Janette Wingrove stood inside the living room looking through the window. Quickly she moved outside into the loveliness of the summer morning and walked down the hill in front of the row of houses, taking in the vista of sea and hills and sky. Yachts sailed gently on the mirror-smooth surface of the sea, yachts owned by well-to-do people who could afford to indulge their hobbies--people who had no need to work, Janette thought, feeling more alone than ever.
She watched in silent contemplation and thought, wondering what it would be like to take a day off whenever one felt inclined to do so. She realized, however, that not all who went sailing were businessmen; some were retired people who lived year-round beside the sea.

The air was balmy and warm, playing hide-and-go-seek with the few loose tendrils of hair in the nape of her neck. She stood for a long while, midway down the hill; then she decided to go to the bottom and walk as near to the yachts as discretion would permit without appearing brash or brazen to the men who moved around among their prized possessions.

Gulls swooped and mewed over her head, and for all her loneliness and alone-hess she was truly thankful that she had had enough good sense to choose living here rather than in some drab, dull, smoke-filled place. She missed her mother and her father dreadfully, and no matter where she lived, nothing could take their place.

At thought of her parents, Janette felt her throat constrict into a tight-fisted kind of knot. Tears flowed down her cheeks and the old feeling of wanting to run, to get away, became almost a compulsion. But where could she go? And what good was running anyhow? she asked herself, dropping onto the thick, cool, emerald green carpet beneath her feet, her breath coming out in great, deep gasps.

Life could be so cruel at times, she soliloquized, feeling the hurt and the pain and the loss as ff it had been just today that she had lost her parents. They had been so alive when she left for work on that morning, and before the day was three-fourths ended, they were dead. Dead! Such good people, such holy people, dead because of a drunken driver who cut over into the lane of their car.

It washed over the young woman now in a fresh torrent, haunting, paining and grieving her from the very center of her being. If only there were a brother or sister to whom she could go, but she had neither. She was an only child. Her life had been extremely happy and joyful until the tragedy. The sunny skies which she had experienced almost perpetually for all of her twenty years of natural life had turned suddenly gray and overcast. She felt desolate, frightened and alone. It was a dreadful feeling, haunting her at night and trailing her through the day.
Pastor Nicholsen had told her to get involved with the church calling program; he said it would be excellent therapy for her. But she didn't want to become involved. Everything she did around the church only elicited a shower of fresh memories of her parents. Their lives were bound to Christ and wrapped up in the church..., the work of His kingdom.

It was a ripple of joyful laughter that brought Janette quickly out of her depressing thoughts. Glancing up, she saw a young girl with shining gold hair passing in front of her. Her fingers were entwined in those of a tall, dark-haired man. They seemed totally lost in each other's presence. If they had seen her at all, it was only in the vaguest sense of the word; so absorbed were they in each other.

Janette got to her feet and almost raced up the hill toward her modern apartment, feeling more lonely than ever and wishing she had not isolated herself from Roger. He had told her once that he admired her greatly and cared deeply for her. But with the tragedy came the void and emptiness. Roger was there, to be sure, but the ache in her heart, and the shock had caused her to "crawl into a shell" and seal herself inside, barring any and all from entering. Roger had turned away with tears in his eyes, saying gently, "When you're ready to come out of that shell, Jan, let me know; I'll be here."

She unlocked the door and let herself inside, realizing that she had actually barred Roger from helping her. But she had reached a junction in her life, she told herself miserably now, a junction where words had less and less meaning. How could anyone who had never lain a loved one away console and feel?, she asked silently, trembling and dropping into an overstuffed chair. Roger had meant well, this she knew. But he didn't know what she was going through. He couldn't, not really--not when he had never lost someone near and dear to his heart.

Janette gave free vent to her ever-present tears, wishing she knew better what to do at this bitter junction in her life.

Junction! She had used the word three times, mentally, in the space of a few minutes, she realized. And why should she fear a junction? she wondered, suddenly remembering that the Oxford dictionary defined a junction as "a place where roads meet." Still another definition of the word was given as, "a joining or being joined; place where things join."
She sighed deeply. "A joining or being joined," she whispered to herself. Yes, that was it. It was almost like she was riding the train to a certain place and had to change at a junction and proceed on her journey by another train. The junction was not the end of her journey. Her destination had not yet been reached. It had been merely an interruption . . . the place of change; a "joining" to another, different train.

Life was like this, she began to recognize now. She would have to face and accept the change though it seemed to imperil her future happiness and security. Life must go on for her, difficult though it would be to leave the junction and "board the train" leading her onward on the new path of change and adjustment. She dare not live on memories, precious and sacred though they were.

Hard and bitter though her circumstances may be, a junction was not a terminus, she reasoned sensibly, coming to grips with the tragedy and the fact that her parents were gone and that she must go on. Life could not stand still. Any attempt for her to remain at this junction in her life would spell moral and spiritual stagnation. Nothing, not even the loss of one's loved ones, was too intricate and complex a circumstance for God to handle and to heal. Perhaps this interruption . . . this junction . . . was His way of bringing her closer to Him.

She caught her breath at this thought. How long had it been since she had made contact with God and heaven? The question left her weak and faint. Too long; too long! came back the reply of her awakened heart.

Seeing things in their proper light and perspective now, it was easy for Janette to pray. And, just like she knew He would be, she found the Lord Jesus waiting for her. Oh, how different everything was when Jesus had control of one's life, when His presence and His nearness was experienced, she thought happily and joyously as she wiped the tears from her eyes. Christ, and Christ alone, gave meaning and dimension to the life. And no matter what her lot may be, He would always be near, so long as she didn't crowd Him out or spurn His proffered love.

With a song in her heart and a peace in her soul, she stepped outside the apartment complex. This time she had a purpose in mind, that of testifying to someone..., anyone..., who would listen. She would busy herself doing business for Jesus. What better way to show her love for Him!
thought, closing the door behind her and stepping out into God's beautiful and glorious sunshine. It was as though a new door had opened for her--a door of opportunity and usefulness and, yes, a door of blessing, too.

Feeling a song swell up in her heart, she opened her mouth and began singing, the first she had done since the awful tragedy had robbed her of the songbirds in her heart. Oh, but it was good to be free again . . . free in Christ.