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Tea With God

I find Him standing in my kitchen with my teacup in His hands, welcoming me back as if He were the owner of this cottage by the sea and I the honored guest. When I insist He move out of this place- find a castle on a mountain to dwell in so He could commune with more worthy folk- He just smiles and takes a seat at my table, gesturing to the empty chair. I sit across from Him.

He slides me the cup, and I catch it just before it falls off the edge. I take a sip of the tea He has prepared for me. Its warmth swirls within me and fills my bones with a gentle burn that smells of leaves and roses and something else I can't quite place. It's better than anything I could have made. And yet He made it with my filthy kettle. How He managed to create such a wonderful thing from the garbage I had is not something I'll ever truly comprehend.

Hesitatingly, I make eye contact. But once my eyes land on His, I know I should never have been afraid in the first place. In His face is such comfort- such peace. With only a smile, He puts salve on wounds I didn't even know I had. My thoughts start bumping against my teeth like the sea on the jagged rocks not far below us. I try to bite down on them, turn them into mere foam and spray through which it is impossible to discern the blue of the larger ocean. He's been so good to me and doesn't deserve to be bothered by my stupid mind. But He must be more perceptive than I thought, because from the fragments I have let slip He learns so much. The ocean, the most unexplored thing we know, the thing I don't dare explore for fear of drowning, is but the back of His great hand. He already knows more than I had hoped to tell Him.

I finish my tea and attempt to stand so that I can wash my cup in the sink. But, exhausted from my short swim in my thoughts, I collapse back down into my chair. I feel dizzy, so I rest my head on the table. While everything is still spinning, and before I can stop Him, He gets up and washes my cup, dries it, and stores it in the cupboard in just the right spot.

He then comes back to me, and brushes a sweaty lock of hair out of my face. His touch is so gentle, it almost brings me to tears. From somewhere, He brings the softest blanket I have and throws it over my shoulders. I thought I had lost that blanket years ago. Beneath both it and His gaze, I abandon myself to sleep, knowing He'll watch over me with the dedication and loyalty I only hope someday I'll be able to return.