approach.

The little girl was screaming every step of the way.

The bowing man stood.

The little girl, exhausted and out of breath, bent over and put her hands on her knees.

She was coughing, trying to catch her breath.

The two men, who were seated, stared at the little girl.

No one said anything.

Finally, the little girl was able to stand with a wet face of tears and a running nose.

A man dressed in silver, holding a silver service platter in his hands, stepped forward.

The man who had bowed, looked at the service man, and beckoned him to approach.

The service man stood with the platter in front of him.

He stepped very quietly next to the little girl.

The little girl was still screaming and had tears flowing down her face.

She didn't see the service man and he stepped again with the service tray.

The little girl looked at him.

He did not know whether to smile or what.

He lifted the tray.

The little girl saw a face cloth and a glass of water.

She frowned and looked at the service man.

The voice of one of the men who took the little girl's bike from the bowed man said to the little girl, in the midst of her screams,

"Wash your face and take a sip of water."

The little girl wiped her face with the washcloth, which was white in color, trimmed in gold and had pink ribbons on it.

She loved that color pink.

The little girl was sniffing but was quieting down as she reached for the water which was in a clear glass trimmed in gold and pink, the same shade of pink as the washcloth.

As she lifted the glass and started drinking the water, tilting her head, she was enjoying the water.

Everyone was quiet.

Her eyes caught the sight of her wrecked and torn up red bike.

She gave out a great scream - passing out.

The man who bowed caught her.

The service man caught the glass and turned and walked out of the room.

Jesus looked at the Father and said to the bowed man, "Bring her to me."

The bowed man walked up the golden steps and handed the little girl to Jesus.

The little girl's body was lifeless.

Her arms and legs were swinging from the big man's arms.

Jesus reached for her and took her into His arms.

He looked at her and then looked at the destroyed bike.

He blew His breath into her face and she began to move and cough.

The bowed man stood and looked.

Jesus so ever gently said, "I told you the thief only comes to steal, kill and destroy. Now look at that bike."

The little girl leaned up and saw her bike at the corner and began to scream and kick.

Jesus said, "It's enough you are here now. I promised you life and life more abundant."

She began to cry and finally said, "I waved."

Jesus said, "And we waved back."

The little girl said, with her arms stretched out in a questioning gesture, "I thought we had an understanding that as long as I waved, we were okay. What happened?"

Jesus picking up the little girl and turning her to face Him, said, "Enough is enough!"

The little girl said, "I have friends and I like them."

Jesus said very sternly, "They are not your friends. Look at your bike."

The little girl began to cry.

Jesus held her.

Father God said something to Jesus.

The little girl recognizing His voice, leaned her head off Jesus and looking at her Father with outstretched hands.

He got her and still whimpering, she reached for Him.

The little girl whispered to her Father, "I have friends now!"

Jesus was standing up from His throne.

He looked at the little girl and said, "They are not your friends."

The little girl buried her head in God's chest and slowly and quietly replied out, not really to Jesus, but talking to herself as she did all the time because she had no one to talk to.

She said, "Sometimes you need to believe that somebody likes you, that somebody is for you and want to play with you."

God spoke to Jesus.

No one knew what He said.

Jesus stood and turned to the bowed man and said, "Bring me the bike."

The little girl was leaning into God's chest and twisting her lips and twirling her hands, which she always did when she was tired and worried.

The little girl watched as Jesus began to repair her bike.

When He finished, the little girl was so delighted, she leaned forward in God's lap and exclaimed, "Can it be that pretty pink?" And pointed at the washcloth.

Jesus looked at her.

Father God chuckled.

Jesus said, "Yes."

The bike was instantly restored and changed into that pretty pink.

The little girl was so excited; she leaped off God's lap and ran down the steps to her new pink bike.

She was so happy and excited.

She began to swing her hands.

Jesus looked at her little excited face and turning the handle bars to her.

She hugged his legs and jumped on her new bike and began to pedal through the hall.

Jesus and the bowed man watched the excited little girl.

The bowed man said, "What now?"

Father God spoke.

Jesus turned to look at the Father, as the little girl came flying back by them.

Jesus turns and stops the little girl.

He bends down to her.

The little girl was scared and nervous and her excitement went away.

She began to bite her lip.

The Father spoke.

Jesus looks at the Father.

He turns and looks at the little girl.

She was so afraid.

She was turning the handlebars in a nervous pattern.

Jesus looked at her little hands turning the handlebars and knew she was afraid.

Jesus said, looking directly into the little girl's eyes, "I have not given you the spirit of fear, but of power and love and a sound mind. You will go back."

The little girl screamed and jumped and hugged Jesus' neck laughing.

God the Father said something.

Jesus holding the little girl said, "This bike represents your life and what We called you to do for Us."

The bowed man walked up on the side of the little girl.

Jesus looked up at him.

Jesus told the little girl, "Do not let anyone destroy your life."

The little girl turning the handlebars, ready to pedal.

The little girl said, "Not even my friends."

Jesus said, "I told you they are not your friends. We are your friends."

The little girl held her head down.

Jesus looked at her and felt compassion for her.

He said, "I will send you some friends."

The little girl lifted her head and began to smile because joy had entered into her heart and her eyes were wide and full of love.

Jesus smiled.

He said, "If you allow anyone to destroy your bike again, you will remain here."

She leans over and hugs Jesus and kissed him on his cheek.

She began to pedal wildly and does her famous yell, "See you at the end."

Jesus turns to the bowed man and said, "Gabriel, execute your orders on those friends."

Gabriel bows and walks away.

He sees the little girl in front of him pedaling so hard with her elbows out and her head over the handlebars.

Jesus is standing and watching.

He sees Gabriel as he goes from one of those friends to the other executing God's wrath on them.

The little girl is lying in a hospital bed with her head bandaged and two broken legs and a broken hand.

The little girl opens her eyes after being in a coma for three days.

She sees her beautiful new pink bike in the corner.

She sees Jesus standing near her bed.

She was so happy to see him.

She waves her two fingers at Him.

He smiles and waves back.

He started walking out of the room.

The little girl looks at Him and tries to gesture, "What?"

Jesus continues to walk and says, "The power of life and death is in your tongue."

The little girl began to stick out her tongue and crossing her eyes in an attempt to see her tongue.

She looks over at the corner where her beautiful new pink bike had faded away.

She began to laugh.

Jesus walking through the clouds, heard her laugh and he smiles.

Jesus said, "Father, hard lesson, but she has it now."

A medical technician walks into the room.

He, peeping at the middle- aged woman, walked over to her bed and stood at the foot of her bed bewildered at her laughing. He thought, "She just came out of a three-day coma."

A young white female nurse pushing the door opened, peeped into the room and said very hesitantly, "What's going on?"

She was looking at the middle- aged woman and then to the white male technician, who was baffled.

The middle- aged woman was laughing and pointing towards the wall.

The nurse walks into the room with a baffled look on her face.

The middle- aged woman said, "Do you see a pink bike in the corner?"

Both turned slowly and looked and then turned back and looked at her.

Both slowly shook their heads for "No."

The middle- aged woman laughed more.

Gabriel was going to each of her "friends" with their judgment from God and Jesus.

The ink horn angel was watching and writing down all details and each judgment of God against the 'friends'.

The ink horn angel stopped writing when Gabriel was finished and returned to God.

The nurse ran out of the room to get the doctor.

The middle- aged woman laid back and began to say, "The power of life and death is in the tongue. I choose life - Jesus."

Falling asleep, she continued saying the scripture.

The technician was standing at the foot of her bed when the nurse returned with a doctor.

The doctor looked at the sleeping woman and said, "She's fine. Let her sleep."

The technician and nurse looked at each other as the doctor walked out of the room.

The technician looked at his watch and said, "My round is over. I'll check on her tomorrow."

The nurse said, "Mine is also over".

They walked out the room.

The nurse is walking out of the hospital with her purse and looking down as she was texting and was nearly hit by the technician who had a backpack on and pedaling on his bike.

The technician said to the nurse, "Want a ride?"

To his surprise, she hopped on his seat and he said, "Woo!!!"

The nurse laughed.

People were looking at them and they smiled and waved at the co-workers as they pedaled home.

The middle- aged woman smiled and said, "Friends".

As if she could see and hear the two.

Jesus standing in the clouds said, "Yes, friends."

In a garage was a wrecked car and the people were examining it and a man stooping down saw the brakes had been tampered with.

He called another man over and they examined the brakes and took pictures and wrote down their findings.

They finished examining the car.

Two police officers walked into the garage area and a disk was given to the police officers.

The men showed them the car.

They all stood at the car.

One of the police officers said, "She's off life support and will live."

One of the men, stooping down and looking at the car, shook his head and said, "It is not possible. I just don't see how."

The other man said, "It is a true miracle."

The culprit who damaged her brakes was sitting on a sofa tossing a foot ball, looking at TV and smoking a cigarette.

As the woman slept, her body was beginning to heal.

The doctors were talking about the type of surgeries she needed and saying she might not survive.

New cells were generating in her flesh.

They had to wait a few days before they could perform any tests to determine the extent of the damage she sustained.

One of the doctors said, "Both legs may have to be amputated before we do any other procedures."

No one said anything.

The middle- aged woman, although sleep, kept repeating Jesus' words.

"I shall live and not die."

The more she said Jesus' words, the more her body obeyed Jesus' words and continued to grow new cells.