Kevin sat on the pier, staring into the dense fog that rolled around him in great gray billows. He was totally oblivious of the dense mist that wet his hair, his face, his clothes, wrapped up completely and totally absorbed in his troublesome thoughts.
A fog horn nearby bellowed its warning message to ships at sea, startling him for a moment and turning his thoughts to the dense fog and the imminent danger if a passing vessel drew too near to land.

He stood to his feet and looked toward the sea, seeing nothing but the swirling, rolling fog. In a way, he felt like his heart was in as densely-gray a condition as was the fog which was everywhere around him. No, his heart condition was worse -- by far -- than was the fog around him; for soon the sun would burn the fog away but his heart would still remain cold and bitter and all fogged in by wrong attitudes and hard feelings and, yes, even self-pity.

Kevin felt his body shiver and tremble slightly as he faced the reality of his inmost feelings, a thing he had never done before. Now, however, with his grandfather staring into the regions of eternity and with the stark possibility that each feeble breath could well be his last, the seventeen-year-old was brought up sharp by his treatment of the dying man; the man who loved him better than any mortal on earth.

In spite of his resolve not to cry, he found tears washing his cheeks as memories of years past swept over him. He and Grandpa Grenfell were almost inseparable for twelve, almost thirteen, years. He loved his grandfather like no one else on earth. Oh, he loved his father, loved him deeply and greatly, but Grandpa was someone so special and so wonderful until it defied describing how deep his love was toward his grandparent.

Since his father and mother had moved back to the Grenfell home to care for his father's mother in her last years of declining health when he was a mere toddler, Grandpa Grenfell's life and his became as intertwined as the wild grape vines that grew in profusion at the edge of his grandfather's woods next to the twenty-acre field behind the house.

Usually, where the grandfather was, he, Kevin, was. He followed Grandpa everywhere, like a constant shadow, doing what Grandpa did and saying what he said. He learned more practical, everyday-living lessons from his grandfather than he'd ever learned from reading books. With Grandpa, he had "hands-on" experience. His life had been one great adventure after another until Cory came along.
At thought of Cory, Kevin felt the old anger and hatred rise like a tossing wave in his heart. He hated Cory. Cory had become his rival; he had brought a breach between his grandfather and him, he felt.

Kevin felt his knees shaking. He sat down on the pier and dangled his legs over the side, wondering where Cory was this very minute. At the hospital, no doubt, he thought. Cory's devotion to Grandpa Grenfell was as deep and as strong and as sincere as his own was, Kevin had to admit, even though the two were in no way related. His grandfather had heard of the abuse of the scrawny looking eight-year-old boy and before almost anyone knew what was happening, he had gone to court and had adopted Cory as his own, showering him with love and kindness and teaching him how to make things in his shop and giving Cory a sense of worth and of being needed.

Cory had gone to the altar during one of the church services shortly after his adoption and was gloriously converted. His beautiful change of behavior and his way of living was all the pay and compensation his grandfather cared for. The two became almost inseparable. That's when Kevin felt the gall of jealousy seeping insidiously but surely into his soul, filling his heart with bitterness and hatred and anger toward Cory, whom he felt was an intruder. Yet in his heart he knew Cory was as innocent as an angel of being an intruder. It was his grandfather who had "gone to bat" for the boy. And now his beloved grandfather was dying.

The thought was almost more than Kevin could bear. He knew he should be over at the hospital with his grandfather but the thought of Cory being there almost overwhelmed him. Cory's sanctification shortly after his conversion had enhanced his already sweet spirit and extremely submissive and pliable ways. Grandpa beamed with pride and holy joy and Cory, wanting nothing more than to please Gad and the man who had rescued him and whom he was now calling "Dad" went out of his way to excel at everything he was told to do.

Kevin drew his knees up under his chin and closed his eyes, trying, he supposed, to squeeze out every vile and hateful thought he'd ever had of the boy who tried with all his might to be loving and friendly to him but who was never successful. And why not? Simply because he, Kevin, kept him at a distance and tried to make life as miserable as possible for him. How many,
many times he had seen the hurt and the pain in Grandpa's eyes as he was caught in his web of hatefulness and bitterness.

A groan rose inside Kevin's throat. Grandpa had told him again and again that unless he got rid of the carnal nature inside him it would destroy his spiritual life completely and ruin him. He had thought he could handle things on his own. And he had managed well -until Cory came into the home. Then everything seemed to be turned upside-down and to go in reverse for him. And now he was faced with the reality that Grandpa Grenfell was dying and going to Heaven and he, Kevin, was heading down the other road; the road to perdition and eternal damnation. And all because he hadn't gone to the cross for a total death and crucifixion to self. It was obvious that he could never enter Heaven with the load of carnality he had in his heart. Hatred was on a par with murder; Jesus had said so; said if any man hated his brother he was a murderer.

Kevin felt perspiration break out on his forehead His heart was filled with fear. Oh, how dreadful it would be for him to lose his soul! Never again would he see his beloved grandfather and, worst of all, he'd burn forever in the lake of fire. Oh, he mustn't go there. He must not! A way of escape was provided for him through Jesus' death, burial, and resurrection. What a fool he'd been to think he could master the carnal nature within him. Why, even scripture declared it was not subject to the law of God neither indeed could be.

Seeing himself in the light of how God saw him, Kevin got to his knees and, amid the swirling fog, he unbared his sinful and carnal heart to the Lord, repenting of and asking forgiveness for the hatred, bitterness, self-pity, and wrong attitudes in his heart. No need seeking to be purified from the carnal nature until he was forgiven for his sins, he knew.

The fog was lifting and the sun was burning its way through when the teenager made contact with Heaven and knew his sin were all forgiven and taken away Jumping to his feet, he raced from the pier and hurried along the shoreline to the hospital that overlooked the ocean, hoping and praying he wasn't too late.

Thinking the elevators were too slow, and too long in coming, Kevin raced up the six flights of steps. Relatives, huddled together in little groups
outside his grandfather's door, whispered in muffled tones, heralding the graveness and the seriousness of the loved one's condition.

Like one on a life or death mission, he pushed the door open and ran over to the bed, wanting more than anything to wrap his grandfather in his strong young arms and push the grim reaper -- death -- away from the person who, above all others on earth, meant more to him than he could possibly begin to tell.

The life support "breathed" out its constantly consistent duty, accentuating the death-like stillness of the room as he lifted a work-worn hand from where it lay, still and barely warm, on top of the snowy-white sheet.

"Grandpa" he called between his sobs, leaning his mouth close to the ears that once heard and listened to his every woe and trouble, whether real or imagined.

"Grandpa, can you hear me? It's Kevin. I'm sorry for . . . for being so . . . so jealous of Cory and you; forgive me. I'm forgiven, Grandpa. Forgiven! And . . . and this time I'm going to get sanctified wholly. Like you, Grandpa. You were right; I was wrong: I need the fullness of the blessing. I'm . . ."

"Ke . . . vin! My dear, dear . . . boy. The . . . Lord . . . be praised!" Grandpa Grenfell's eyes opened; he looked long and lovingly into the face of his grandson.

Kevin bent over the beloved form and wet the sheet with his tears. "O Grandpa," he cried, "I love you so much. And I love Cory, too."

Lifting his eyes, he saw Cory on the other side of his grandfather's bed. Without hesitation, he rushed over to Cory and, sobbing unashamedly, he begged Cory's forgiveness, confessing his carnal jealousy and hatred and envy. "Grandfather was right," he cried; "carnality almost destroyed me. It did destroy what little spiritual life I had. But never again, Cory! By God's grace I mean to stay on my knees before God until the old nature is dead. Dead! Crucified with Christ and resurrected unto newness of life in Him. I hated you, Cory, and in God's sight I was a murderer and . . ."
"But . . . now . . . you . . . are . . . forgiven, Kevin!" Grandpa's voice came out clear and distinct. Then, as if given new strength, he raised himself up in bed and quoted, "... old things are passed away and, behold, all things are become new.' You are new, Kevin. New! In Christ! And now I can go Home in perfect peace and rest. I have seen the answer to my earnest prayers. Until I meet you inside the beautiful gates, farewell my dearest ones. Farewell." And with a smile upon his lips and heavenly glory on his face, the dear saint fell back in bed and his spirit went to the God who had given it to him.

For a long while Kevin stood as one dumb and numb with shock. Then, seeing Cory's little young figure torn with sobs, he put an arm around his shoulder and said, "Cory, there's work for us to do, and with God's help we'll do it together."

"No one ever loved me like Grandpa Grenfell," Cory sobbed. "No one! And he was kind to me, too. Why Kevin, everything I am and everything I know -- of good -- he taught me and . . . made me. What will I do without him? I loved him. Loved him."

"I know you did, Cory; and so did I. That's why I said there's work for us to do: Grandpa was kind and loving and good and holy. You and I will be the same. And as we graduate from school and take our place in the world, we'll try to take Grandfather's place, in helping the abused and the helpless and the downtrodden.

"To the best of our ability, and with God's help, we will try to fill this big vacancy that now exists since Grandpa can no longer do it. And when I am sanctified wholly and filled with the Holy Spirit, this will be easy to do; for Jesus told His disciples, 'Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Spirit is come upon you: I'm your big brother, Cory, and I love you. I'm forgiven. Forgiven! Oh, it is so wonderful!"

With tears streaming down his face, Cory said brokenly, "I've always loved my big brother. Always. And Kevin, I feel sure Grandpa will see us and be happy."

Together, the two walked to the bed and, whispering in his grandfather's now unhearing ear, Kevin said, "I'll see you again, dearest Grandpa. In the morning. Forgiven, and cleansed by the precious blood."