A Preborn Child's Conversation With His Heavenly Father ©

Father God, when is my mommy going to be here?

Soon, my child, soon.

Can you tell me how long?

There is no measure of time with me, my child. She is busy right now doing the work I've given her to do.

When all that is done, she'll be here.

Is she going to know me when she gets here?

Yes, she will, my child, I'll let her know.

What does she look like, Father God?

Why she looks a lot like you, my child. The same color hair, the same eyes, the same nose; you resemble her a lot.

What do you think she's going to do when she sees me?

She will run to you, take you in her arms, and love you just as any other loving Mother would do.

Father God, why has she never held me in her arms before?

She never had the chance to do so, my child.

Why did she never have the chance, Father God?

I don't remember, my child.

Della Baker Hutto
March, 1994

"For I will be merciful to their iniquities, and I will remember their sins no more." Hebrews 8:12