

Chapter Three: Judgment Call

The sound was very familiar to Laevius as he walked through the children's ward of Jefferson Heights Hospital. Many times he had the unpleasant task to receive the spirit of a young child to carry them over, yet he found comfort in knowing where he was taking them. It was very hard to not feel for those in the living, feeling his heart wrenching within as he could hear the cries of their parents. One so young, he thought, should have a chance. Laevius stops to watch a mother cling to her husband, head in his chest wailing at the news that the doctor brings of their child. "I am sorry Mrs. Olsen, we are doing the best we can, but she is still unable to breath on her own. You must decide what to do next." The options are too much to bear for this young couple after all they had been through to have her. "Are you sure there is no other way?" asks Mr. Olsen as he holds his wife close. "I'm sorry, there is nothing more we can do or offer. Please let me know soon what you want to do." says the doctor. "If you would like to see her one more time, please do it now." Mrs. Olsen looks up at her husband and nods a yes then they both walk with the doctor so see there sweet Mellissa one more time before they make up there minds.

Laevius follows along as he questions the purpose of life. "What is it that makes one so young fall into an end so designed for one much older? Is this fair? Is this just?" Laevius wonders if judgment is truly just when death grieves so many. Laevius, though a spirit of death has always struggled with death. He understands and knows the necessity, but can't understand the judgment of it. He stops at the door of the room that Mellissa lays in and sees that she is attached to machines, a false perspective of life that keeps one alive yet dead. Mrs. Olsen looks upon her little child as she falls on her knees and holds her hand; her husband lovingly places his arm on her shoulder. They stare lovingly yet longing to see her open her eyes, but nothing happens. "You must decide what to do. She has been on this machine for two months now and her brain waves have stopped completely. The only thing keeping her body alive is this machine. I know this is a very hard thing to decide, but what you choose to do could save so many others." Mr. Olsen pulls his wife up from the floor and turns her towards him. "Honey, let's let her have true rest. Let's let her live on." Mrs. Olsen's eyes fill with tears as she nods in agreement. Mr. Olsen's voice cracks as he speaks; "Doctor Moore, we have decided to allow you to give Mellissa's organs to other children who need it now." As tears start to fall from his eyes; "It would be the greatest gift that Mellissa could give to the world." "Thank you Mr. and Mrs. Olsen, I shall make the arrangements. Please spend a few more moments as I call for assistance." Laevius watches as he feels a tear run down from his eye, he reaches up to touch it as he hears a voice speak; "Laevius, it is hard to not feel for the living when one is lost, but know that it is right." Laevius replies; "I don't know what has come over me! I have never shed a tear for anyone before. I will do what I must."

Soon the doctor returns with a nurse to collect Mellissa's machines. "Mr. Olsen, I know this is hard, but would you like to pull the plug on her respirator?" Mr. Olsen, with tears flowing takes a deep breath, looks at his wife and grabs a hold of the cord that is attached to the once life saving device. Mrs. Olsen takes a deep breath and cups her mouth in her hands to drown the sound of her wailing. Mr. Olsen looks at the cord then pulls it out of the machine; silence fills the room as everything goes blank. They all stare at Mellissa as if hoping that she will gasp for air and cry out, but nothing happens, she continues to sleep her forever sleep then it is done. Doctor Moore touches both of them on the back of the shoulder and starts to lead them out of the room while the nurses start to disconnect the machine from Mellissa's now lifeless body and rolls them out of the room. Laevius steps forward and stares at the little child Mellissa, "she must have been only a year old" he thinks as he stands beside her bed. Laevius reaches out both of his arms and as if picking her up from the bed; her spirit separates from her body and in his arms is now a child who sleeps peacefully. The room changes and he walks towards another of God's angel's who awaits Laevius at the door. "Is this right?" Laevius questions within, "She was so young, too young to have known love or hate, too young to walk this path with me."

"How wonderful for the kingdom!" says the angel; "The Master has been waiting to receive her into His arms!" Laevius stops and very gently places the child into the arms of the keeper of young souls then turns to walk away. "Laevius; you did well, thank you" say's a voice that echo's and fills the heavens. Laevius continues to walk, hearing the voice yet not reacting, the feeling that he experienced in the hospital is in him and he starts to question this feeling. "Why do I feel sad? My heart feels like it is breaking in me and I do not know how to handle it. I feel sad yet angry! Is this possible? I have seen anger but have never felt it for myself. I do not know what to do." "Laevius, why are you so upset within?" Speaks a voice from air; "Is it not a joyful day when one returns to the Maker? Should you not feel the heart of Him and not hold on to the heart of they? What is different this day and why do you question?" Laevius stays silent as he looks at the world that now surrounds him. "Is this right?" says Laevius to the voice; "Is this right?" "Is what right?" replies the voice. "Judgment!" replies Laevius; "Is this righteous judgment?" "You speak foolish! You know His judgment is right and we cannot understand the depths of His wisdom! He knows why, He understands why, He knows all and has seen that this is right. Should you not accept?" "How can I accept when I do not have that which causes me to accept? I need to know what He knows that I may understand and accept." "You will receive your answers when it is time, but no sooner." Say's the voice. "I want to know, thinks Laevius, so I shall know. I will know for myself what He understands." Everything goes silent as Laevius continues to think within himself, "How will I find the answer? How shall I know?" Laevius reflects over the generations pass for a moment that may have an answer for him, but he keeps coming back to the little child Mellissa.

Laevious thinks to himself that the answer may lie within the walls of the Jefferson Heights Hospital and starts to move towards it. He stops to stare at the Hospital and questions within if what he is looking for maybe has no answer. Maybe what he thinks he is looking for is within him. Either way Laevious continues to walk as he decides that the answer to judgment is the key to his relief. He walks through the walls of the hospital and continues toward the ward that he just came from. As he stops to look he tries to determine where to start and how to continue when he suddenly hears a soft cooing of a new born child.

He follows the sound as if moved by attraction and comes to the end of the hall, to a room that holds all the new born babies. He looks among the infants searching for the one small sound that pulled him here when he hears it again. Looking around he follows the sound to a small machine holding a little girl who was born four weeks too early. As he looks upon this child his heart is moved and a feeling of love fills his heart. Her name was baby Samantha, he reads on her sign on the outside of the incubator, born premature on September 14, 2008, weight; five pounds two ounces; height; fourteen inches long. She was so tiny compared to all the other babies in the room but she seemed to be the cutest. Laevious thinks to himself; “how can this child teach me about judgment? What can I learn from one so young?” Laevious decides that maybe it is not the now that he will receive his answers, but in the future life of this child. So he decides that maybe he should follow the life of this child and watch her grow and when her time comes to be received then he will know what God knows about judgment.” He stares at the child and starts to smile and almost as if instinctual the child moves and coos as if talking to him. He feels a connection that he never felt before and warmth enters his heart. “Only time will tell what it is I seek, so little Samantha I will be watching you grow. I will be around you to see what God sees that I may understand His judgment.” And almost as if she could understand, the child Samantha smiles.