

# THE BOOK SIGNING

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I treasured the book... but it left me with a question in my mind about an idea that had been expressed. The author was coming to our town... for a book signing ceremony in the local branch of a national book seller franchise. I wanted to be there to see if the author would answer my one nagging question.

When I arrived -- there were several people milling around the author... pressing in as he answered random questions.

I stood back a bit waiting for my chance to approach him and ask in private. In no way did I intend to ask my question in front of a crowd of people. As I waited – several other people came into the store and gathered around the author.

Several times I saw him glance at me over the heads of the people. Finally I saw him hold his finger up to a questioner... as he said, “Please, just give me one minute. I want to respond to what you just said... and I’ll be right back. Do you mind?”

He was coming over to me!

“I noticed that you came in some time ago...” he started, “Was there something you wanted to say to me?”

“Yes”... I stammered, but I’m embarrassed, I have a question about another book you wrote several years ago.”

“Please don’t be embarrassed. I appreciate your coming in. What is the question?”

“Well, you said that you would always be available to anyone that came to you... and I’m wondering what you meant exactly.”

“You came, I’m available. It is as simple as that.”

“But I haven’t even read your latest book.”

“That book is for people who need more. You don’t need to read anymore books, you caught the essence in the first one. Come to me and I am always available. Your problem is that you didn’t understand that you can come to me at anytime. I will always meet you.”

“I thought that is what you meant... but I don’t understand how that can be.”

“That’s your problem. Listen to me, I am always available. If you merely think about me or call my name I am immediately available to you. Does that answer your question?”

“Oh yes, what a relief. Should I buy your latest book?” I asked, almost as an afterthought.

“What on earth for? You have everything I wanted you to get. Come to me whenever you want. Do you see all those people over there?”

“Yes, of course.”

“They haven’t gotten it yet. So they continue to buy books and commentaries about what I write and what I meant in some obscure point they thought I was making. It really doesn’t matter. What matters is that I am available and that you don’t need to keep reading over and over again what I said years ago.”

“But your book has been so helpful to me.”

“Really now... let me ask you a question. I’m the author and the whole reason I have written all these books is to get through to those who will come to me and have a close relationship... asking me anything they want to know... for this very moment. Do you want to hear what I have to say to you now, or would you prefer trying to

figure out what I meant several years ago by reading a book? Look at me,” he said with those flashing eyes that exuded pure love straight from God, yet with marvelous humor. “Why get all hung up on reading my book when I want to share with you what I want you to know today? Is that beginning to make any sense to you?”

“Oh yes,” I said, totally beyond any feeling of embarrassment or feeling that I had somehow intruded on this man and his time. “But what about those people?” I said gesturing toward the crowd looking over at us, still awaiting his return, some of them looking like they were wondering what he was doing talking to me.

“What about them?” He asked this with a broad smile. “You just be you and know that you have access to me anytime you want, okay? Is that settled for you? The book was intended just as an introduction and you can get all caught up in arguing about what someone else thinks I meant... forget them... just come to me. Frankly, you will see that it is much easier to simply think about me without getting caught up in my physical appearance. That changes in order to meet everyone’s need for the moment. Go in peace... I look forward to every visit. And trust me, I can handle your visits 24/7 and I really don’t care if you never read another book of mine or anyone else that writes about me. Okay?”

I found myself outside the bookstore... and realized that all my questions had been just been answered for all time. As I walked toward my car... I thought about him... and said “Thanks,” out loud. Some poor woman looked at me as if I was crazy... talking to myself and all.

“Now you’ve got it,” I heard the words clearly in my mind. “It’s pretty good this way, isn’t it?”

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