

Zechariah

By Carl Brown

“Your wife Elizabeth will bear you a son...”

Old guy, like me, married to a slightly younger but getting on in years woman. Goes to work every day, does what he has to do, goes home again. He’s wishing for more. He’s even praying for it. He works at the temple, but he has never actually seen God.

Look around you. Look at the room that you are in while you read this. Look at your clothes. Look, if you dare, in the mirror.

Everything is what you see. You know where you have been. Some of it was painful. Some of it was good. An okay life. You know what will happen tomorrow, based on what you see today. You might be wishing for more. You know better.

Christmas week: so, what? It’s just another day. The tree is up. I like the lights and the decorations, but why? My tree has a bird hiding in it. Remnants of a game I played every Christmas as a child. Find the bird. There is more to life than what you see. Look again.

Old guy has a vision. Too much incense. Bright light that resolves into a person, talking to him. Must lay off the Hennessy. Words. Everything he ever wanted is going to come true. Wait. How will I know that this will happen?

We are a strange people. We feel trapped. We want more. And when it is offered, we react with suspicion.

How many times I have inherited billions from unknown relatives in India. But this....

Could this be different?

Perhaps, for now I cannot speak...