

"Cue"

“Cue!”

Every angel within the sound room braced, held their breath, and smiled.

Boy stepped up next to the player machine, his finger poised over the play button, smiling. “Will she hear it?”

Jerum smiled. “Only time will tell. Somedays they hear. Somedays they don’t hear. It’s not up to us to make them hear. It’s up to them ... and the Father.” He smiled as he said those last words. “We can only press play.” He grinned now. “It’s fun.”

Boy focused on his finger, ready to press the play button, but at the same time, in another dimension, he saw Katty’s reclining body still in bed in her house. “Will she hear it?” His mom. He so loved her. No matter what. He could barely see her body curved around a tiny human that was sleeping in the curve of *her* body, her arm cuddling.

A deep sigh escaped from Boy.

A huge angel placed his hand on Boy’s shoulder.

Boy glanced up at him, his face somber—but just for a moment. The joy returned to Boy's eyes, and he pressed play.

Immediately, tones piped into the heavenly space. Notes appeared, floating, filling the atmosphere, traveling. Moving, as alive in the space, finding their way through—in. They were all sizes and shapes. Note-like, but every part was unique and precious. Every color used in the design of a plant leaf, or a raindrop, a tree trunk, the eyes of a baby kitty. All things—layer upon layer of colors—reflected in each note.

And that was only what their eyes saw. The sound filled not only ears, but every heart.

“Wait!” The huge angel hit pause. “Did you apply for the license to use this song?”

Boy grinned and nodded as he hit play again, too engrossed in the scene before him. His earthly mom's eyes barely open. Her mouth wide in a yawn, she stretched her arms around the tiny bundle next to her. She kissed the baby and nuzzled.

“Sweet.” Boy wiped a tear that escaped from one eye. “Sweet.” He glanced up at the angel. “I think she heard it.” He tilted his head. “How do you know?”

“Oh, you'll know.” The angel pointed at the scene before them.

Katty reached over the baby to her phone and picked it up. “It's not playing. I didn't set an alarm, so it's not that.” She tapped a couple other places on her phone, then put it back onto the table beside the bed. “Huh.” A beautiful expression on her face, her hand on her chest, a tender smile on her lips. Tears rolled down her cheeks. She began to sing along with the song that played in her spirit. “I trust in You, Lord.”

Boy chuckled. “She doesn't know the words.”

The angel nodded. “She will.”

At the same time, the entire scene—the angels, the player, and Boy—rotated, morphed, layered. The Throne room. They bowed before the Father and Jesus, at Father’s right hand.

Jesus, still sitting on the throne, somehow sat beside Boy and reached down to pat his shoulder. “Well done, my dear Boy. She heard. She is here with us.” He breathed a deep sigh. “What a gift you are to Me.”

They both, Boy and Jesus, at the same time looked into the other dimension that somehow flowed into theirs. Katty, who by now had crawled out of bed, picked up the baby and knelt on the floor.

Jesus wiped away tears streaming from his own eyes as Katty’s worship, her voice, her words, her heart reached the heavens. Reached His heart.

He drew in a deep breath. “Faithful. She is faithful.” Jesus picked up Boy and together they watched Katty worship, their eyes closed, moving simultaneously with her as she rocked back and forth in worship. Jesus squeezed Boy. “Faithful and True.”

Boy nodded, wiped his eyes, and nestled into his Lord. “Yes. Faithful and True.”

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