AUNT CLARA'S INTERCESSION

By WILL N. HARREN

Aunt Clara sat on her rocking chair. She had nodded off several times during the story, but now she opened her eyes wide and listened attentively. She turned her head slightly to catch the sun that was beginning to set. She often did this, as she loved the warmth of the sun. But she did not move; she wanted to hear every word.

"She is very near, I know," she said to herself. "She is near and far, and near and far again."

She sat there for a while longer, her rocking chair gently swaying. Then she closed her eyes and fell asleep, her rocking chair continuing to move as if it were alive. She often did this, as it helped her to dream.

"The sun is setting," she thought. "The sun is setting and the world is in darkness."

And she went to sleep...