

The Door

“Behold, I stand at the door and knock.”

—Revelation 3:20

The door was made of solid oak, impenetrable, with a sturdy brass bolt, and a thick glass window to the right. The windowpane ran from the ceiling to the floor, wide enough to let in light but narrow enough to keep out any intruders who might try to break the glass.

I was awakened suddenly in the middle of the night by the sound of someone pounding on the door. I reached for the lamp on the stand beside my bed. It was not where I had left it the night before.

The room remained dark. Confused and disoriented, I tried to pull on my robe, only to end up ensnaring myself in the sleeves like a straitjacket. The drumming on the door continued, growing louder, as I struggled to free myself.

Once I had managed to disentangle myself from the robe, I threw it to the floor. Stark naked, I descended the stairs from my room to the hallway below. The thumping became louder with each step.

The window was frosted with ice, letting in only gray moonlight. Through the glass I could see the shadow of a man, hammering at the door, not with his knuckles, but his fist, pulling back his arm and putting his whole body into it.

“Who are you?” I cried.

“Let me in!” came a forceful reply.

The voice was not familiar to me.

“But I don’t know who you are,” I shouted back.

There was no answer, only the arrhythmic dull thuds of the man’s fist on the door.

“Are you in some kind of trouble?” I asked.

The man pressed his face against the window, but I could not make out his features.

“Just open the door!” he bellowed.

I reached for the lock and was about to turn it. But then I hesitated.

Withdrawing my hand, I spun around and ascended the steps again. Back in my room, I slipped numbly between the covers of my bed. The sound of the pummeling gradually faded as I fell into an oblivious sleep.