

As my plane took off on a rainy day once, I was reminded of the beauty that lies beyond the chaos. As you ascend into the dark clouds, you can't see anything, and the turbulence makes you white knuckle your armrest and say a prayer, perhaps even if you're not the praying type.



But, once you get above the storm, the sky is as clear as day, and the white puffs of cloud below look like Heaven.



The ride is smooth sailing (sure, there's an occasional bump, but it's not unsettling because you know you're at a level altitude). And, I find myself thanking God for the opportunity to be in that place. I love this piece of Heaven above the dark clouds. And, as much as it pains me, I have to remember one thing: you have to go through it to get above it.



Katie Milne Osburn