

A Conversation with My Savior

by Grace Xiong

*Come to me,
all who labor and are heavy laden,
and I will give you rest.*

— Matthew 11:28

There is a two-story house painted tan and brown in an urban part of Houston. Four cars line the driveway, one for each person in the family. The yard is green and healthy. Flowers spring out of the mulch in front of the house. A staircase leads up to the front door. A girl sits at the kitchen table, and a man wearing robes in white and blue stands next to her.

“I’m so tired,” the girl says. She flops onto the table. Her head is buried in her arms.

“Come to me.” The man crouches down. His face lines up with her head.

“I’m so tired,” the girl groans.

“Come to me.”

The girl throws her head back. Her arms extend out from her sides. She looks out the window, seeing a butterfly beat its wings against the glass.

“I feel like that butterfly.” The girl pouts and buries her head in her arms again.

“You don’t have to.”

“I want to fly and be free from all this.” She looks down at her textbooks and papers.

“I can help you.”

“What am I going to do with my life? My parents want me to be a doctor, but do I really want that for myself?”

“Who are you in light of what I have done for you?”

The girl groans again before picking up the pen from the table. She must finish her calculus and physics homework by the end of the night. She gets up from her chair and fills her cup with water from the kitchen faucet. The man watches her from his crouched position. She doesn't drink from the cup but brings it to her table.

"I don't want to do any of this."

"Give me all your burdens, and I will carry them for you."

"But my parents will freak if I just drop everything, so what I am going to do?" The girl rests her head on her knuckles propped up on the table. "They will say, after everything they have sacrificed for me to have a better life, am I just going to throw it back in their face?"

"Anyone who loves his mother or father more than me is not worthy of me." The man rests his hand on top of the girl's. "You have to make a choice."

The girl swirls the cup of water in her hand. "Is this the cup you have for me?" The girl looks at the man who is standing next to her now.

"I am with you, always, to the end of the age."

"I am scared. What if my parents disown me? Medical school is the only path I have ever known."

"In this world you will have many tribulations but take heart; I have already overcome the world."

"What if my parents no longer love me anymore?"

"I have loved you with an everlasting love."

The cup trembles in the girl's hand. She brings it close to her face and peers at the water. She sets it down and looks at the man.

"How can I trust you are who you say you are?"

“I died so that you may live.”

“How can I trust what you say you have done?”

“Live by faith not by sight.”

“How do I do that?”

“Come to me.”

“But I am scared. What if you betray me and abandon me?”

“Whoever comes to me I will never cast out.”

She looked at the cup on the kitchen table again. “What if I don’t drink it?”

“The gate is narrow and the way is hard that leads to life, and those who find it are few.”

“What happens to those that don’t find the narrow path?”

“The gate is wide and the way is easy that leads to destruction, and those who find it are many.”

“What do you mean by destruction?”

“Fear him who can destroy both body and soul in hell.”

“Why do only some people go to heaven and others go to hell?”

“Those who do not know me will suffer the wrath of my Father.”

“Who gets to decide that?”

“The One who created heaven and the earth and the sea and all that is in them.”

The girl looks at the symbols on her calculus homework and out the window. The butterfly is still there, beating its wings against the glass.

“I don’t want to be like that butterfly.”

“Come to me.”

“Will you catch me when I fall?”

“I will.”

“Promise?”

“I promise on my life that I am with you, always, to the end of the age, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish you until we see each other face-to-face at the great marriage feast.”

A tear slips down the girl’s cheek, followed by many more. She holds the cup in her hand and tilts her head back. She gets up and embraces the man and does not let go.