

## How Precious is Life?

Billie Seward

Each of us, you and I, began as nothing; merely as a tiny cell that was invaded by the enemy; a poor vagabond imprisoned by millions of storm troopers.

What chance did we have?

Then God came in with his powerful hands and formed us in his own image.

What a glorious image we are! We grew, little by little, until we were fattened enough to be left as a sacrifice to Him.

Birth—the sacrifice. The ropes were bound so tightly that neither beast nor God himself could ever cut their security.

The fire—it blazed brighter and crueller until there was nothing left except mere ashes—in the form of Man.

The ashes lie there still, upon that sacrificial pire. Sometimes the wind becomes angered and tosses them back and forth over the surface  
of  
the world.

Sometimes the oceans rise to power and wash the ashes to and fro, exemplifying His power.

But most of the time, we lie there motionless, hoping and praying that we will be saved. Fools, we are. Utter fools. If only we would realize that ashes are waste, and that from them, nothing can ever emerge. They are there to lie for eternity. Ashes—the waste and futility of the earth.

